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# MEMOIRS

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OF

## ELDER EDMUND BOTSFORD.

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BY CHARLES D. MALLARY.

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“In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.” John xvi. 33.



CHARLESTON: ②

W. RILEY, 110 CHURCH STREET.

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## INTRODUCTION.



THE early Founders of the Baptist Churches in the United States were extraordinary men. Though many of them were strangers to the refinements of genteel life, and the polish of literature and science; though they had not frequented the groves of Academies, nor quaffed the springs of the “Aonian Mount;” yet they were familiar with

“Zion’s hill,

“—— and Siloa’s brook, that flowed

“Fast by the oracle of God.——”

Great grace rested upon them. They were ‘good men, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.’ They were distinguished for a boldness and intrepidity of character, for a spirit of holy enter-

prise, of fearless self-denial, for a measure of zeal, disinterestedness, patience and perseverance, which rendered them pre-eminently useful, and secured for them a claim to the gratitude, respect and admiration of future ages. If in some respects many of them were *rough men*, they were suited to the roughness and peril of the times. If in a sense, 'they had their raiment of Camel's hair,—and their meat was locusts and wild honey;' they were also, 'the voice of men crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths strait.' Amidst toils, privations, and sufferings, of which we, who live in these days of ease and quietness, can form no adequate conception, did they lay a foundation on which is going up a superstructure of vast size, and fair proportions. They sowed in tears; but the precious seed now shakes like Lebanon: it has ripened into a glorious harvest, which now waves in golden undulations over many a mountain and plain and valley in the land.

These men of God are no more. They have ascended in chariots of fire to the pre-

sence of the Lord God of Elijah. Their memories are dear; and we, that have entered into their labours, should often dwell upon their characters, that we may be inspired with a holy desire to become the followers of these men of God, 'who, through faith and patience have inherited the promises.' But many precious memorials of these apostolic men were doomed to 'waste their sweetness on the desert air:' they have long since perished in the forests where they toiled; and many that still linger upon our sight, are fast fading away in evening's twilight, and will soon be wrapped in impenetrable shades. Whoever, therefore, may succeed in snatching from oblivion any of the still visible memorials of their piety, sufferings and toils, even if it should be done with a rude and unskilful hand, must be considered as conferring an important service on the church.

For the purpose of perpetuating the fragrance of a name deservedly dear, the following pages have been compiled. Mr. Botsford was one of the Fathers of the Baptist Church in America. Though not

a person of great genius, nor extensive learning ; yet he was a man of such sterling integrity and worth, so rich in the experience of divine things, he passed through such an interesting variety of scenes, and aided so considerably in nourishing the infant cause of piety in our land, that the compiler feels fully justified in his present attempt. He has also been encouraged in the undertaking by the approbation of those, whose judgment he prefers to his own.

Those who cannot patiently peruse the history of a plain, good man ; who are pleased with nothing but a masterly delineation of great talents and splendid achievements, may find but little to interest them in this unpretending volume. But if the learned and critical cannot find entertainment, it is to be hoped, that these pages may tend somewhat to amuse, edify and instruct, christians of a plainer stamp and humbler temper. To the surviving relatives and acquaintances of Mr. Botsford, the compiler flatters himself that he has rendered an acceptable service. This little volume may serve to revive their

fading recollections of one, who was dear to them whilst living, and whose memory is still cherished with the most affectionate veneration.

To the young it is hoped that these pages will be found entertaining and useful. The subject of this biographical sketch delighted to communicate instruction to the young ; and it is proper to state, that one important motive which induced the compiler to send forth this work, was, that Mr. Botsford, though dead, might speak for the entertainment and instruction of that class, for whom, when living, he felt much concern.

The compiler has been much assisted, particularly as to facts and dates connected with the early part of Mr. Botsford's life, by some brief and hasty Memoirs, which he wrote of himself in the year 1807. Some of their pages have been incorporated in this work ; more would have been presented in the author's own words, but for the imperfect state of the manuscript. Many particulars have been collected from Mr. Botsford's surviving friends, from his letters, and several other sources. The

reader will not find a great variety of incidents embodied in the narrative of his latter days; but for this, an equivalent will be found in copious extracts from his interesting correspondence.

The work would have been better done by better hands; but the compiler flatters himself, that its imperfections will not be found so numerous, as to prevent entirely its usefulness; especially as Mr. Botsford is allowed, as far as practicable, to speak for himself.

The compiler now commends himself, the work, and the reader, to the care of Almighty God; beseeching him to dispose of all as shall best accord with his righteous will, and best promote his divine glory.

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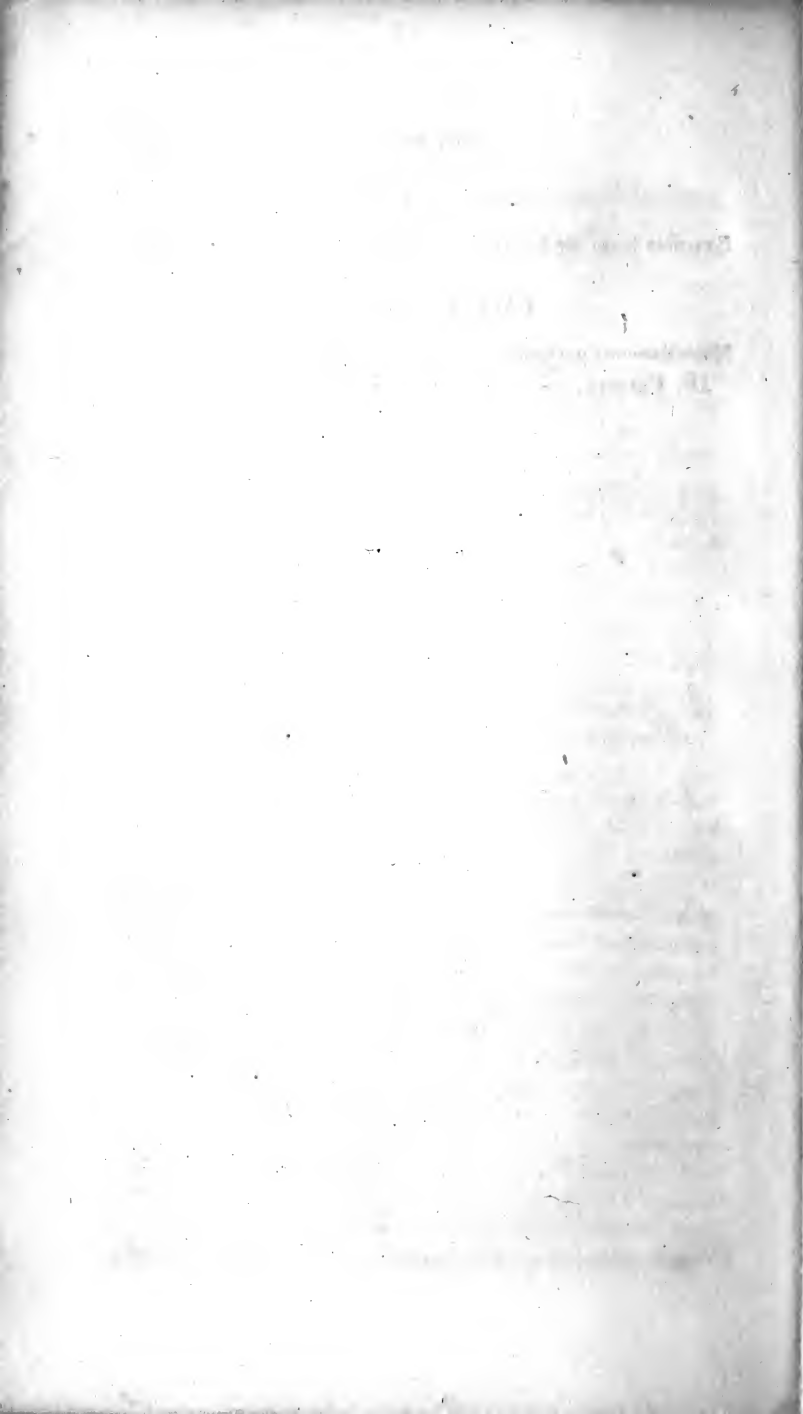
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# MEMOIRS

OF

## ELDER EDMUND BOTSFORD.

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### CHAPTER I.

*Mr. Botsford's birth—Early religious impressions—  
Youthful adventures—Embarks for America.*

EDMUND BOTSFORD, the second son of Edmund and Mary Botsford, was born on the 1st of November, 1745, in the Town of Wooburn, Bedfordshire, England. His father was reputably employed, for many years, as a Grocer and Ironmonger, and at one time was considered wealthy ; but having expended large sums of money to assist an unworthy brother, who had brought himself into distress by his imprudence and wickedness, he was reduced to poverty. Shortly after this, he was removed from time : Mrs. Botsford, a pious, godly woman, soon followed her husband, and their children were consequently left in a state of peculiar embarrassment. They left behind them three orphan children. William, the eldest, was eighteen years of age at the death of his parents : he was a discreet, sober youth. He followed the

occupation of his father, was successful in business, and at his death (being then about forty years of age) he left a part of his estate to his brother Edmund, the subject of this narrative. His only sister was but five years of age at the death of her parents. She was brought up by one of her maternal uncles, afterwards married a Mr. Hinton, was the mother of several children, and finally died the death of the righteous. Edmund was left an orphan at seven, a tender helpless age ; but that God who is " the helper of the fatherless," provided for him. He providentially came under the care of Mrs. Osborn, an aunt of his ; a circumstance, which was regarded by some of his pious friends, as a special answer to his mother's prayers. That he might enjoy the advantages of a school, Mrs. Osborn sent him to board with a Mrs. Barnes, who had been an intimate acquaintance of his mother's, and was an eminently pious woman. In the family of this excellent female, he was treated with the greatest kindness, and enjoyed the benefits of religious instruction and example. Through all his subsequent life, Mr. Botsford cherished, with peculiar fondness, the memory of " the good Mrs. Barnes," and dwelt with lively interest and gratitude on the precious privileges, which he enjoyed in her hospitable dwelling.

Whilst living with Mrs. Barnes, he regularly attended meeting with the rest of the family at a Baptist Church, about two miles from Wooburn. The sermons which he heard made a deep impression on his memory, which was naturally retentive, and he would not unfrequently entertain the company, on their return from worship, by repeating the most prominent parts of the minister's discourse. Bunyan's Pilgrim, and Holy War, afforded him much entertainment ; several parts

of these interesting works he committed to memory, as well as some of Watts' Hymns for Children, and many chapters in the Bible. "From my earliest childhood," says Mr. Botsford, "I had a great desire to be a minister. Even before the death of my parents, I would frequently go privately into the dining room, and put on an apron and black cloak of my mother's, as substitutes for surplice and gown; then I would mount the high chair, on which I used to sit when at meals, and harangue my little play-fellows."

Whilst quite young, Mr. Botsford was the subject of frequent religious impressions. His convictions were much deepened by an extraordinary dream, which he had in the eighth or ninth year of his age. It was of such an uncommon character, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader, in the words of Mr. Botsford. "I dreamed I was on a hill in the Duke of Bedford's park, called Priest Hill. I thought the sky had a very uncommon and awful appearance. Looking round and upward, I discovered something at a great height, descending slowly towards the place where I stood. When it drew near, it appeared to be a transparent chariot, clear as crystal: in it was Jesus Christ, sitting in a very majestic attitude, yet his looks were mildness and love. Behind the chariot was a person clothed in white shining raiment, and in his hand something like a spear with a long thin blade. I thought the Lord called me by name, 'Edmund.' I went to him; he gave me a large sword, bright as the light, and asked me if I could read what was written on the blade. I said the words were, 'Right Jerusalem Blade.' I thought it was the sword mentioned in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Christ then said that we should have many and terrible enemies to encounter, that we must not step nor look backwards,

and that when we made a stroke, we must cry out, 'In the name of the Lord we will destroy thee.' If at any time our strength failed, we must look to the chariot, and our strength would return ; and whenever we saw the person behind the chariot waive the weapon he had in his hand, we must begin the battle. The chariot then, in a very majestic manner, ascended pretty high. I now found myself with several of my school-fellows, one of whom I was very intimate with, William Butfield. I perceived that all of them had such swords as myself, and the directions given were for them, as well as for myself. I presently saw an army of men advancing towards us ; but such monsters of men I had never seen in my life : some very large and tall, some with noses as long as my arm, some with heads as big as a bushel. We now looked at the chariot, and became men ; and our swords, which we could hardly lift when first given us, we could now wield with ease. When these frightful creatures advanced within a few steps of us, we all, as one man, sprang on them, and cried out as loud as we possibly could, 'In the name of the Lord we will destroy thee.' I remember the voice seemed as one, and sounded round the hill in a most sonorous and delightful manner. A most dreadful battle ensued ; we but a handful, and they thousands ; but in a few hours we cut them all down, and I remember I felt as though I could kill as many more. I was surprised to see amongst us one boy, who was very wicked : I wondered the Lord should have given him a sword. In a short time, a second numerous army came marching from the same place whence the first advanced. These all appeared stout men, but not deformed. As they drew near, they appeared very fierce, and we felt dejected, till one of the company mentioned the chariot ; we looked



up to it, and felt ourselves men, and crying out with great vehemence, 'In the name of the Lord we will destroy thee,' we began the battle. These men fought like lions; the battle was long, but in the end we slew every one, heaps upon heaps, like the dung in the field. When we had obtained the victory, I remember that I felt as though covered with dust, and sweat, and blood; and yet my heart within me was stout. Before we were well rested, a third army presented themselves, to revenge the blood of those we had slain. As they drew near, I looked up to the chariot, which was now very high, and whilst I was gazing at it, I felt such pleasure as I cannot describe. I observed the person behind the chariot waive the weapon he held in his hand; I understood the meaning very well, but I was so happy, that I felt unwilling to return again to the charge. However, turning my head, I discovered the enemy so close, that we could only punch them in the face with the hilt of the sword, till we made room to take a full stroke; for we were not allowed to step backwards. Then we cried out as before, 'In the name of the Lord we will destroy thee.' The combat was furious, far more so than the two preceding ones. At length, one of the strongest threw me flat on my back, and my sword flew out of my hand. I saw the chariot, and just as the man was about to despatch me, I made a hard struggle and regained my sword; and crying out, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall rise again,' I gave a spring, and slew my adversary. To my surprise, this was the last man, and the battle was over. In the mean time, the chariot descended as at the first, and the Lord called, 'Edmund.' I went to the side of the chariot, and O how pleasant I thought the Lord looked! He now held a sword

in one hand, and with the other wiped it up and down, and said three times, 'Keep your sword bright,' and then added, 'You have many more enemies to encounter; I am going up with the chariot, which will leave a streak of light to your view. When your strength fails you, look to that light, and it will be renewed; and when you have conquered all your enemies, I will come down with this chariot and carry you to heaven.' The chariot then ascended till it appeared exceeding small, and then a streak of light darted from it, and came down to the earth. After several efforts, I got my face into the light, which shone so bright, that I awoke. I was in a profuse sweat, and felt as weary as though I had really acted what I dreamed. As soon as I arose, I related my dream to Mrs. Barnes. 'Edmund,' said she, 'you will be a minister of the gospel.'

Dreams, it must be acknowledged, are generally vain and frivolous things; but it cannot be denied that the one above related was somewhat extraordinary, especially when viewed in connection with subsequent events. It was not a little singular that several years after Mr. Botsford had engaged in the ministry, he received a letter from the same William Butfield, mentioned in the dream, from which he learnt that he had become a minister of the gospel. He afterwards received a printed sermon from England, which was preached at the ordination of a Mr. Faulkner, who, it appears, was the successor of Mr. Butfield in the pastoral office in a church in Thorn, Bedfordshire. It was also stated, that Mr. Botfield died of the small pox, in the year 1776.

Mr. Botsford professes to have been much impressed with the conversation of a pious old lady by the name of Leaper, who happened to pay a visit to Mrs. Barnes, about the time of which we

are now speaking. "I was very fond of her," says he, "as I thought she was a very holy woman; and as she was old, I thought she would soon be in heaven. She frequently talked to me about heaven, death and judgment. One night, Mrs. Barnes and she sat up very late, conversing about heaven, the company, the employment, and happiness of that holy place. That night was a night of wonders to me. I seemed to understand all they conversed about. I never before was so affected. O, I thought what an unspeakable happy place must heaven be, if all the people there were like these godly women. I thought I could endure any thing while on earth, if I might, at last go to heaven and be with such people, who so much loved Christ. Many a time since, in the midst of all my sin, a remembrance of my feelings that night, would bring tears into my eyes; and sometimes I felt a secret hope that I should become a good man, and at last be happy with these good women."

Young Botsford continued to reside with Mrs. Barnes, and to attend a school in the same town, until he was about twelve years of age. After he left the family of this pious lady, until the last two years which he spent in England, to use his own words, "he played many mad pranks." His conduct appears to have been such, as to give great offence to his friends; and at one time they all seemed to have cast him off, except his faithful and well tried friend, "the good Mrs. Barnes." "She, good woman," says Mr. Botsford, "never did. She would often lament my situation, and give me good advice; and at a certain time, when I had no place which I could call home, no relative, nor friend that would notice me, she took me in and was a mother to me. She had a singular regard for my mother; and the remarkable

dream I had when young, so impressed her mind in my favour, that she could not give me up, but would still continue to hope for the best."

Mr. Botsford, at one time, seemed to have had a strong desire for a sea-faring life; "not," says he, "to fight, but to see the world." His mind received a bias in this direction from a trifling incident, which he thus relates. "It was common for children to try their fortunes, as it is called, by melting lead and pouring it into water. One day, several of us procured some lead, in order to melt for the above purpose. When my turn came, I poured out my lead in such a hurry, that I spilled it beside the cup of water on the floor, and behold! it was almost as much like a ship, as though it had been poured into a mould. From that accident, myself and playfellows always concluded, that I should certainly go to sea. As there was no appearance of guns, I was to go on a trading voyage. About this time," Mr. Botsford adds, "our friends used to talk much about America, and I frequently felt as certain that I should go there, as if I had already engaged my passage." This little incident, though apparently so trifling and unimportant, seems to have had no small influence in giving a direction to his future life. What insignificant events may shape the characters, and influence the destinies of man.

Impelled by his strong thirst for going to sea, he set off at a certain time, on foot and alone, for London. It does not appear at what age this occurred, but it must have been when he was quite young. To lighten, as much as possible, the fatigue of his journey, he would occasionally lay hold of carriages as they passed, and run along behind them several miles. At night he found himself twenty four miles from home. And what now was young Botsford to do? He was afraid to call

at an inn for lodgings, and the idea of sleeping under a hedge was not very agreeable; however, as the night was pleasant, he finally resolved on the latter expedient. Passing over a stile, he approached a hedge that was near, but as he was about to lie down, he was all at once, annoyed with a nauseous stench, which seemed to proceed from something like a dead corpse. This induced him to proceed further, until he supposed himself beyond the reach of the offensive object; he then laid himself down and slept till sunrise. But what was his surprise, when, on awaking, he found himself quite near a human body which was suspended in chains from a gibbet. "Never in my life," says Mr. Botsford, "was I so much frightened." He did not stand long to gaze at the frightful corpse; neither did he think it proper to pursue his journey. He hastened back as fast as he could, assuring himself that he was in a fair way of coming to a similar end. He now abandoned for a time, the idea "of travelling to see the world."

His mind, however, was still unsettled. Being disappointed in his maritime adventure, he must needs make experiment of the charms and toils of a soldier's life: so off he goes to join the army. It was this "mad prank," which gave peculiar offence to his friends. There was war with France, and great preparations were making to repel an expected invasion. The regiment, to which young Botsford belonged, was marched into Scotland; there it was separated into three divisions, and the one to which he was attached, was sent to Dundee, afterwards to Aberdeen. It would seem that he had not been long in the ranks, before an officer, who took a liking to Botsford, selected him for his waiting-man. By this change, he was exempted from military duty, and lived well; but he had

enough to do, however, to keep him busy. He cleaned shoes, knives and forks, was frequently employed as a cook, and in short, attended to all kinds of household and kitchen drudgery, except washing. But whilst at Aberdeen, the officer on whom he waited, was stationed at another place, and in consequence of this, he was again thrown back into the ranks, and compelled to attend to the duties of a common soldier.—On two occasions, he very narrowly escaped severe correction. Once, whilst stationed as a sentinel, he was found asleep at his post: for this short nap, he expected nothing less than 500 lashes; but the corporal very kindly neglected his duty and did not report him, so poor Botsford escaped. At another time, he overslept himself, and was too late at parade. For this offence, he was put under guard; but promising to be attentive in future, his lieutenant dismissed him without inflicting any further punishment. “These escapes,” says Mr. Botsford, “had a better effect on me, than a flogging had on many, or perhaps would have had on myself.”

The army was at length disbanded, and young Botsford once more sets his face towards home. “Home!” says he, “alas, I had no home; nor did I know that I had a friend in the world. I, however, travelled for Mrs. Barnes’: I thought that she, if any body, would show me kindness.” On his way to Mrs. Barnes’, some very affecting incidents occurred, which are thus related by Mr. Botsford. “I called at a house, in which was a gentleman, a Doctor, who seemed to eye me very steadily for some time. At length, he asked my name. On my telling him, he could scarcely refrain from tears, as it reminded him of my parents. ‘Is it possible,’ said he, ‘that this can be Edmund Botsford, whom I so often carried in my arms?’

What would be the feelings of your parents, if they knew that you were a foot-soldier ! O young man, I am sorry for you ; you must have behaved yourself badly indeed, or your friends would never have suffered you to remain in this station.' I replied, that I had been foolish and wild, but that I had paid for my folly, and was now returning to be sober and orderly. He gave me good advice, and also some money to help me on my journey ; but one day, meeting a townsman of mine, who was anxious to show his good will to me, he caused me to drink too freely ; a vice, however, that I very rarely feel into. After I parted with him, I sat down by the side of the road, and at length fell asleep. When I awoke, I found I had been robbed of my money, and some of my shirts. I was now sixty or seventy miles from home, and all I had to live upon was one penny and a half."

Poor Edmund ! his condition was now pitiable indeed. Friendless, moneyless, and almost shirtless ; on foot, alone, and no doubt burdened with self-reproaches for his past follies, and perhaps with fears that the "good Mrs. Barnes," whose kindness he had so often abused, would not show pity to the returning prodigal. And here as I pass along, I cannot avoid recording my solemn protest against that most idle and pernicious practice of treating friends "to show our good will." The awful wo of inspiration should ring in our ears, as we reach out the accursed token of friendship ; "Wo unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also." When will friends cease to destroy one another by this murderous civility !

"So I returned to Mrs. Barnes," says Mr. Botsford, "as poor as I could be. She, good woman, was glad to see me, as were all the family." Through the influence of this inflexible friend,

Mr. Botsford found employment in the family of a Mr. Shelby, which he says was "a good place." He was employed as a groom in the gentleman's hunting stable, and he would probably have continued longer at Mr. Shelby's, had he not been so severely bitten by an unruly horse, as to endanger his life. "At this place," he observes, "I was much troubled about my soul." At the expiration of the year, he left his employer; but such had been his behaviour, that he had retrieved, in a good degree, his character, regained the good will of his friends, and was enabled to procure from Mr. Shelby a recommendation to another reputable place, "which suited his turn much better." His second employer was a Mr. Freeman, who resided in Wooburn. "My pride," says he, "was so much humbled, that I cheerfully served in my native town." He now lived near Mrs. Barnes, who continued to show him much affection and kindness, and gave him good counsel. By shunning bad company, and attending with great fidelity to his various duties, he became more and more respected and esteemed by his friends; "indeed," says he, "I was esteemed by every body." He informs us, that he now had an opportunity of seeing something of high life, as he frequently attended his master on his visits to several of the nobility. Indeed, Mr. Botsford, the waiting-man, seems, by his good behaviour, to have established for himself a kind of kitchen nobility. "My hands," says he "were now full; I never had a servant that ever did half the work that I did, while I lived at Captain Freeman's. I was remarked for three things, viz. sobriety, being a fine shoe black, and keeping sharp and clean knives.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."



The Lord still followed him with the whisperings of his Spirit. Though, whilst living with Mr. Freeman, he had not the opportunity of hearing one gospel sermon, “yet,” says he, “I began to be very serious and thoughtful about eternal things.”

It might not be improper here to relate, that Mr. Botsford was frequently brought to the very gates of death. In his infancy, he was twice thought to have been dead with the whooping cough: in childhood, he came nigh being drowned at two different times. One of these accidents occurred whilst living, perhaps, with his aunt, Mrs. Osborn. One day, he walked out with a gold-headed cane, belonging to some one of the family, to a neighbouring pond; and for the purpose of trying its depth, he waded in, feeling his way before him with the cane. At length, he came to a sudden descent, and immediately sunk to a depth, from which he found it impossible to extricate himself. Shortly after, a gentleman passed by, and accidentally noticed the top of the gold-headed cane moving to and fro a little above the surface of the water. His curiosity was excited, and upon wading in, he found it firmly grasped by the unfortunate lad, who was apparently struggling in the agonies of death. He succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous situation, and young Botsford at length revived; but a few moments delay would have rendered all aid unavailing. Whilst a young man, his life was at one time endangered by the bite of a horse, as above related; and at another time, whilst afflicted with a pulmonary complaint, (this was in his nineteenth year) his recovery was despaired of. But his days were not yet numbered; God was preserving him for an important work. In view of God's mercy in saving him, from so many dangers, and

bearing with him in his career of youthful folly, he exclaims, "Surely if ever there was a miracle of grace, I am the man." In the same connexion he also adds, "but in the midst of all my sin, I always had a reverence of some kind for good men and good books, and never could bear to hear either spoken against."

The charms of a sea voyage now present themselves to Mr. Botsford's mind with a most inviting aspect. He had not forgotten, probably, the little leaden ship, which, in childhood, he considered so ominous of his future destiny; whilst the frightful corpse and gibbet had pretty much glided from his thoughts, or, at least, had ceased to alarm him. About this time, a Mr. George Harris, a painter by trade, and one of Mrs. Barnes' grandsons, was solicited by a gentleman from Charleston, South-Carolina, to leave London and visit America; adding, for his encouragement, that "at Charleston, he might soon make a fortune." Young Harris resolved on making the experiment. It appears, that whilst children, Harris and Botsford had attended the same school, and in their intimacy and friendship were like brothers. Amidst their childish recreations, they had often conversed together about visiting distant countries, especially America. No sooner had young Harris made up his mind to try his fortune in the new world, than he communicated his purpose by letter to his friend Botsford, and requested his company on the voyage. Though they had not seen each other for years, yet Harris supposed it possible that his friend was still filled with the visions of his childhood. Mr. Botsford had received such a flattering account of America, that he cheerfully accepted of the invitation: the friends of both approved of the plan, furnished them with every thing necessary for the voyage, and even fitted them out

with a small stock of merchandize. Mr. Botsford particularly states, that "Mrs. Barnes was so partial to America, that she gave her free consent." He also states, "She gave me very particular advice, and withal observed, that she hoped a door would be opened for my becoming a minister." The good woman, it appears, could not forget the dream. On the 18th of November, 1765, being then twenty years of age, Mr. Botsford sailed for Charleston.

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## CHAPTER II.

*Mr. Botsford arrives in Charleston—His conversion—Commences learning a trade—Enters upon his studies preparatory to the ministry.*

Mr. Botsford was now upon the great deep. The Ruler of winds and waves took him under his merciful care, and commenced anew the work of conviction in his heart. "On the passage," says Mr. Botsford, "I was careful to read some portion of the Bible every day, agreeably to Mrs. Barnes' request. I also read Bunyan's "Come and welcome to Jesus Christ:" the reading of this book made a very deep impression on my mind. I became more thoughtful than ever, prayed much, and soon concluded that I was a converted man. I enjoyed much peace of mind, and really thought that I was the best person on board the ship. Never was a poor creature more completely deceived."

On the 28th of January, 1766, he arrived in Charleston. "We now found ourselves in a new world," Mr. Botsford remarks, "but alas! I soon found that I retained my old heart." The letters,

which young Botsford and his colleague brought with them from England, soon introduced them to the notice of several respectable gentlemen. Harris found lucrative employment as a painter; Botsford attended to the selling of their little stock of goods, and at the same time, as he had leisure and ability, assisted his friend in his painting business. Had they conducted themselves with proper discretion, they might, with God's blessing, have accumulated money; but on account of their inexperience, they refused some advantageous offers, and consequently did not meet with anticipated success. Not long after, this Harris took it into his head to go off to Barbadoes, with a company of strolling stage players. This brought Mr. Botsford into great distress: however, he at length hired himself to his landlord, who was an upholsterer, with whom he lived a few months, at low wages. But this gentleman soon failed in business, and Mr. Botsford was again thrown out of employment. These repeated disappointments brought him again to serious reflection.

"At this time," writes Mr. Botsford in his Memoirs, "convictions returned upon me, or rather began in a very different manner than at any time before. I now considered myself a cast-away, forsaken both by God and man. I saw myself a lost, ruined creature. Now all old things were brought to my remembrance; the many godly admonitions of my friends, especially those of Mrs. Barnes, the promises I had made, &c., all united to distress me. Here I was in a strange land, and not a friend in the world to whom I could unbosom myself. Truly my case was deplorable. I went from one place of worship to another, but could find no relief, nor hear what I called a gospel sermon, except from an aged gentleman, who

preached so heavily and dull, that I did not like to hear him. Every one of the family, in which I lived, were wicked : I often concluded we should all perish together, and sometimes I would tell them so. At length, on a certain day, one of the boarders said to me, ' Botsford, what is the matter with you ? ' I replied, ' I cannot tell, but I am in great distress ' He said, ' you are under what they call conviction : I have been so myself, and would give the world if I felt just as you now do. ' I observed to him, that I would not wish any creature to be in such a situation. Said he, ' there is but one minister in this place, who can be of any service to you, but he, I am told, is a Baptist ; all the rest of the ministers deserve not the name. I would advise you to go and hear him. ' This was the best news I had heard in America, for I had entertained the notion, that, if I could hear the gospel, there would be a possibility of my being saved. On the next Lord's day, I set off with an intent of going to meeting ; but just as I came to the gate of the meeting house yard, this foolish thought came into my mind, ' What a fool am I ! If I go to hell, what will become of all the inhabitants of Charleston. ' I turned off from the gate, and walked on the old fortifications. But O what distress now seized my mind ! I had heard of the gospel, and had rejected it ; I considered myself a monster, a reprobate ; my distress was so great that I cried out, ' I am damned, I am damned, justly damned. ' There were several pieces of large cannon lying on the platform ; and I had the dreadful wish to be blowed to hell by one of those great guns, that I might know the worst of my state. A person walking by at this time, roused me from my reverie. I walked home, and continued all the week in great distress. However, I was spared till the

next Sabbath ; I then went to meeting, and at the gate had the same foolish notion as on the last Sabbath ; but conceiving it to be a temptation of Satan, I hastened into the house, and seated myself in a convenient place. Presently the minister came ; though I did not like his dress, there was something in his countenance which pleased me. He began worship by prayer ; I was pleased with it. After singing, the venerable man of God took his text from Acts xiii. 26 ; ‘ Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God ; to you is the word of this salvation sent.’ To describe the exercises of my mind under this sermon would be impossible. However, upon the whole, I concluded it was possible there might be salvation for me, even for me. I then determined, that, in future, I would attend worship in this place. I do not remember, that, when able to go, I ever once omitted attending, whilst I lived in Charleston. Indeed, I would not have omitted one sermon for all the riches in the world. Before this, I wished to return to England ; but now I was perfectly satisfied to remain, if I lived on bread and water only. I think this was on the last Sabbath in August, 1766. I had been taught that I could not be saved, unless I became converted ; this I believed, and when on board the ship I thought I was converted ; but I soon found after my arrival in Charleston, that I had been deceived.

“ Now my mind soon became more enlightened ; I read, I prayed, I heard preaching ; but I had none, no, not one, with whom I could converse. I was very shy of every body ; the moment service was ended, I was one of the first out of the house. I now thought myself very happy, because I had found a gospel preacher ; now I expected soon to get converted. O how good was

God to me, to spare me, to disappoint my worldly views ! Yes, I thank God for bringing me into straits ; if he had not, I might never have heard this Gospel. I thought more of Mr. Hart, the Minister, than of any person in the world. In a few weeks I began to think myself better. I had forsaken, as I supposed, every evil ; I prayed almost continually ; I loved every person whom I thought good ; in short, I was a good, a very good man. About this time I did not think about my conversion, but about my goodness. I frequently wished every body as good as myself ; but I well recollect, that I thought very few, if any, except Mr. Hart, were as good as myself. One day, in the month of October, as I was walking by myself, on a sudden the following words dropped into my mind ; “ Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them ? ” I never before had such a view of the law of God. Suffice it to say, I had a greater discovery of the deceitfulness of my heart, than I ever before had ; all my religion, and fine thoughts about my goodness, came tumbling about my ears, and I was left a poor wretched hypocrite. I was loathsome in my own eyes : how much more so in the sight of God !

“ I do not remember, that, at this time, I had any very distressing fears of hell ; but it cut me to the heart, that I had sinned against such a good, gracious God, and that I was such an unholy, deceitful creature. The first day of November, the day on which I was twenty-one years of age, was a day never to be forgotten. It was a day of light, a day of joy and peace. That day I had clearer views than formerly, of sin, holiness, God and Christ, and different views from all I had ever before experienced. I think I was enabled to devote my whole self to God as a recon-

ciled God. I think I then so believed in Christ, as to trust in him, and commit my all into his hands. At that time, and from that time, I considered myself as not my own, but his ; *his*, and not the *world's* ; *his*, and no longer *Satan's* ; *his*, for time, and *his* for eternity

“ In the morning of that day, I considered myself far, yea, farther from God, more odious to him, to myself, than I had ever seen myself before. I was depressed by sin, and concluded I never should be converted. But a text, which had often given me hope, now came afresh to my mind, and encouraged me to pray : ‘ Call upon me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me ;’ and another, ‘ come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ;’ together with several other encouraging words : at length these words made the greatest impression, ‘ my grace is sufficient for thee.’ These words were as apples of gold in pictures of silver. I saw the grace of God in Christ was sufficient for every purpose, respecting the salvation of a sinner, from first to last.— My guilt was removed ; my sorrow turned into joy, and I had peace through believing in the freeness and fulness of this great salvation. I was indeed like a new man ; every thing in me, all around me, appeared new. A new song was put into my mouth, even praises to my God and Saviour. I could not but express my joy to the family where I lived, though they were strangers to every thing of the kind, and some of them really thought I was deranged. This unspeakable happiness continued without any intermission for two whole weeks ; and I then thought it would continue forever.

“ But, alas ! I soon found that I was mistaken, I had as yet but little knowledge of the dreadful



deceitfulness of the heart, and of the various temptations of Satan. One morning, rising from my bed, I found myself in great darkness, such darkness as I had never felt. It so depressed my spirits, that every one in the family observed it. Alas! I had lost my Christ, or rather my confidence, and some words of Scripture were impressed on my mind that added to my distress; but, in a day or two, I found relief, and felt happy in my mind. For some months, generally speaking, I almost constantly enjoyed the presence of God. O, it was a heaven on earth. Now I thought I should live with Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Leaper forever; and what was best of all, I should be with Christ. Now I was content with every thing, and thought myself happier than if I had gained the whole world. I now began to have such a regard for the salvation of poor sinners, as I had never felt before. I suppose, that had I been in some congregations, with which I have since been acquainted, I should have exhorted all around me. I now felt a desire to form some acquaintance with the members of the church, but through diffidence I did not, till some time in February, 1767. I wished Mr. Hart to be made acquainted with what the Lord had done for me while under his ministry. At length I wrote to him, and soon after called upon him, and related to him my experience. On the 13th of March I was baptized, and joined the Baptist Church in Charleston.

“ I wrote home to my relations and friends, giving them an account of my happy change. This was pleasing to them, especially to Mrs. Barnes, who always entertained hopes that the Lord would, at some time, call me out of darkness into his marvellous light. For a considerable time after I was baptized, it was happy times with

me I had now entered into a new world indeed; my new acquaintances were a holy loving people; with them I enjoyed much satisfaction, as also in communion with God. O. these were happy days indeed! Little did I then think, that such trying times were at hand, as I soon after experienced."

Such was Mr. Botsford's religious experience at the commencement of his christian course. His conversion was sound and scriptural; and from that time, till the day of his death, he was enabled, by the grace of God, to maintain an humble, pious, and consistent walk.

As he had now become fixed in his determination to remain in America, he very prudently concluded to make himself master of some useful trade, that he might be enabled to secure a comfortable and honest livelihood. He, accordingly, indented himself to a person for the term of three years and a half, to learn the trade of a Carpenter. This happened to be the very person, who first recommended to him the ministry of Mr. Hart. He was to be furnished with genteel apparel, 'to eat with master,' enjoy the liberty of attending church, and, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, was to have a good suit of clothes, and a chest of tools. With these terms Mr. Botsford was well satisfied. He was fond of his occupation, soon made considerable proficiency in the use of tools, and then "thought," as he expresses it, "that he was preparing both for this world, and the world to come.—But the *man*," continues Mr. Botsford, "(for I cannot call him a *gentleman*) used me very well, until he married; soon after this, he lost his serious impressions, and his mind was so turned against me, that it seemed as though he could not bear me in his sight. He turned me into the kitchen, to eat with the negroes, put me to the worst of

drudgery, and seldom saw me, but he cursed me, and sometimes in a manner too awful to relate." Mr. Botsford bore this severity with exemplary fortitude and submission, and still applied himself industriously to his work. But at length his burden became heavier than he could well bear; for being under the necessity of eating offensive food, he felt constrained, after several months endurance, to mention the circumstance to one of the members of the Church. His brother advised him to bear his afflictions with a christian temper, but at the same time kindly invited him to come to his house every evening for wholesome refreshment. He did so, and finding his burden somewhat lightened by the kindness of his friend, he continued with his cruel master several months longer.

But at length matters took a new turn. The generous friend, above alluded to, had a wicked, profligate son, who informed the employer of Mr. Botsford of the complaint he had made to his father, and added to the statement such falsehoods as his malice and depravity dictated. "This so enraged him," says Mr. Botsford, "that he came to me in great fury, with a stick in one hand, and my indentures in the other, and with a great oath bid me take them. I took them, bit off the seal, and bid him strike if he dare. I never saw a person more disappointed, for he had not the least expectation that I would take the indentures. However, I was now free from the tyrant. Some few months after, he became deranged, so that he could not attend to his business; afterwards became poor, and in a few years died."

Let us dwell for a moment on the character and fate of this wretched man. We first see him the subject of religious impressions; at length he loses his convictions, becomes a despiser of religion,

a cruel tyrant, a blasphemer, and a persecutor ; the judgments of heaven overtake him, his reason is snatched away, and then his possessions, and in this state the poor man dies. How forcibly do such examples remind us of the awful warnings of the Bible !—" My Spirit shall not always strive with man. -- He, that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy — But whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

Whilst living with the gentleman, or, as Mr. Botsford would have it, the *man*. above alluded to, his mind was much exercised with regard to the gospel ministry ; but feeling his unfitness for the great work, and finding his way so much hedged up, he seemed reluctant to yield to his impressions. At length, however, they became so deep and powerful, that, "like Jacob, he bargained with the Lord, if he would set him free, he would fully devote himself to the service of the church." Being delivered in an unexpected manner, as has just been related, from the oppression of his cruel task-master, he considered that he would now be without excuse, were he to resist those convictions, which he was persuaded were from the Lord. At the next church meeting, Mr. Hart, the Pastor, made his case known to the brethren, and they requested him, at a convenient time, to deliver a discourse before them, and a few select friends, that they might be able to judge of his ministerial gifts. At the time appointed, he preached his first sermon from Isa. xxii. 45 ; and it was the opinion of the brethren and friends, that he should be encouraged to go forward in the great work. He then put himself under the di-

rection of the church, and, in compliance with their wishes, agreed to pursue a course of study, which might better fit him for usefulness in the gospel ministry. One gentleman\* kindly offered to give him his instruction and board ; another agreed to supply him with clothes. On the 1st of February, 1769, he entered upon his preparatory studies. "I now considered myself," says Mr. Botsford, "as beginning a new kind of life ; and that I was now in a more particular manner than ever to devote myself to God, and be entirely at his disposal. I would often look back upon my past life with wonder and admiration, with thankfulness and praise. O what great things had God done for me !" Having enumerated many of God's mercies, and several interesting scenes through which he had passed, he adds ; "So I have been groom, footman, painter, carpenter and soldier ; and had now commenced minister."

It seems, therefore, that "the good Mrs. Barnes" had not counselled, and warned, and hoped, and prayed in vain. Her wayward orphan boy, over whom she had so often mourned and wept, whom she had followed with such unwearied solicitude and kindness, and who sometimes seemed, as he himself once feared, to be a fairer candidate for the gibbet, than for the pulpit, is at length brought back, by the wonderful grace and mysterious providences of God, to the great Shepherd and Bishop of his soul, and is now preparing, as an under shepherd, to feed the flock of Christ, and guide wandering, and benighted souls to the realms of bliss. Let pious friends never be discouraged, though they may long sow in tears, and water in tears, and may finally be ready to conclude that

\* The pious and learned David Williams, the father of the late lamented General Williams.

they have laboured in vain, and spent their strength for naught ; yet let them not forget, that with God there is faithfulness, and with him there is great mercy ; encouraged by his precious promises, and by examples like that which these humble pages exhibit, let them hope that those buds of wayward childhood, which have been cherished with the breath of prayer, and watered with the tears of pious solicitude, may yet be impregnated with the dews of grace, expand into fragrant blossoms, and ripen into celestial fruit.

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### CHAPTER III.

*Mr. Botsford is licensed to preach—Visits Georgia, and labours with acceptance—Anecdotes—Ordination—Anecdote—Church constituted—Marries and settles on Brier Creek—Poetry—War rages, and he escapes to South Carolina.*

Mr. Botsford was licensed to preach in February, 1771, and he continued to labour with his ' Father Hart,' till the following June. He finally concluded to leave Charleston. A gentleman from the neighbourhood of the Pedee, made him a present of a horse, saddle and saddle-bags ; his friends in Charleston furnished him with apparel. Leaving Charleston he travelled on as far as Euhaw, where he remained with the Rev. Mr. Pelot till the end of July. Whilst with Mr. Pelot, an incident occurred, which it may not be improper to relate. Mr Botsford was invited to preach at a certain time, and it appears that whilst delivering his discourse he was favored with uncommon liberty. He was much elated with his performance, and was exceedingly anxious to ascertain the opin-

ion of his friend, Mr. Pelot, in relation to his sermon. After their return from public worship, as they were walking together in the garden, Mr. Botsford asked his friend if **he** thought that he possessed such gifts, as should encourage him to go forward in the work of the ministry. Mr. Pelot replied that, at present, he was unprepared to answer the question. Soon after Mr. Botsford preached again; but alas! his mind was full of darkness, and his lips stammered; and he was now as much chagrined, as he was before elated. After his return from meeting, Mr. Pelot asked him to take a walk in the garden. His heart fluttered; he expected rough handling. "I could not answer your question the other day," said Mr. Pelot, "for I thought that, perhaps, Botsford might be one of those preachers, who can preach when they please; but I now perceive that Botsford cannot always preach just when Botsford pleases; I am therefore encouraged to hope that he is called of God, and that he may venture forward in the work." Thus he was unexpectedly humbled, and, at the same time, unexpectedly encouraged. At this time there were a few Baptists, who constituted a branch of the Euhaw Church, in Georgia, near Tuckaseeking, a settlement about 40 miles from Savannah. In consequence of the death of Mr. Benjamin Stirk, a zealous Baptist Minister, they were left without the regular preaching of the Gospel. They heard of Mr. Botsford, and requested him to come over and help them. Encouraged by his brethren of the Euhaw Church, he paid them a visit in company with Mr. Pelot, and preached to them his first sermon on the 27th of June, 1771. At this time there was not a regularly constituted Baptist Church, nor but one ordained minister\*

\* Mr. Daniel Marshall, who had just removed to Geor.

in the whole Province of Georgia. His labours at Tuckaseeking were highly acceptable, and yielding to the solicitations of the people, he concluded to remain amongst them for the space of one year. During his residence here, he met with no opposition in his labours ; he was much followed and caressed, and there were some who would travel twenty miles to attend his ministry.

Mr. Botsford now began to live an active life. His labours were not confined to Tuckaseeking, but he preached extensively in many contiguous regions, both in Georgia and South Carolina.— The manner in which he commenced his labours at Ebenezer, a large settlement of Dutch Lutherans below Tuckaseeking, was not a little amusing. It is thus related by Mr. Botsford. “ At the lower part of this settlement was a Dutch Church, which was only occasionally occupied, by the Lutherans, and was convenient to a few Baptists and others, not of their communion. I was asked if I had any objections to preach in it, if leave could be obtained. ‘ By no means.’ Application was made to the Minister, a Mr. Robinhurst (as the name was pronounced) and he referred the applicant to the Deacon. The Deacon’s reply was, ‘ no, no ; tese Paptists are a very pad people ; they pegin shlow at forst, py and py all men follow dem. No, no, pad people, pad people ; go to the minister, Mr. R. ; if he says breach, den I kiff you de keys.’ ‘ The minister says I have no objection, and leaves it with you.’ ‘ Den take de keys ; I will come and hear myself.’ The house was opened, and I preached the first time, on October 1st, 1771, from Matt. ix. 13. When I had preached, the old Deacon

gia from the neighbourhood of Horse Creek, South Carolina.



said ; ‘ Dat peen pad poy ; put he breach Jesus Christ ; he come again and welcome.’”

“ Py and py all men follow dem,” was the prediction of the honest Dutchman. Though this prophecy has not been literally fulfilled ; yet it has been verified to an extent, which the author of it could hardly have anticipated. At the time it was uttered, there was not one Baptist Church, nor but one ordained minister, as stated above, in all Georgia ; there are now (1831) about *three hundred and fifty-six Churches, two hundred Ministers, and more than twenty-eight thousand communicants.* At that time, the Baptist cause, in the United States generally, was in its infancy ; but there are now about *three thousand Ministers ; more than four thousand Churches ; and between three and four hundred thousand communicants.*

A little one has become a thousand : it is the Lord’s doing, and let the name of the Lord be praised. Were these four thousand Churches to come up fully to the help of the Lord, how much might they accomplish towards evangelizing the world. How poorly do we requite the Lord for his great goodness !—But to return.

It does not appear that during this year, any conversions were produced by the instrumentality of Mr. Botsford’s preaching ; but in the following year, Mr. Pelot baptized one or two, who had been awakened by his faithful warnings. In the year 1772, Mr. Botsford enlarged the sphere of his useful labours, and travelled and preached almost incessantly. He visited Augusta, Kiokee, and several other places, which, at that time, stretched along upon the frontiers of Georgia and South Carolina. In one of his excursions he became acquainted with the famous Daniel Marshall, who, a short time before, had removed to Georgia, and settled upon one of the Kiokee

crecks. Mr. Botsford gives the following account of their first interview. "By him, (a Col. Barnard,\*) I was introduced to Mr. Daniel Marshall, as a gentleman originally from old England, but last from Charleston. 'Well Sir,' said Mr. Marshall, 'are you come to preach for us?'—'Yes sir, by your leave, but I confess I am at a loss for a text?' 'Well, well, look to the Lord for one?' I trust I did so, and preached from Ps. lxvi. 16. When I had done, the good old gentleman took me by the hand and said, 'I can call thee brother, and give thee the right hand of fellowship, for some how I never heard *conversion* better explained in my life; but I would not have thee think thou preachest as well as Jo Reese and Philip Mulkey;† however, I hope you will go home with me.' I did so, and from that time a friendship commenced between the good old gentleman, his son Abraham Marshall, and myself, which I trust, will never be dissolved."

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the early history of the Baptists in America, that, for many years, they were divided into two general classes, called *Regular* and *Separate* Baptists. About the year 1740, a glorious revival of religion commenced in New England, un-

\* This was the very individual, before whom Daniel Marshall appeared for trial, when arrested for preaching in the Parish of St. Paul. Soon after this, Col. Barnard, though he retained his connexion with the Church of England, became a decided friend of Mr. Marshall, and the Baptists; he spoke of them very favourably to Sir James Wright, the Governor; he invited Mr. Botsford to his house, and was the one who first requested him to preach at Kiokee. Though he was an eccentric character, yet Mr. Botsford regarded him as a good man, and observes that he died in a most triumphant manner.

† Distinguished Baptist Preachers of the Separate order,

der the ministry of that eminent servant of God, the Rev. George Whitfield. This was called by way of derision, the New-light Stir. The consequence was, that many of the most zealous and spiritual separated from the established order, were organized into distinct churches, and hence, were called *Separates* : Many of these finally embraced the peculiar sentiments of the Baptists, and these were then called *Separate Baptists*.— They spread far and wide, and planted many Churches in various parts of the land, which inherited the discriminating title of their founders. The other churches, of which there were many in America, took the name of *Regular Baptists*. Between the Regulars and Separates there were, for many years, but little christian intercourse and communion ; the merest trifles were sometimes allowed to keep them at an unhappy distance from each other. But at length a gradual amalgamation was effected, and the invidious titles by which they were designated, have long since fallen into disuse. Mr Marshall was a Separate, and Mr. Botsford of course ranked with the Regulars ; their early friendship must, therefore, be regarded as an important circumstance, and no doubt contributed, in a considerable degree, especially in the Southern States, to bring about a happy and lasting union of the two orders. During the year 1772, Mr. Botsford's labors were blessed in several instances to the conversion of souls : Some of these individuals were baptized by Mr. Marshall, others by Mr. Pelot of Euhaw.

It was during this year that one or two occurrences took place, which may be a little amusing to the reader. I give them in the language of Benedict, who probably derived his information from Mr. Botsford himself. " Once on a journey

up to the Kiokee, where Mr. Botsford had appointed to preach, he called on a Mr. Savidge, to inquire the way. This Mr. Savidge was then a bigotted churchman, but was hopefully acquainted with the truth. After he had given the stranger proper directions, the following conversation ensued. 'I suppose you are the Baptist Minister, who is to preach to-day at the Kiokee.' 'Yes Sir ; will you go?' 'No, I am not fond of the Baptists ; they think no body is baptized but themselves.' 'Have you been baptized?' 'Yes, to be sure?' 'How do you know.' 'How do I know ? why, my parents have told me I was.' 'Then you do not know only by information.' On this, Mr. Botsford left him, but 'how do you know?' haunted him, till he became convinced of his duty. He was baptized by Mr. Marshall, and began to preach the same day he was baptized, and still continues (1813) a useful minister amongst the Georgia Baptists.\* Botsford's 'how do you know?' says Mr. Savidge, 'first set me to thinking about baptism.'

"In the same journey, in which he fell in with Mr. Savidge, he preached at the Court-house, in Burke County. The assembly at first paid a decent attention ; but towards the close of the sermon, one of them bawled out with a great oath, '*the rum is come.*' Out he rushed ; others followed ; the assembly was soon left small, and by the time Mr. Botsford got out to his horse, he had the unhappiness to find many of his hearers intoxicated, and fighting. An old gentleman came up to him, took his horse by the bridle, and, in his profane dialect, most highly extolled both him and his discourse, swore he must drink with him, and come and preach in his neighbourhood. It

\* Mr. Savidge has since entered into his rest.

was now no time to reason, or reprove ; and as preaching was Mr. Botsford's business, he accepted the old man's invitation, and made an appointment. His first sermon was blessed to the awakening of his wife ; one of his sons also became religious, and others in the settlement, to the number of fifteen, were in a short time hopefully brought to the knowledge of the truth ; and the old man himself became sober and attentive to religion, although he never made a public profession of it."\*

At the close of the year 1772, Mr. Botsford concluded to leave Tuckaseeking ; he accordingly " preached," as he says, " a kind of a farewell sermon." He speaks of this as an affecting time. He continued, however, to favour the neighborhood, for some time, with his occasional services.

The Church in Charleston, hearing of the success that attended the ministry of Mr. Botsford, concluded to call him to ordination. He was accordingly ordained on the 14th of March, 1773 ; Oliver Hart, and Francis Pelot assisting on the occasion. During this year, and the year following, his labors were abundant, and his success considerable. Soon after his ordination, he commenced baptizing, and by the middle of the following November, he had baptized 45. " In the month of August, 1773," says Mr. Botsford, " I rode 650 miles, preached 42 sermons, baptized 21 persons, and administered the Lord's Supper twice. Indeed, I travelled so much this year, that some used to call me the *flying preacher*."

The following incident, which occurred on one of Mr. Botsford's excursions in 1773, may afford the reader some entertainment. On the 16th of July Mr. Botsford had an appointment to preach

\* Benedict's History of the Baptists, 2d vol. p. 181, 182.

at Stephen's Creek, S. C. After preaching, he gave an opportunity for any, who might feel inclined, to come forward and relate their christian experience. Several came forward and gave evidence that they were suitable candidates for baptism. "On my asking," says Mr. Botsford, "if they wished to be baptized, they all replied in the affirmative, except one Mrs. Clecker, who observed she did not know that her husband would permit her. 'Is he present in the congregation?' 'Yes Sir.' 'Mr. Clecker, please to come to the table.' He came. 'Mr. Clecker, I have reason to hope that your wife is a believer in Christ, and she desires to be baptized by immersion, but wishes not to do it without your consent; have you any objection to make sir?' 'No, no, Got for-pit I shout hinter my vife, she was one goot vife.' While we were preparing for the water, the little man was in a great rage, and called me 'a goot for noting son——: Vaut, to ax me pefore all de peeble if he might tip my vife!' But this I heard nothing of till afterwards. Coming up from the water through an orchard, I saw him leaning against a tree by himself, and seemed in trouble. I went to him. 'Mr. Clecker, what is the matter?' 'O Sir, I shall go to de tivel, and my vife to helen; I am a boor lost sinner; I cant be forgifen; I fear de ground will open and let me down to de hell, for I cursed and swore you vas one goot for noting son of ----. Lort have mercy on me?' The poor Dutchman professed at length to have found peace in believing; and the September following, Mr. Botsford had the great satisfaction of baptizing him.

In November, of the same year, the persons who had received baptism from the hands of Mr. Botsford, were constituted a church, by the assistance of Messrs. Hart and Pelot. This was call-

ed for a while New Savannah, but afterwards it assumed the name of Botsford's Old Meeting-house, the title which it still bears. This church now belongs to the Hepzibah Association ; is situated in Burke County. about 25 miles below Augusta, and is the oldest Baptist Church but one\* in the State of Georgia.

This year Mr. Botsford married his first wife, in Augusta. Her maiden name was Susanna Nun; she was a native of Cork, Ireland, but had lived in America from her childhood. Previous to her marriage, she had commenced a religious life, and been baptized by Mr. Marshall. This union seemed to have been founded in mutual affection and esteem, and was the source of much domestic happiness. By this wife Mr. Botsford had six living children, and two still-born. Mary was the eldest child ; after she arrived to womanhood, she married Mr. Thomas Park, now Professor of the learned languages in the South-Carolina College. She died in 1828, in the 54th year of her age. Sarah Tinckler was the third : she married Mr. John Evans of Georgetown, at length buried her husband, afterwards became connected with the Baptist Church, and finally entered into her rest in her 43d year. Jeremiah, an amiable, promising youth, was snatched away in his nineteenth year ; and the other three children died when quite young. They are all gone !—Reader, do not despise this little family record of mortality. You perhaps regard it as a trifling and common place narration ; but remember, you have once more been reminded of the solemn truth, so often told, but so little felt and so soon forgotten, “ that all flesh is grass, that we spend our years as a tale that is told.” My young readers cheer themselves

\* The Kiokee was constituted the year before, viz. 1772.

with the hope of long life ; “ but what is your life ? ” dear friends ; “ It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

“ Our life is ever on the wing ;  
And death is ever nigh ;  
‘ The moment when our lives begin,  
We all begin to die.”

For some time after Mr. Botsford left Tucka-seeking, he does not appear to have had any particular place of residence ; but in May, 1774, the *flying preacher* perched upon Brier Creek, in the County of Burke. Here he purchased some land, built him a house, and “ was settled as he thought, for life.” He received but little pecuniary aid from the people whom he served, as they were generally poor, and probably had thought but little of the declaration of Christ, that “ the labourer is worthy of his hire ; ” but having received about this time, between three and four hundred pounds sterling from the estate of his brother in England, recently deceased, he was enabled, by a prudent disposition of the money, to live comfortably.

But although Mr. Botsford had found a home, he had not found a place of rest. He did not allow the charms and cares of domestic life to quench his burning love for souls, nor to diminish his activity in his Master’s cause. From the tabernacle which he had pitched upon Brier Creek, he darted out into many surrounding regions, both in Georgia and South-Carolina, and preached the gospel of the kingdom with his accustomed fervour and success.

On the 2d of February, 1775, Mary, his eldest child, was born. Mr. Botsford was also called to rejoice over some new-born souls : this year he baptized eight persons ; in the year following, ten.



In one of Mr. Botsford's excursions in 1776, he was overtaken by a tremendous storm. Whilst pursuing his course in the midst of lightning, thunder, wind and rain, his attention was arrested by the shrieks and lamentations of a female in great distress. The awful scene excited in Mr. Botsford something like the spirit of poetry; and immediately afterwards he composed the following lines. They are not thrown together with much poetic skill; they are, nevertheless, quite solemn, and may, perhaps, excite a serious thought in the mind of some careless reader.

“ The great Jehovah, the eternal God,  
 Who shakes all nature with his awful nod,  
 Commands the clouds, the clouds obey and rise,  
 And spread confusion o’er the darkened skies.  
 Though bright the morning; now ’tis veil’d in night;  
 Horrible gloom! how awful to my sight!  
 Darkness without, and gloomy fears within,  
 Presage to me the just desert of sin.  
 O where’s my Jesus now in time of need?  
 Would he appear, he’d be a friend indeed.  
 Consider, O my soul, a gracious God;  
 Did he not spare thee from his direful rod,  
 When thou didst walk in thy flesh-pleasing ways,  
 And set thyself against him and his grace?  
 Therefore be not dismay’d, but in him trust;  
 He is a God, and therefore must be just.  
 Has he not promis’d, (he will not gainsay,)  
 ‘ Lo I am with you, and will be alway?’  
 Content, my Father; I believe thy word,  
 Nor fear the awful tempest, nor the sword.  
 Thus whilst I paus’d to fortify my soul,  
 Behold the furious wind, without control  
 Tears up the mighty forest, pine and oak,  
 And hurls them down as by th’ Almighty stroke.

Now the tremendous God displays his ire ;  
 His lightnings flash in vivid streams of fire ;  
 His thunders roar around the vaulted dome,  
 And add new horror to the dreadful gloom.  
 What wild confusion now flies through the skies !  
 What awful scenes presented to my eyes !  
 Hark !—hark !—what screams !—sure some one's in distress ;

I'm not alone here in this wilderness.  
 'The cry is that of some lost wandering fair :  
 See how she wrings her hands and rends her hair !  
 Poor soul !—unused to be exposed to storms,  
 The raging voice of conscience now alarms :  
 Unpardoned sin now stares her in the face,  
 And now she weeps, because devoid of grace.  
 Assembly, ball, and dance, she now disdains ;  
 Her thoughts are turned on everlasting pains :  
 When drest in gay apparel, and in town,  
 Perhaps could run the best of preacher's down ;  
 But now expos'd to thunder, lightning, storm,  
 Behold ! she prays, though aided by no form.  
 Such, O my soul, will be the case with those,  
 Who do not with the dear Redeemer close ;  
 When they shall stand at God's tremendous bar,  
 Their specious hopes will leave them in despair.  
 'Then may they seek and pray, but all in vain ;  
 The God they slighted, will them then disdain ;  
 And in that day his awful wrath shall smoke ;  
 He'll blast them from his presence with a stroke  
 Of his almighty arm, down into hell,  
 With damned souls and devils there to dwell.  
*Then you, who read these lines, repent and turn,  
 Lest he, that made you, doom you there to burn."*

In the year 1777 Mrs. Botsford presented her husband with their first born son. In the same

year also, Zion travailed and brought forth children: there was a precious revival under the ministry of Mr. Botsford, and 45 were added to the church. The year following Mr Botsford baptized eight persons.

About this time the horrors of the Revolutionary war began to be seriously felt in the province of Georgia. At length Savannah is taken by the enemy; Sunbury surrenders to General Prevost; General Ash is defeated on Brier Creek; and the whole Province is brought under the power of the British arms. On the defeat of General Ash, Mr. Botsford found it necessary to betake himself to flight. There was no time to be lost. He took with him his wife and three children, the youngest, (a daughter) being not then two months old; and a negro man. So precipitate was their flight, that they had only time to snatch off with them two horses and a cart, containing a single bed, one blanket and a sheet, thrown in for the children to sit upon. This was in the spring of 1779. Thus, after having carried the gospel into many benighted neighbourhoods, sown much precious seed, baptized 148 persons, reared up a flourishing church, and prepared the materials for future churches, so that he might justly be regarded (if we except the indefatigable Marshall,) as the principal founder of the Baptist interest in Georgia, Mr. Botsford hurries from the Province an unprotected fugitive, no more to find a permanent abode in the region of his early labours.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Mr. Botsford finds a refuge—The Baptists Patriotic—He joins the army as chaplain—Anecdotes—Removes to Pedee—Flies to Virginia—Mrs. Botsford sets off in search of him—They meet in North Carolina—After a short residence in Virginia they return to Pedee.*

‘UNPROTECTED?’ No; the Lord took care of his faithful servant, the mother, and the little ones. Passing into South Carolina, they found an asylum in the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Arthur Simkins.\* Mr. Botsford, referring to the losses and sufferings of himself and family, makes the following patriotic remark: “Notwithstanding we had lost our all, I do not remember that I ever felt an uneasy thought, nor did my wife ever express the least uneasiness. Indeed, instead of murmuring, it was rather a matter of boasting that we had suffered so much in the cause of our country.” From this it appears, that Mr. Botsford had heartily embraced the American cause, and as we pursue his history, we shall perceive that throughout the whole Revolutionary struggle, he was an ardent and unwavering friend to his country. And the same may be said of the Baptists generally, in that dark day. There were but few Baptist Tories. In espousing the cause of liberty, they were influenced by high and holy motives. They had an eye, not only to the temporal interests of the land, but to the rights of conscience, the prosperity of their churches, and the general interests of the Redeemer’s kingdom.—From time immemorial,

\* This worthy and venerable man, cherished with peculiar affection, to his dying day, the memory of Botsford, his pious and patriotic guest.

the Baptists had suffered much from the unholy encroachments of ecclesiastical power. At a period as late and enlightened as that of our Revolution, there was not a country on the globe where they fully enjoyed the rights of men. Even in America, the boasted asylum of the persecuted and oppressed, they found no certain rest; they were loaded down with legal disabilities; they were taxed, dragged before magistrates, forbidden to preach; sometimes banished, sometimes scourged, and sometimes compelled to preach the doctrines of Jesus, if preach they durst, through the iron grates of dungeons. Was it strange, therefore, that they should have been the inflexible champions of civil and religious liberty? In supporting the Revolutionary cause, they were animated by the hope, that, were God to crown with success the efforts of our countrymen, the laws of the land would undergo such modification and improvement, as would secure to them and to every other sect, that which they had so long prayed for, *the privilege of being let alone*. They desired the interference of the civil arm no further than to protect them in the free and uninterrupted enjoyment of their religious rights, instead of prescribing laws to conscience, and oppressing them with pious taxes, writs and scourgings. Thanks be to God, the great object for which they toiled and suffered and prayed, has at length been secured.

Soon after Mr. Botsford fled from Georgia, he received an invitation from General Williamson to join his brigade, in the capacity of chaplain; this invitation was accepted, and he continued with the army several months.—It was, perhaps, whilst Mr. Botsford was connected with the army, that one or two trifling incidents occurred; too trifling, the reader will probably think, to be recorded;

yet as they may light up on his face a harmless smile, whilst he is pursuing this narrative, which is beginning to assume a sad and mournful aspect, I will nevertheless relate them.

In those days and regions, to which our narrative now refers, there were but few pulpits and meeting houses. But the zealous preachers of those days were plain men, and easily satisfied. Fields and groves were their temples; the heavens their sounding board; and stages constructed of rough boards; or even stumps, logs, and barrels, afforded convenient and acceptable pulpits from which to harangue their congregations. At a certain time, Mr. Botsford ascended a barrel. He had made some progress in his sermon, when, either in consequence of some radical defect in the barrel, or the vehement emphasis of the foot, with which he accompanied his address, (a thing quite common with our zealous fathers) all at once the head of the barrel gave way, and the preacher descended with it. It does not appear, however, that he was diverted from his upright posture, or that this misfortune essentially deranged the thread of his discourse.

At another time, the gravity of the preacher and of his congregation, was put to a severer trial still. They were assembled in a grove, or field. During the progress of the sermon, one of the distant, outside hearers, had so far forgotten that it was his business to listen attentively to the preacher, that he allowed himself to become quite drowsy. At length he began to nod. A large surly goat, that was nibbling grass hard by, happened to notice the sleeper, and interpreted the nodding of his head as a challenge for battle. The animal approached and retired; approached again, and again retired, as though doubtful whether the gentleman was in earnest. But the sleeper continued to nod, and the animal at length be-

came seriously enraged. He took a martial position, shook his head in anger, and then darted forward with fury, and laid the sleeper low. Many of the congregation smiled; and the preacher, who was so situated as to be obliged to witness the whole transaction, could not find it in his heart to reprove them. There can be no doubt that the drowsy gentleman was more impressed by the assault of the goat, than by the sermon of the preacher.

Whilst connected with the army as Chaplain, Mr. Botsford received an invitation from the Welsh Neck Church, on the Pedee, to remove to their neighbourhood, and become their spiritual guide. This call he felt it his duty to accept. He visited the church in October, preached amongst them a few sermons, and received from this hospitable people many demonstrations of their kindness and affection. They made every arrangement necessary to effect the comfortable removal of his family, and accordingly, in November, he returned to Mr. Simkins', where his wife and children were still living, and conducted them on to their new place of residence. They now found themselves in the bosom of kind and generous friends. Though, by the calamities of war, they had been reduced to great distress, yet now by the liberal exertions of their new acquaintances, they had all things and abounded. "Never," says Mr. Botsford, "was greater kindness shown to any one in distress. Myself and family were provided with every comfort, and that in abundance."

Mr. Botsford's predecessor was the celebrated Mr. Winchester, under whose ministry there had been an unusual excitement, and between three and four hundred had been added to the Church. This Mr. Winchester, as is well known, afterwards apostatized from the faith, and became a

champion of the doctrine of Universal salvation.

But Mr. Botsford had not yet found a safe and quiet resting place. The alarms of war again invade his domestic enjoyments, and compel him to provide for his personal safety in flight. Charleston had fallen into the hands of the British, and the victorious army advance. Mr. Botsford had not raised the musket, but he had fought with his tongue, and, by his warm appeals, urged forward his countrymen to a manly vindication of their rights, against the arrogant claims, and formidable invasion of the mother country. He had now become too conspicuous for his patriotism and love of liberty, to render it safe to trust himself in the hands of the tories, or British. And besides, he was an Englishman himself, and this made him a *rebel* of the highest grade. He set off in company with his 'Father Hart' for Virginia, in the expectation, however, of soon being enabled to return in peace to his beloved family. On the 28th of June, 1780, they arrived at a brother's of Mr. Hart, in Rockingham County, and remained there till the September following. In the mean time, General Gates had been defeated at Camden, and South Carolina was considered a conquered colony. Mr. Botsford took it for granted, that, under such circumstances, his wife would not expect him to return, and he also thought it probable that she might leave home in pursuit of him. He therefore travelled on towards South Carolina, hoping to meet her on the way. In the mean time, Mrs. Botsford, with a cart, two horses, the negro man, and such necessary articles as she could conveniently carry, set off in pursuit of her husband, as he had anticipated. She pursued her journey as far as Tar River in North Carolina, and there tarried for a short time for the purpose of making some inquiries for her absent hus-



band. She hired a man to visit a Baptist Association, which held a meeting not far distant, to see what information could be collected ; but he, faithless, hard hearted wretch, having received, in advance, a part of his hire, gave himself no farther concern in the matter. In a few weeks after this, news reached her that Mr. Botsford was sick at a great distance from her in Virginia ; and this was followed by what appeared to be a well authenticated report, that he was actually dead. She was now in great distress. As soon as she could make the necessary preparation, she set off on her return to Pedee, intending on the following Spring, to return to her former residence in Georgia. Soon after she had re-crossed the Neuse, her son Edmund, being about four years of age, was violently seized with the Cholera-morbus, and expired in her lap, as she was travelling on the way. Poor woman ! what now must have been her anguish ! Her heart bleeding with the recent intelligence that her dear husband was no more—the corpse of her only son in her arms—travelling along a dreary road, a friendless unprotected female. Surely, under such circumstances, strangers will show her pity. No, she meets with no sympathising stranger, but soon finds herself in a den of tigers. She stopped at the first dwelling which came in her way, and was allowed the use of a little, uncomfortable loom-house. Here she remained, until she had seen her child hidden from her sight by the clods of a neighbouring burying ground. The man of the house treated her with great inhumanity, abusing her for being the wife of a rebel ; and for the use of the loom-house, and a little water to drink, he demanded of her two dollars, being the only silver which she had in her possession.

“ There is no flesh in man’s obdurate heart ;

It does not feel for man.”

We know but little, my young friends, of what our aged fathers and mothers suffered, in those days of darkness and peril. How thankful should we be, that we are allowed to live in such pleasant, peaceful times.

Mrs. Botsford paid the demand of her cruel landlord, and with a sorrowful heart went on her way. On the morning of the following day, Mr. Botsford heard of his family, and in a few hours, he was so fortunate as to overtake them. "It was," says he, "a joyful, sorrowful meeting." Mrs. Botsford received her husband again as alive from the dead, whilst he rejoiced to see once more his companion, who had been safely preserved through so many dangers; but their mutual joy was somewhat damped by their mingled tears for the death of their dear little Edmund. The poor negro was almost frantic upon seeing once more his kind master. He jumped, hallowed, fell down, embraced his master's feet, and in every possible way gave vent to his joy.

Mr. Botsford now returned with his family to Virginia. He rented a small house in Brunswick County, for the accommodation of his family, whilst he was diligently employed in preaching the gospel in the surrounding country. God raised him up many friends, who kindly administered to his wants. In September, 1780, he visited a respectable and wealthy neighbourhood, called the Northern Neck, where there had been a great revival of religion, and which, indeed, had not yet wholly subsided. A gentleman kindly offered to bear his expenses to the place, and back again, if needful. In this region he preached with much acceptance, experienced great kindness, and had some very flattering invitations from the inhabitants to take up his abode amongst them. But his affections were fixed on "dear Carolina."—

Speaking of this excursion, Mr. Botsford says, "it was a pleasant and profitable journey. I returned to my family a few days before the surrender of Cornwallis, and his army, and I may truly say, my little horse was loaded with the benefactions of friends." Soon after his return, Mrs. Botsford presented him with another son.

General Green had now recovered most of South-Carolina; Cornwallis had surrendered, and Mr. Botsford now thought it safe to return. "On the 3d of December, (1781)" says he, "we set off for dear Carolina in company with the families of Col. Hicks, and Capt. Benjamin Hicks. My wife was very low, but desirous of returning. After a tedious journey of 28 days, we arrived safe in Carolina." On his return, Mr. Botsford found every thing in a wretched, distracted condition. "The war had made sad havoc of friends and property; and as for religion, it was almost forgotten." The prospect of peace, however, cast a few rays of cheering light into the dismal gloom, and amidst the wreck of property, the prostration of fond hopes, and the weeping and lamentation for fathers, sons, and brothers slain, caused the voice of joy and gladness once more to be heard.

Mr. Botsford dwells with grateful emotions on that kindness, which the Lord had manifested to himself and family, during this dark and perilous struggle. They had found many friends, and never, for a single day, had they been without food and raiment. "We frequently," says he, "met with kindness, when and where we least expected it. In my greatest difficulties, I never regretted engaging on the side of my country. In America I had embraced religion, married a wife, had children, experienced great kindness, and in America I intended to end my days. I considered

the war on the side of Britain unjust, and therefore felt myself justifiable in my opposition to that country. I hope I am thankful to God for bringing us safely through a long and cruel war, and for establishing us a free and independent nation. I feel truly thankful to God for all his mercies towards myself and family; and hope I shall never forget the kindness of several persons, who assisted me and mine in distress. God grant that I may spend the residue of my days, as one who considers himself bound by a thousand obligations, to devote himself and all he has and ever shall have, to the service of his Redeemer."

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## CHAPTER V.

*Mr. Botsford takes the pastoral charge of the Welsh Neck Church—Applies himself to study—Pays several visits to Charleston, and labours with success—Incorporation—Mrs. Botsford dies—A revival—Marries his second wife—She dies—Removes to Georgetown,*

It appears that Mr. Botsford had hitherto labored at Welsh Neck, only in the character of a supply; but soon after his return from Virginia, he received a formal call to take the pastoral charge of the Church. As there was but little prospect of his being able soon to return to his possessions and church in Georgia, he concluded to accept of the call.—On a tract of land presented him by a Mr. Brown, the church erected for him a comfortable house. His location was on the South west side of the Pedee, about two miles from the meeting house; and received from its possessor the name of Bethel. The epithet was appropri-

ate, for the good man's house was, no doubt, the house of God, a place where Jehovah was honored, and where he made known his truth and mercy.

Previous to Mr. Botsford's entering the ministry, his advantages for mental improvement had been quite limited ; and for many years after, his active missionary life, and particularly the distracting scenes of the Revolutionary struggle, rendered it difficult for him to find much leisure for systematic application to study ; but as soon as he found himself quietly settled, he endeavoured, as well as he could, to supply his deficiencies by a course of useful reading and study. In a letter to his 'Father Hart,' dated July 11, 1782, he thus refers to this subject : "I have begun to study very closely of late ; but O my father, how do I lament the misimprovement of those golden opportunities I once was favoured with. However, they are now forever gone, and it now remains that I redeem the time with double diligence. I perceive that I have a large huddle of something in my head, but no order, no method. I have some notion of Geography, something of History, a little of Natural and Moral Philosophy ; dare I mention Logic and Rhetoric ? I must add Divinity, doctrinal and practical, and many other things, I might mention, that I have touched on ; but alas ! the little knowledge I have, is jumbled together like the pieces of silk in the flasks you have seen hung up in houses to divert the flies. However, I am endeavoring to reduce to order this medley. Study is not now a task, but my delight, and I am favored with some good authors, ancient and modern. I think, if I know my heart, my principal aim is, the good of my fellow creatures, and the glory of God. I need not inform you that self sometimes creeps

in ; neither need I add, that, too often, he is made a welcome guest."

This year he preached a sermon which excited some interest, and a copy of it was earnestly solicited for the press. In the same letter, from which we have just given an extract, Mr. Botsford alludes to this circumstance, and also gives an outline of the singular sermon. "Would you believe," says he, "that I have been solicited to print a sermon I preached awhile ago?—'O the vanity of my Son!' You may say so if you please, for I will own to you, that I have vanity, and not a little ; but not so much as to think any production of mine worthy the press. Dont fear, Father ; your son will be on his guard against such flattery. If I had not been requested by some gentlemen of learning for a copy, I should have thought less of it. 'Now he's going.' No, stop : dont fear I say. I have found all out. It was the oddity of the sermon, that excited curiosity. Suppose that, in the height of my pride, (all things agreeing) it had gone to press ; the consequence is plain ; I should then have been known from north to south as a—dunce, not to say worse. I doubt not but some of the persons who heard it, and were so taken with it, would have been ashamed of it in print."

After giving an outline of the sermon, Mr. Botsford adds :

"Now dont my father say, 'a mountain labours, and a mouse comes forth?' You may think all is not quite right with me, when I tell you I have not been to see Daddy Pugh about it. I expect a drubbing from him. 'Well, enough about nothing, my son.'"

It was during this year, that several members of the Welsh-Neck Church, living at a considerable distance from the regular place of worship,

were dismissed and constituted a separate church at Cheraw Hill. Mr. Joshua Lewis, who had occasionally supplied the Welsh Neck Church during the absence of Mr. Botsford, was chosen their Pastor.

In 1783, Mr. Botsford paid a visit to Georgia, and also to Charleston. In the latter place, his labours at this time, and on his visits for several successive years, were eminently blessed in reviving the interests of the Baptist denomination. During the Revolutionary war, the ancient and respectable Baptist Church in Charleston, had been thrown into great confusion. Public worship had been suspended, the members much scattered abroad, and the Meeting-house converted into a hospital for the British soldiery. During Mr. Botsford's visit in 1783, he searched out a few of the male members, and engaged them to fit up the house for worship; after which, he preached several discourses to a pretty numerous congregation. In 1784, he began to meet with some success within the sphere of his labours at home, and also in Charleston on his second visit. At both places, he had the happiness, this year, of burying with Christ in baptism twenty hopeful converts. He also had the pain of burying, beneath the clods of the valley, his fifth child, a little daughter five months old. In 1785, he baptized twenty persons, several of them in Charleston on his third visit to that place. In a letter dated Charleston, March 30, 1785, he thus writes to his 'Father Hart:—' "I have been here six Lord's days, and have to stay two more; have baptized two, and expect to baptize others before I leave town. There is a pretty good work begun. I have preached 41 sermons, go from house to house, and blessed be God, sweet times we have. I have time to write but a few lines;

indeed I have hardly enjoyed an hour to myself since I have been in town. Numbers of blacks come to see me, and some whites ; and many I must go and see. I doubt not that if there were a minister settled here, there would soon be a flourishing Church. Who would have thought that your poor son Botsford would have been owned as an instrument to bring souls to the Charleston Church ? I find the heart is the same in Charleston, as in the country. Crowds attend public meetings, which are held three times on Lord's days, and on Wednesday evenings ; every other evening we have meetings at private houses, in which I have introduced praying for those poor distressed souls who ask." In a letter of still later date, Mr. Botsford writes : " I came home the 16th of April. In town I baptized 5 whites and 6 blacks, administered the communion twice, preached 61 sermons, and had I been at liberty would have taken up my abode in Charleston. ' There now is vanity.' The last sentence I suppose spoils all with my father. I cant help that, it is the truth ; not that I would have been in the way of any minister who might have come. Town is large, very full of people and very wicked ; and not half places of worship enough for the inhabitants —

" Well, now I have said my say ; but remember, it is in my study at Pedee I talk thus : poor soul ! when I stand up in town before three or four hundred people, I sometimes quake again." In the same letter Mr. Botsford gives some account of his past labours. " I have preached," says he, " 2328 sermons, have baptized 180 persons, rode upwards of 75,000 miles, and married about 100 couples." He then makes the following pious reflections, " But O my Father, I dare not say I have done one of those acts free from sin.



I may justly say, in me dwelleth no good thing ; I am an unprofitable servant. If ever I reach the heavenly land, it must be by virtue of a better righteousness than my own, or ——'s either, or any man's living, or that ever did live, except the man Christ Jesus, in whose most glorious and spotless robe I ever wish to be found. Confident I am, I shall surely be damned, if I have nothing but my own performances to commend me to the Deity. Surely, those who expect heaven by their own works, must either have better hearts than mine is, or else are ignorant of the deceitfulness of theirs. —— I hope your son Botsford will be kept by the Lord from bringing any disgrace on his dear, his honoured father, and the cause of Christ ; though he hectors and swaggers sometimes in his study. Do pray for me. —— I now begin to cool a little, being as you may see above, in the 40th year of my age ; but yet too fiery. Hot constitutions dont last long ; so I expect I have not long to live. May I live to God's glory, and the good of his people ; and when I die, may I meet my father in glory."

During this visit to Charleston in 1786, Mr. Botsford speaks of having much satisfaction in preaching to the negroes, and gives an encouraging representation of the progress of God's work. In a letter to Mr. Hart, he refers to this visit, to the conversion of one of Mr. Hart's sons, and to some other interesting particulars. A few extracts may not be unexceptable to the reader. "At this time we are very languid in religion at this place ; but the work of the Lord prospers in Charleston. I baptized six persons in December last, and Mr. Furman a few weeks ago baptized eleven. —— Mr. Furman has not yet concluded to settle in town, but I believe he will ere long. He writes thus to me, Jan. 31st. 'I remain in

great perplexity about removing to Charleston, and for that reason should be glad if Mr. Bainbridge could come to the Hills as soon as possible, as I think it might be a means of opening the way of duty to both him and myself.' —

"The other week I received a letter from Mr. Joseph Barnes, the son of the old lady with whom I lived, and whom you have heard me talk so much of. The old lady has gone to heaven; most of my acquaintances, who were in years when I left England, are now in eternity. Many, who were in affluent circumstances when I came away, are now reduced to poverty. — What a changeable world!

"This day, (Feb. 24th) I received accounts from town that Capt. Hart and wife, and some others, have been baptized. I heartily congratulate my honored father. Whatever you may have known, we all knew J. to have been the wildest of Mr. Hart's children. God's name be praised. Husband and wife! May God enable them to walk like Zacharias and Elizabeth. — How often have I prayed for Mr. Hart's children; aye, and Mrs. Hart's children too. — When in town last Winter, I heard of the conversion of one of Mr. G's. children; it pleased me; but I thought how much more should I rejoice to hear of the conversion of one of Mr. Hart's. Well, now it is come to pass. You rejoice with fear and trembling; that is the right way to rejoice. O my father, I am not fit, at present, to write to you; but you must excuse the overflowing of my heart. Consider, it is no small matter; the conversion of a soul! Why, all heaven rang with the news. Remember, it is the conversion of the son of a man I regard above all men on earth. But I must conclude. Love to you all. Grace and peace be with you all. O my father, pray for

me ; pray for my family ; pray for the people. I serve, and take encouragement to trust in God that your latter end will be the best."

As we have been speaking of Mr. Botsford's useful labors in Charleston, it might not be improper here to add, that during his visit to that place in 1785, he commenced the practice of preaching to children, and this he continued on his subsequent visits, until Dr. Furman was settled as the pastor of the church in 1787. Several of these children afterwards became hopeful subjects of grace, and were added to the Baptist Church : one of which was Mr. Charles O. Scriven, who at length became a highly respected minister of the gospel, laboured many years in the State of Georgia, and a short time since entered into his rest. On the whole, it appears that the faithful labours of Mr. Botsford formed an important era in the history of the Charleston Baptist Church. He aided much in collecting its scattered materials, reorganizing and augmenting its ranks, and preparing the way for that distinguished individual, who afterwards became its pastor, and with whose eminently useful and able ministry it was favoured for thirty-eight years.

In 1778, being the year subsequent to Mr. Furman's settlement in Charleston, he visited the city again, preached fifty-four sermons, and received presents from his kind friends, which, at home, would have cost him nearly *one hundred and eighty dollars*.

At the meeting of the Charleston Association in the fall of 1787, a proposition was made for the consideration of that body, which produced some little excitement, and for several successive annual meetings of the Association, was advocated by some, and opposed by others, with much warmth. It was the desire of some to raise an Association

fund, the proceeds of which should be expended in the education of indigent, pious young men, called of God to the gospel ministry ; and that this fund might be secured and managed to the best advantage, it was proposed that the Association should apply to the Legislature for an act of incorporation. Mr. Botsford, with others, was much opposed to this latter scheme. He contended, that the Association was purely and strictly an advisory council, that this important feature should be sacredly guarded ; but that it would be destroyed by investing the body with corporate powers, and therefore he was obliged to oppose the measure. \*He did not probably take a proper view of the subject ; but it was by no means surprising that our pious fathers should have exercised a severe and rigid jealousy over the rights of the churches, in these early days, and that they should at first have looked with dread upon many measures, which, at present, are regarded as not only harmless, but useful and necessary. Those were the days of experiment. It was a time when the just province of christian discretion and expediency, with regard to matters not expressly provided for in the Scriptures, was not so fully understood as at present. And besides, the attention of our fathers had been much directed, by the circumstances of the times, to the origin and progress of ecclesiastical corruption ; they had long groaned and writhed under the exercise of usurped authority and spiritual oppression, and this rendered them keenly sensitive, whenever measures were proposed that seemed to wear the appearance of novelty, and the full scope and bearing of which they did not fully understand.

But Mr. Botsford did not oppose the measure we are now considering, nor any other, for opposition sake. Throughout the whole affair, we see

much of the conscientious christian. At first, he opposed it from a sense of duty. When he discovered that, in some respects, he had manifested too much warmth, particularly in his private correspondence with Mr. Hart, he frankly acknowledged that he had "considerable mercury in his constitution;" and expressed the most unfeigned regret, that he should have said or done any thing heedlessly to injure his father's feelings. When he had it in his power to have effected a division in the Association, he manifested no disposition to avail himself of the opportunity, but was for peace and union. When his 'Father Hart' attributed his opposition to the incorporation of the Association to *weakness*; he pleasantly replied, "the same cause to which I attribute it myself." After he began to entertain some doubts as to the propriety of his opposition, he resolves to act upon the christian principle of forbearance. In a letter to Dr. Furman, he mentions a saying of Mr. Pelot; "In doubtful things forbear;" and says he will forbear on the matter of incorporation. "1. Forbear hard thoughts of my brethren. 2. Forbear hard words. 3. Forbear acting. 4. And rather than give offence, forbear speaking and writing any thing more about it." Were all Christians to pursue this course in doubtful matters, how much confusion might be prevented in the churches of Christ. Still Mr. Botsford acknowledged that it was to him a perplexing subject: "I have been baptized," says he, "above 22 years; a preacher above 18; and an ordained minister something more than 10; in all which time, I have met with nothing that has perplexed me like this same incorporation." But, says he, in a letter to Mr. Hart, "the truth is, I suspect I *may* be wrong, and therefore submit."

The Association, however, was not incorporat-

ed ; but a distinct body was organized and incorporated, called "The General Committee for the Charleston Baptist Education Fund ;" which consists of a delegate from each church that contributes to its funds, and which meets at the same time and place with the Association. It appears from the first, that Mr. Botsford was never opposed to a plan like this ; and when the body was organized, he was one of the committee that joined in petitioning for its incorporation, and afterwards he aided in collecting money to increase its funds. "And even should it be thought proper at some future time," says he "to apply for incorporation for the Association, I shall by no means oppose, but rather be active in it." The above circumstances are related, for the purpose of illustrating the honesty and ingenuousness of Mr. Botsford.

In the year 1788, Mr. Botsford's sixth living child, Nancy Nunn, was born. During this year, the two years previous, and the year following he travelled considerably, "preached in a variety of places," and baptized 25 persons.

At length a year of trial came. "The year 1790," says Mr. Botsford in his memoirs, "was the most trying year I had ever experienced.—My dear wife departed this life, March 9th, aged 39 years. Her sickness was short, but very severe ; which she bore with great patience, and was quite resigned. We had lived together between sixteen and seventeen years. She had borne me 8 children. She was an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a humane mistress. When she died, the whole world seemed dead to me. Of all the losses I had sustained, none was like the loss of her. Her memory is still, and ever will be, dear to me." In a letter to his

• Father Hart,' he gives a more particular account of his affliction.

“ *Bethel, April 6, 1790.*

“ Rev. and Honored Sir.—Of all the trials I have experienced, the one I am now groaning under is the most severe. It is no less than the loss of my dear Mrs. Botsford. She departed this life on the 9th ult. She was seized with a violent cough, which terminated in a nervous consumption, and inflammation of the bowels. She was confined to her bed about two weeks ; proper medical assistance was not wanting ; prayers from our many friends were, I believe, sincerely addressed to heaven for her ; but God saw fit to issue the mandate to surrender life. She was favoured with the exercise of her reason, I believe to the last moment ; though through extreme weakness and obstructing phlegm, was not able to articulate so as to be understood for the last twenty hours. Some of the last expressions which we understood were, ‘ I am quite calm and resigned —all my dependence is on Christ alone for salvation. Dont grieve for me ?’ The last words I perfectly understood were, ‘ death is hard work, but it will be soon over. On being asked at that time if she had comfort in her soul, she plainly replied, ‘ yes, O yes.’

“ O my father ! my father ! no one, that has not been exercised in the same way, can have any conception of what I feel. I loved my wife ; perhaps I thought too much of her. But she is gone, never more to return ; and I am left to mourn and grieve a little longer. I am happy to inform you, that I have met with every consolation which a numerous acquaintance could afford, both in her sickness, and since her departure ; and God has been gracious to me, or I had certainly lost my senses. O my father ! pray for me, write to

me. Pray for me, that I may be kept from acting imprudently in this trying season. My dear children, through mercy, are well ; Polly behaves with uncommon prudence. My full, distressed soul will not permit me to add more, but that Mrs. E. and Polly join me in love to you and Mrs. Hart.

I remain, dear Sir, your very distressed son in the Gospel,  
EDMUND BOTSFORD."

Thus the good man was called to pass through deep waters ; but though brought low by this heavy chastisement, the Lord in mercy helped him.

In a Postscript to a letter to Dr. Furman of Charleston, dated 25th April, he thus writes:—"I cannot seal up this, without informing you of some experiences of last night. I was very poorly in the evening with a pain in my head, and went to bed about eight o'clock. I soon fell asleep and awoke, I believe about ten, perfectly easy. As I could not get to sleep again, I set myself to wrestle with God, first for my own soul, and soon began to find a very great earnestness and familiarity with God. My desires were soon extended to my children, my neighbours, acquaintances, our church, the churches in general, the cause of God universally. O how sweetly was I employed for an hour or two. I then ran through the transactions of my whole life, particularly my christian life, ministerial life, conjugal life, and widowed life ; and I think I never found such sweet submission to the will of God in my whole life, such desires for the conversion of souls, for the revival of my christian brethren, and all with such soul humbling views and submission to God as I cannot describe. My dear brother was not forgotten in this, (what shall I call it) restoration. I cheerfully gave up my dear Mrs. B. ; nay, I gave up my children, myself,



my all, to my God. O my brother, this last night has been a time of love, a time of light, a night never to be forgotten by your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in our Master's vineyard."

Under date of May 19th, in the Postscript to a letter to Mr. Hart, Mr. Botsford writes as follows.--"Not having an opportunity of sending this, I shall add a few lines. About three weeks ago, the good Lord was pleased to visit my soul in a very remarkable manner. Comparatively speaking, I never knew what submission to God under trials was till then. O my father, I now really think I can in some good measure, say it is good for me to be thus afflicted; at the same time it grieves me to think my dear Lord was under the necessity of dealing with me in so severe a manner, to bring me to my proper senses. What a disobedient child have I been! Since the Lord has restored to me the light of his countenance, we have had blessed seasons amongst us. The church in general are roused, and some young people under hopeful impressions. What the event will be, I know not; but I flatter myself, God is about visiting us once more, in a way of conversion. O that it may be the case!

"Little did I think what my dear and honoured father and others felt when they lost their wives; but sad experience has now taught me. But I check myself: My God has done it, and I doubt not for my good, and I trust for the good of others. Since the Lord has so frequently visited my soul, that grief and anguish, which I thought nothing but time could carry off, is gone; and blessed be the Lord, now my sleepless nights (for I have many of them) are my best seasons. I have learned more of myself and Christ, these last three months, than in all my life before."

God sends great afflictions upon his people that

he may prepare them for great blessings. Thus it was with Mr. Botsford. The hope, which he expressed of a revival of religion, seems to have been realized. The Lord was pleased to pour out his spirit, and thirty souls were added to the Church. In a letter to Mr. Hart, dated September 10, 1790, Mr. Botsford gives some account of the work. "The work of the Lord continues to increase. I have baptized 17, have heard of four others who are converted; and great numbers are under conviction. This revival differs from that under Mr. Winchester in the following particulars. 1st. Its beginning and progress have not been so rapid. 2dly. It is chiefly among the whites. 3dly. The affections of the Church were centered in him; now, both the old and young members have their love, in a very remarkable manner, drawn out to each other. 4thly. The work under him was carried on, apparently, all by his preaching; now the spirit of prayer, in a very remarkable manner, is poured out on the Church, and most of the old, and a few of the late members, pray in public. 5thly. In the former revival, several of the old members were very uneasy at his conduct, especially his manner of receiving all that came; now, the greatest love and harmony subsist, and none are received but with the consent of the whole.

"I am sure it would be a very great pleasure to my father to be at our meetings. Your poor son is assisted, in a very extraordinary manner, in preaching and exhorting; and that without much fatigue, as he speaks but just loud enough to fill the house. No thumping, stamping, raving, or any thing like it; generally, you might almost hear a mouse run across the house in time of worship. At our meetings of prayer, of which we have a great many, we generally all pray, relate

our experience, exhort, &c. At such meetings, none are permitted but members and serious persons. These are chiefly held on evenings. I imagine there are not less than 50 under conviction ; perhaps nearly double that number at home and at the other two places where I preach."

In a letter to another friend, Mr. Botsford thus describes their public prayer meetings. " Our public monthly prayer meetings are held on the first Monday in each calendar month. We introduce by prayer, singing, prayer, and a short discourse suitable to the occasion. Then prayer, and an exhortation to the brethren to pray. They then pray, generally allowing a few minutes between. When all have prayed that choose, (for I do not press it upon them in public, though at other times I do) I then ask if any of such, or such a class, request our prayers for them ; observing that I desire none to present themselves but such as intend to lead a religious life. When they come, I ask for a short account of the state they conceive themselves in. I pray ; then drop a word of exhortation suitable to their cases ; then desire them to take their seats. I then ask if any others desire to be prayed for ; when no more come, conclude with singing and dismissal."

On the whole, this revival appears to have been a pleasant and genuine work of grace ; and Mr. Botsford gave evidence of possessing much prudence and skill in managing the interests of souls.

About this time, it seems that Mr. Botsford made an effort to collect materials for a history of the Southern Baptists. In a letter to Mr. Hart, dated July 12, 1792, he thus refers to the subject. " I have mentioned collecting materials for a history. You know that most of our Ministers are unlettered, and I expect they keep no records ; hence, when they die, all dies with them. This

has induced me to write to several for an account of the place and time of their birth, baptism, ordination, &c. I wish to preserve dates and facts, as they may be of service to some hereafter, who may wish to write a history of the Baptists in Carolina and Georgia." It does not appear what progress Mr. Botsford made in this work ; but the laudable attempt affords evidence of his readiness to engage in those undertakings, which were calculated to promote the interests of Zion.

In 1791, Mr. Botsford married his second wife : She was a Mrs. Catharine Evans. By her he had one living child, and one still-born. He called his child Catharine, after the mother : This daughter was married to Mr. Moses Fort ; has been for several years a worthy and respected member of the Baptist Church in Georgetown, and is the only one now surviving of Mr. Botsford's numerous family of children.

In 1796, Mr. Botsford was again left a widower. —The exercises of his mind, under this affliction, may be learnt from the following extract from a letter to Dr. Furman.

*" Bethel, March 10, 1796.*

"Rev. and Dear Brother.—Your very consolatory epistle of the 29th ult. came to hand yesterday. I return you many thanks for it, and I hope I shall profit by it. At present, I am in a very distracted state of mind, and my health somewhat impaired. I am not fit for business of any kind, yet have begun to force myself to it. In the midst of a busy world, I am like one in a waste howling wilderness. O my Brother, if I was in darkness, and in a backsliding state, before the loss of my earthly treasure, as I certainly was, how much more so now ; yet I have no right to complain. I do not charge God foolishly. I do believe the trial is designed for my good ; but

O wretched man that I am ! I do not wisely improve it. O my Brother, it is now above a month since I consigned my dear Mrs. B. to the silent tomb, and not one gleam of light has been afforded ; not one word from that best of Beings has been spoken to my poor, distressed soul, and perhaps never may be in this world. I see the propriety of what you have written, but O my hard, hard heart ! I cannot, O, I cannot return to my God. O my Brother, all the darkness and distress I ever experienced before is in no way to be compared with the present. Surely, if Jesus should condescend to speak to my poor soul once more, it would be the sweetest voice I ever heard. I have heard some of the dear people of God speak of their distress in terms, which I thought bordered on exaggeration ; but now my poor soul is plunged into a dismal gulph indeed. I feel like a sparrow alone upon the house-top ; can it be that I shall ever have reason to say, either in time or eternity, that this affliction was good for me ! O blessed Jesus, what didst thou suffer in the garden, on the cross !

“ Since I wrote the above, these words slipped into my mind, and I fear only slipped in ; ‘ *I will lead thee by a way which thou knowest not:*’ and also the following, ‘ *What I do now thou knowest not, but thou shalt know hereafter.*’ O if God will lead me, all will be well ; it must be well, and though I am so blind as not to see the reason of his conduct towards me now, yet I shall see in a coming day.

“ 12th. These two last days, my mind has been more composed than at any time since the 7th of February, for which I desire to be thankful. The loss of those four worthies you mention as dead, must be a great stroke to the Church of God.

Romaine was the last preacher I heard in England.

“ Lord’s day evening, 13th. This day I was enabled to say something from those comfortable words of the Prophet, Isaiah, li, 11 ; ‘ The redeemed of the Lord shall return, &c.’ I think I felt some assistance from above ; some of the hearers I thought gave more attention than usual. This morning a poor negro belonging to Mr. W., related his experience to me ; I hope God is at work with him ; and I heard of another negro under conviction. Believe me, my brother, I think it affords me more satisfaction to find the Lord at work with those two poor creatures, than I should experience could I call the globe my own.”

The last years of Mr. Botsford’s residence at Bethel were rendered uncomfortable by the spiritual apathy of his brethren ; and also for the want of temporal support. Soon after the death of his wife, he became discontented ; and at length he notified the church, that they must look out for another Pastor. Towards the close of the year 1796, he accepted of a call from the Baptist Church in Georgetown ; and the February following, he removed to that place. During his connexion with the Welsh Neck Church, Mr. Botsford baptized in all, 132 persons.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*Various afflictions—Eye complaint—Visits New-England—Letters to Mr. and Mrs. Evans.*

AFTER Mr. Botsford’s removal to Georgetown, his life was not marked by a great variety of incidents, as is generally the case with the settled

Pastors of Churches. Yet he passed through some scenes, which may afford useful instruction to the children of God. The latter part of his life consisted, principally, in *suffering the will of God*. He had suffered many afflictions before; but a still more bitter cup was now to be presented to his lips, and it was not the will of his heavenly Father that it should pass by untasted. Should the record which follows fall under the eye of some of Christ's afflicted followers, they will see an example of suffering, that may remind them that there have been those, who have suffered as much as themselves; an example of patience, that may reprove their murmurings; and an example of cheerfulness, which may satisfy them, that sadness and dejection are not the unavoidable and perpetual attendants of deep affliction.

The first severe trial, which Mr. Botsford was called to experience, after his removal to Georgetown, was the death of his daughter Nancy Nunn, who was the last child of his first wife. She died the 9th of October, 1797, in the tenth year of her age. "She was," says Mr. Botsford, "a lovely child; every body that knew her was fond of her."

Mr. Botsford had thoroughly learned the lesson, (and who could blame him) that 'it is not good for man to be alone;' accordingly he sought out another help-meet. He was married to Mrs. Ann Deliesseline, his third wife, in June, 1799. By her he had two children, Ann and Edmund. But his domestic peace was again invaded by the unrelenting hand of death. "On the first of November, 1799," writes Mr. Botsford in his Memoirs, "my dear and only son Jeremiah, died, after an illness of a few days: I was ill myself at the same time. O, this was a trying stroke indeed! I really thought it would break my heart. He was a

lovely youth." The following extract is from a letter written to Dr. Furman, a few days after this heavy bereavement.

*"Georgetown, Nov. 3, 1799.*

"Rev. and dear Brother.--It is said of our divine Redeemer, 'he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' Why then should a living man complain? Yet alas! I cant help complaining. On the 29th of Sept. I was attacked with a violent fever of the inflammatory kind; it continued ten days. I was, as I thought, on the verge of eternity; it had a pleasant aspect: yet I thought surely I was not going to heaven so easy. So it proved. On the 13th ult my son and daughter returned, on hearing of my dangerous illness; my son in full health. I was so imprudent as not to request his return to the country. On the 26th, his birth day, he was seized with great violence; we had every assistance, but on the 1st inst one o'clock, in the morning, my birth day, he expired. An only son, an affectionate, dutiful son as ever parent had. But he is gone, cut off in the bloom of youth. But amidst all my sorrow, I have the very comfortable hope that his soul is happy. I will, at a future time, if I am spared, give you the reasons of my hope. In the mean time, I would just observe, that some of the last sensible words he uttered were, (putting his arm around his sister's neck) 'I shall in a short time be in the world of spirits, and I hope at God's right hand.'—Surely, if I am a son, a very disobedient one, to need such severe chastisement."

In a letter to his daughter Sarah, of a somewhat later date, there is an affecting allusion to the death of his son.--"While I am writing, they are performing the last ceremonies over the grave of poor Harvey. A few minutes ago, the procession passed by towards the church. O what did I feel &



It brought to my mind the funeral of my dear son, your brother.--I thought the poor, distressed widow left at home, must be in a situation something like mine, when poor Jeremiah (O that precious name) was carried from me, or when I returned from your dear mother's funeral. O what a blank was all the world to me.--I just now cast my eyes on the returning mourners, but the man, the husband, the brother, the friend is left behind to lodge in the clods of the valley; and the place, and the disconsolate widow shall know him no more forever.--O how trying are such scenes as these! But how much worse, my dear children, will it be, if hereafter we should be separated from God, from Christ, from glory.--But the thought is so distressing, I must break off."

As wave follows wave, so in the pilgrimage of this good man, affliction followed affliction. "On the 9th September, 1801," writes Mr. Botsford, "I was again left a widower. Was ever sorrow like my sorrow."

During a part of the next year, Mr. Botsford had some severe spiritual conflicts. In a letter to Elder J. M. Roberts, dated August 17th, 1802, he thus writes. "You could form but a faint conception of my exercises, were I to write an hour on the subject. Suffice it to say, I never was so strangely exercised, since I professed christianity, as for many months past. I consider myself as, in a great measure, forsaken of God, and left in a degree of hardness of heart, that till lately, I was a stranger to. I am sensible of my state, yet too unconcerned about it; nothing seems to move me. I have no more feeling for perishing sinners, than if I was a stranger to grace. I desire a revival, but I hardly know from what principles. In short, my case is a nondescript. If ever I shall be so

happy as to get through it, it must be by a divine power."

On the 7th of December, 1803, Mr. Botsford was married to Mrs Hannah Goff, his fourth wife: the year following, Mrs Botsford was baptized and united to the church of Christ. In a letter to Mr. Cook, Mr. Botsford thus refers to this happy event. "Last Lord's Day was one of the best days I have seen in Georgetown. I baptized Mrs. Botsford and her sister in Sampit river, in the presence of a very large number of spectators, who behaved with decency and seriousness. These were the first white persons I have baptized in Georgetown, after a seven years warfare. Who would not have patience after this."—Mr Botsford's fourth wife survived him a few years, and was one of those unfortunate sufferers who perished in the tremendous storm of 1821.

In addition to his domestic afflictions, Mr. Botsford was much distressed on account of his want of success in his ministerial labours. With reference to this subject, Mr. Botsford thus writes in his Memoirs: "I have had so little success in my ministry, in this place, that it has produced much uneasiness of mind. It seems as though I should live to bury all the members of my church. I often query in my mind, what could have been the design of Providence in directing my settlement here. Sometimes I have thought it might be to prepare the way for some other person, whose labours may be blessed. What has led me to such a conjecture is, that I have reason to believe the Baptist interest has not suffered in the opinion of the inhabitants by any part of my conduct, and that we now have a good house for worship.\* Several

\* This house was erected in 1804.

times I have had hopes of a revival, but have been disappointed. However, this must be left with Him, who only can command a blessing. Thus I have lived a great many years to little purpose; though I hope my life has not been altogether in vain. But when I contrast it with some of my acquaintances, alas, how trifling!—On the other hand, when I recollect, that I might have been justly left to follow the natural propensities of an evil and deceitful heart, I feel thankful to God for his distinguishing grace, to such an unworthy creature.

But Mr. Botsford's greatest affliction is yet to be mentioned. In 1803, he was seized with that most distressing disease, the *Tic Douloureux*, the painful stroke or twinge, which, with the exception of a few short intervals of temporary relief, continued to rack his frame and prey upon his constitution, until it terminated in death. He consulted many physicians, tried many prescriptions, and though at times, he flattered himself that he had obtained permanent relief; yet he found no effectual remedy, but that which death administered; no quiet and undisturbed repose, but that which he found in the tomb.

Mr. Marvin, in a letter to the compiler, gives the following description of his complaint. "Mr. Botsford's principal complaint was in the nerves, on one side of the head, called *Tic Douloureux*. It usually came on in paroxysms of unequal duration, sometimes lasting several minutes, at others not more than half a minute; at which times, the blood would rush to the head sudden as thought, and inflame the countenance, till it would almost seem bursting through the pores. At such times, he was fixed as a statue. In whatever position he was in, when it seized him, he remained until it passed off; and then the blood would recede,

the nerves and fibres relax, the countenance grow paler and paler; and he would slowly and cautiously resume his occupation, as though he feared its recurrence. Frequently, for weeks at a time, did it recur in quick succession, so that he could not, without difficulty, eat, or drink or speak. A particular contraction of the lip, in any of these acts, appeared to bring it on."

Amongst the papers of Mr. Botsford, I found the copy of a letter addressed to Dr Simons of Charleston, (who had a short time before performed, for the afflicted sufferer, a surgical operation) containing a more particular account of his dreadful malady. Though written as late as 1812, it is proper that it should be introduced in this connexion.

"Dear Sir,—Agreeably to your request, I will relate the history of that most painful disease, with which I was so many years afflicted. In September, 1803, I was seized with an uncommon itching in the right eye, which continued about an hour. I was soon after attacked, with a fever, by which I was much debilitated, but felt no return of the itching in the eye, till the following March, when I was again attacked with it more violently than before; and now, on rubbing the eye, I perceived a pricking, which I thought was in the ball of the eye, and which very much alarmed me. It produced the appearance of what is commonly termed bloodshot. It continued but a short time. In a few days after this, I was suddenly attacked with a violent pricking, as of a thousand needles thrust into the eye, which, however, was only of momentary continuance. From this time, almost every day, and sometimes twenty times in a day, for several weeks, I was thus tormented. I now applied to the physicians

in Georgetown, who informed me that my complaint was a nervous one, and recommended blisters on the temple, behind the ear, and on the lower part of the neck; cold, warm and shower bathing; pouring water on the eye, the head and neck, and dipping the face in water. The complaint continued and increased, with, however, some intervals, sometimes of two or three weeks; but on the return was generally more violent. After trying every thing prescribed by almost every person who saw me, and finding no permanent relief, on the fourth of July, 1806, I sailed for New-York. On the passage, the complaint increased, and began to extend to the lower part of the nose and cheek. A few days after I landed in New-York, the complaint somewhat abated. I was recommended to an elderly gentleman, who informed me the complaint was rheumatic, gave me a prescription to his Apothecary, and advised me to visit Ballstown Springs; and, as the complaint appeared on the decrease, he also advised me to wait, and try the effects of climate. I proceeded to the Eastern States in the latter end of July, and the complaint gradually decreased, till I began to conclude it would entirely subside. Nor was it troublesome till my return in November, the latter end of which, it returned with greater violence. In January, 1807, I made use of the remedy, which, it is said, cured Marmon-tell, viz. drinking cold water in such quantities as to keep the stomach distended three or four days. This gave relief, so that the complaint was now trifling for several months. On its return, I had recourse to drinking water, which again relieved me of the misery, but brought on a bowel complaint, and an aversion to water. The complaint now returned much more violently, and affected almost the whole of the right side of my

head. I now had recourse to blisters and bleeding again, also to a seaton in the neck ; but the complaint mocked every effort, and at times, for a month, and six weeks, with now and then some mitigation, the torment would be indescribable. I was now so accustomed to it, that the misery, which I once thought would put an end to present existence in a short time, I could bear with some degree of patience.

“ Hearing of the celebrity of Dr. M'Bride, I wrote to him. That gentleman informed me what the complaint was, and referred me to authors for a description of it ; and observed that I need not expect a cure, but by a division of the nerves, and which he assured me could be performed with safety. He wished me to apply to you as a person who was, in his estimation, the best qualified to perform the necessary operations. About the time of receiving this letter, I was easier than for many months previous, and continued so for a few weeks. About five or six weeks before I applied to you, the paroxysms were far more violent than at any former time ; they continued longer, and returned every five minutes night and day ; so that I could neither eat, drink, sleep, converse, nor perform any one action but in the most extreme torture. My life was almost one continued groan. Every person who saw me, was almost struck with terror at my appearance ; they pitied my case, but could afford no relief. Often did I long for dissolution, were it the will of God to deliver me by death, the misery was so great. But I thank God, I am now restored to ease, and feel like another person. The only inconvenience arising from the operations, is a numbness in the upper lip on the right side, which I please myself, even if it does not return to its feeling, I shall be so habituated

to, as to feel no inconvenience. I can now attend with pleasure to all the duties of life, and enjoy, perhaps, as good health as any person of my years. I was sixty-six years of age on the 1st day of November last.

“ Thus, my dear Sir, I have detailed to you the rise and progress of the disease, which you have been the happy instrument in relieving me from, after enduring it more than eight years from its commencement.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant.  
EDMUND BOTSFORD.”

Mr. Botsford was often kept from the house of God for weeks together, and even when he ventured to resume the labors of the pulpit, he was subject to sudden and violent attacks of his complaint, when addressing his congregation. In a letter to his friend, Elder Joseph B. Cook, he writes : “ Last Lord’s day, in the midst of my discourse, I was struck so violently that I was obliged to desist speaking, and could not for some minutes dismiss the congregation, who were all attention. Who knows but some sudden stroke may, unawares, send me to heaven ! Surely, I ought to live each day looking for my change.”

“ He was,” says Mr. Marvin, “ a lively and affectionate preacher, and, when engaged in his subject, used considerable action. Many, many times have I seen him, when preaching, seized with one of those dreadful paroxysms, when his hand was up or extended, and head stretched forward with earnestness, and there would he stand till they passed off ; the only perceptible movement, a sudden start, extending or lifting the hand a little. He became so accustomed to the agony, that it did not disturb his train of thought, and he would resume the discourse where he had

been stopped. I have known him thus arrested several times in one exercise ; but he would not withhold his hand as long as he could speak. It grieved him to the heart to see the languishing state of the Church, consequent, as he supposed, upon his illness ; as the house was shut up months at a time during 14 years. and the members had died off greatly. He felt that he was in the way, and that if he were removed, some other laborer would come in who would be the means of building it up." In this connexion, Mr. Marvin adds : " He was often very sick of fever, and sometimes of the Cholera Morbus ; and both were always attended with a dreadful nausea, which made it difficult to keep any thing upon his stomach. At such times, if any one, in helping him, touched his forehead, it immediately brought on a paroxysm. You cannot conceive of the apprehension he felt of such interference from his friends and attendants, at the moment of retching. But in all his sufferings he was resigned ; he was not impatient to be gone, yet he sighed for the time when he should be freed from sin."

From the preceding account, the reader may be able to form some opinion of the nature of Mr. Botsford's protracted bodily sufferings. In his letter to Dr. Simons he speaks of having visited the North. During this tour, he visited Philadelphia, New York, Providence, Boston and many other places, preached many sermons, and with much acceptance. He also formed many acquaintances, whom he valued highly ; amongst whom was Mrs. Rogers, the wife of the late Dr. Rogers of Philadelphia, with whom he afterwards corresponded, and to whom he probably addressed " The Wandering Jew," and " The Second Sight ;" two interesting letters, which will ap-



pear in a subsequent part of this volume. A few extracts from letters written, during this journey, to his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Evans of Georgetown, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

TO MR. EVANS.

“ *Newport, (R. I.) Aug. 15th, 1806.*

“ Dear Son Evans—This day I received your favour of 28th July, which is the first letter from Georgetown. To say I thank you for it, is saying little ; yet I can but thank you. If you felt pleasure on receiving my letter, I think I will say I felt more on receiving yours. I did not know that I had so much regard for you all, as I find I have. True, I am in a fine country, and in the house and family of a real friend, where I feel more at home than at almost any house I was ever in except my own ; yet I cannot forget my Georgetown friends. Forget, did I say ? So far from forgetting, I think I really prize them more than ever I did. I should be fond to see even a dog from Carolina. O that Carolina were as pleasant and healthy as this place ; but it is not nor can be. Well, even here people die. Die we must, and happy they who are prepared for death ; for the heavenly country as far exceeds this, as perfection exceeds imperfection. Let us then where’er we live, remember *we* must die ; and so live, as not to be afraid to die.

“ Well, Mr. B’s. eldest daughter is published to be married. She is a maiden lady of only 58 years of age. In this State no License ; you must be published *three* times. But as Mr. A. Mrs. Y. Mr. T. and myself, all came from Carolina, I was engaged to marry Mr. A. to Mrs. Y. without publishing. I did so, and received 50 dollars. In this place, one dollar is the legal fee ;

one guinea a good fee; 16 dollars an extraordinary fee! Mine was a Carolina fee!"

TO MRS. EVANS.

*"Newport, Sept. 15, 1806.*

"Dear Daughter Evans,—I cheerfully comply with your request of writing to you. Shall I call you a good girl for your writing to me? I assure you I take it very kind, and an additional evidence of your duty and affection to me. However long the time of my absence may seem to you, I find it to me very short; so short that it is difficult to snatch an hour to write. Do you say, "what can my father find to supply so much of his time?" Why my child, I can hardly tell you, and yet I am very busy: I have not been idle one single hour since I came into New-England. I have many visits to make, many calling on me, many things and places to see, and many sermons to preach. I have preached 31 sermons in New-England, and given many exhortations, and have heard many sermons; have seen the Commencement at Providence, the Warren Association at Newport, where no less than 75 ministers were present; I have attended several funerals, several baptisms, and have written 25 letters. Now you may guess if I have not filled up my time.

"I now begin to look towards home; for believe me I do not forget I have a home, and some dear connexions in Carolina. You will be pleased when I tell you, that Mr. Coggeshall's whole family do not abate, in the least, in their attention to me; this is kind.—There is no revival of religion in any place where I have been, and yet it is lively times; several have been baptized in Newport, Providence, Boston and Charlestown, and several persons are now inquiring the way. It would please you to see your aged fa-

ther preaching with so much ease, and yet with a degree of animation that commands attention from numerous congregations. I am to go into the country to-day to preach, and return to-morrow; then on Wednesday to Providence in one of the packets; on Thursday, to preach at Pawtucket; on Friday, Mr. Brown is to come to Providence for me and carry me to his house. The old man could not forbear shedding tears when he met me at the Association in this town. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'I see Elder Botsford in New England.' He introduced me to his minister, and he very kindly and pressingly introduced me to his house and pulpit. O my daughter when I think of meeting so many millions of God's dear people in the world of glory, I almost forget that death lies between, and long to be gone. But these are among my best exercises; I have others of a different nature too often. However, I think I can safely say I seldom, if ever, think of heaven, or pray, but my dear connexions come into my mind, and are remembered at a throne of grace.——

"Although I do not expect any more letters from home, than what are on the way, yet I shall continue writing to one or another till my return, or till I take shipping. I doubt not the late shipwrecks make you uneasy respecting my return. I am not pleased, but if I am in the hands of God, I am safe; and surely I am. Well, I shall act as I shall think duty may direct, and then all will be well—kiss little Susan for me, and tell the children I hope they will be good. You may rest assured that Mr. Evans and yourself have the earnest prayers, and the affectionate remembrance of their loving father,

EDMUND BOTSFORD."

TO MR. AND MRS. EVANS.

*"Newport, Oct. 10, 1806.*

"Dear Children.--When you receive this, if you do receive it, you will be ready to say, 'O dear! why did not Pa come with Mr. Vareen?' O why indeed! I'll tell you. Before I left Mr. Brown's, the vessel was full, and I could not get a passage; that is the reason. So I go in two or three days with Mr. Coggeshall to New York; if I can get a good chance there I come, if I cant, I shall go on to Philadelphia: if I cant get a passage there, I will come on by land with Mr. Coggeshall. The account of the death of my old and tried friend Mr. Cuttino, has had such effect on my spirits, that I can scarcely bear up under it, though I expected it. One morning at Mr. Brown's I told Mrs. Brown I was satisfied that Mr. Cuttino was dead; she wished to persuade me out of the notion, but the dream I had was to me a sure indication of death, and I could apply it only to him.

"If Providence should so order that I should not reach home, I request you will write, or get Evans to write for you, a letter of thanks to Mrs. Coggeshall. The whole family have been so kind to me, I wish they should know that I feel the kindness; and as I have expressed it to you in other letters before this, it will be a pleasure to you to acknowledge favors your parent received in a strange land. However, I have no gloomy ideas respecting my being lost, or any thing of the kind; only we do not know what is to happen, and I thought proper to mention this.

"I have been applied to, to marry another Carolinian; but it is to a native of this place, and as it will be an infringement of the laws of this State, I shall not do it; though I doubt not some of the ministers will, for the sake of a Carolina

see. But you, my children, know that this is not my turn ; I do not love money so well as to stain my reputation, or rather hurt my own feelings.

“ Well, my time for leaving New England is near at hand. I have received much benefit by my journey ; I have met with much kindness, have seen near or quite 100 ministers, have preached a great many times, have been much pleased, and but very little mortified. I believe I have been to no place but I should be welcome a second time. I have been solicited to visit these States again ; but I suppose the first time will be the last. I hope my journey has been of benefit to some souls. When I think of returning to Georgetown, where there is so little appearance of religion, and shall miss my dear old friend Cuttino, I assure you I can scarcely refrain from bursting into tears. But yet I hope I feel thankful to God that I have such friends in Georgetown, as attract my affection, and command my prayers.

“ I think, even in this pleasing country, I have seen the emptiness of earthly things in a greater degree than ever in my life ; and hope I shall direct all my views to a preparation for that world, where only true, real happiness is to be found, and to the seeking, in some way or other, the interest of the kingdom of Christ. And this is what I would recommend to my dear children, in the most forcible manner, as the wisest and best thing a rational creature can do. I do not mean that you are called to renounce thought of, and care for temporal good ; but let that be only a secondary consideration, and seek first, in preference to every other thing, the kingdom of God. It is high time to awake out of sleep and seek the Lord, till he come and rain down righteousness upon you.

“ I must conclude with best wishes for you,

and my little grand-daughter ; and remain, my dear children, your affectionate parent

EDMUND BOTSFORD."

Whilst at the North, the following incident occurred After preaching for some time with much liberty and animation, he said, " but perhaps I weary you." " O no you dont, go on, go on," was quickly, and very audibly spoken by an old man, who had been all attention. This reply electrified Mr. Botsford, so that he could hardly proceed.

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## CHAPTER VII.

*Letters—Death of his son-in-law—Revival—Letters to Mr. Inglesby—Conversion and death of his son.*

DURING Mr. Botsford's visit at the North, his eye complaint was much less distressing than before ; but soon after his return in November, its attacks were renewed with violence, as the reader has already noticed in his letter to Dr. Simons. It was also stated that he had found temporary relief from the use of cold water. He thus refers to the circumstance in a letter to his friend Mr. Cook :—" I have one piece of news to communicate, which, to me, is of more importance, than if a globe had been presented to me ; I mean the cure of the complaint in my eye. After application to a number of physicians, and using every thing prescribed by them, and by almost all the old women of my acquaintance, the cure is, I hope, perfected by the most simple and easiest, as well as cheapest means, ever recommended ; viz. drinking for three days as much water as my

stomach would bear ; at the same time abstaining from high seasoned food, and wine It was what cured a gentleman in France (Marmontell) of a complaint as near to mine as well could be, after the best physicians in France had exhausted their skill ; and was recommended by a farrier. What I suffered, no person, except one in the same situation, can form the least idea of. May God have all the praise."

In the summer of 1812, Mr. Botsford repaired to Charleston, to submit to the surgical operation already referred to. From a letter addressed to his daughter from that place, the following extracts are made.

*" Charleston, August 10, 1812.*

" Dear Sarah,—You know man is compounded of soul and body. The body is heavy and bulky, takes up a great deal of room, and requires considerable strength to convey it from one place to another. But the soul, which is the best part of man, is immaterial, consisting of thought, &c. Now the weather, the Doctor, and my friends, combine to retain my body ; if, however, thought is the soul, or a part of the soul, I can wrap that up in half a sheet of paper, and send it to you. I hope, as I cannot present you with the whole of soul and body, you will, for the present, be satisfied with as much of my soul, as I can crowd into this letter. I cannot say the complaint of the eye is perfectly eradicated, as I still feel it ; but I must say it is so trifling, that if it does not get worse, I cannot think of having another operation performed. —

" Thus your father, your once distressed father, is relieved from that misery, which really rendered life a burden. I need not tell you I am thankful ; I wish each of my friends and my dear

relatives, to unite with me in praising God for such a special favour. Were I a rich man, I would not ask the Doctor for his bill, but would present him with a thousand dollars most cheerfully. The few acquaintances I have in the city, have each behaved like friends indeed; and each day I may truly say, they increase in number. I hope I shall never forget their kindness. But Charleston is not home; I wish to be at home, and shall make the attempt to return, as soon as duty and decency will admit. Your affectionate father,

EDMUND BOTSFORD."

The following letter, to Elder Wm. B. Johnson, was written soon after Mr. Botsford's return to Georgetown.

"Georgetown, Sept. 12th, 1812.

"Dear Son Johnson,—It is with greater pleasure I now sit down to write to you, than for many years past. 'Heigh!' say you, 'what has now turned up? Has some person made you a great present; or have you met with great success in your ministry?'—I forget whether I informed you of my baptizing 18 black people since Mrs. A's baptism. But this is not the matter, which produces the pleasure I adverted to above. But—and a blessed *but*—I am cured of that most distressing disease, with which, for the last eight years, I have been afflicted. 'Cured?' say you, Yes, cured, say I. 'How?' say you. I'll tell you. A Doctor M'Bride, a young man living on Santee, who by Mr. William Shackelford was informed of my complaint, sent me word it was curable by a division of the nerves affected, and advised me to apply to Dr. Simons, of Charleston, as a professed anatomist, and an excellent surgeon. The complaint increasing far beyond any thing it had



ever been, insomuch, that for four or five weeks I had seldom more than five minutes interval between the paroxysms, night or day; I at length concluded to apply to Dr. Simons. I sailed with Capt. Shackelford on the 14th July, arrived on the 15th, about 10 o'clock in the morning, about 12 sent for the Doctor, at 4 in the afternoon, Dr. Furman, my son Evans and myself, marched to the Doctor's, when he performed the first operation by dividing the nerve below the eye, on the cheek bone, called the *infra orbicular nerve* of the 5th pair. It gave instant relief, though but partial. On Saturday, the 18th, following, he divided the nerve above the brow; this gave further relief; and from this time, the complaint decreased daily, till it left me a whole, easy man. There now! do you think I can be sufficiently thankful? No, I cannot. I call on you, my son, and each of my friends, to unite with me in praising God for the deliverance.

"I left Charleston this day week, and arrived safe home on Tuesday the 1st inst. I preached in Charleston 24 times; 13 times in the Baptist Church; once in Dr. Flinn's new Church, and 10 times in private houses. Never did a person receive more kindness than I did in Charleston; especially from that worthy friend, Dr. Furman, and family. I staid at his house till I was able to preach, and then went to Mr. Inglesby's. If I ever forget Dr. Furman's kindness, I ought to have the same complaint again. No, while I retain my senses I cannot. Mrs. Furman, and four young men and a daughter, showed me every attention that could administer to my ease and comfort, not only for a day or two, but to the very last. Such is real friendship. May that God, who must be delighted with such conduct, fill my soul with gratitude, and abundantly reward such

kindness. What a heaven, my son, to spend an eternity with such friends, when we shall be freed from every thing that can interrupt friendship ; and with the author of friendship, even Jesus Christ, at the head !

“ I am sure you feel so much for me, that you would not begrudge a dollar for this letter, bad as the times are. Now *mind* ; every religious friend you relate my case to, request him to thank God on my behalf

“ I expect to go to-morrow to the North Inlet, as I fear staying here on account of sickness ; but I mean to go back and forth. I am determined to be active for God. I cannot live many years at most ; I must now spend the residue of my days, my days of ease, laboring in the vineyard. You know the evenings are cool : it is my evening, and I have had a long afternoon nap. May I now be found properly, prudently and earnestly engaged. We have many troops in the vicinity, whom I mean to preach to. Do you pray for success.”

Mr. Botsford's sanguine hopes of permanent recovery were soon blasted, for soon after his return to Georgetown, the disease, with which he had been so long afflicted, renewed its ravages. In addition to this, he suffered a heavy and almost overwhelming affliction in the death of his beloved son-in-law, Mr. John Evans. In a letter to Mr. Cook, dated Oct. 18; 1812, he writes as follows :

“ But a still sorer affliction has overtaken me, as probably you may have heard, in the death of my dear son-in-law, Mr. John Evans. A son indeed he was to me ; a kind husband to my daughter, and a tender and affectionate father to his children, as well as a useful and much respected citizen. But he is gone, not to return forever.

“ Poor Mrs. Evans is in a low state of health,

and this unexpected trial is more than she can well bear. We are not without considerable hopes of Mr. E's. making a good end. For some time before his death, he was thoughtful, seemed sensible that he was a lost sinner, and had a very poor opinion of himself. From the first of his sickness, which continued 7 days, he seemed much bewildered in his mind; but spoke composedly of dying, but, if knowingly I cannot say. He went off quite easy. The last word he spoke was, 'O Sarah,' to his wife; at least it was the last that was understood. He died about half after two o'clock on Monday morning, the 5th inst. I closed his eyes. His death brought all former sorrows to mind, and has bowed down my grey hairs with sorrow. I could not help often saying, 'O my son, would God I had died for thee.'"

In 1814, Mr Botsford's severe complaint was somewhat assuaged by the use of a medicine which he had not before tried, viz. the Extract of Hemlock. In the following letter to Dr. Roberts, he speaks with gratitude of the relief which he had found.

*" Georgetown, Nov. 29, 1814.*

" Dear Brother Roberts.—It is now a considerable time since have I heard from you. You know we are all fond of news, and as our papers are barren of news on the large scale, I wish to hear some of a more private, or domestic nature. I therefore, apply to you for some. You have, I presume, seen our friend, Dr. Furman, been at the Association, &c. but so busy you cant write a few scrawling lines to old Botsford. See how I am put to it to get a pen to write with. I have not been able to make or mend a pen these four years; and since I began this letter, I have tried four, and this I am now scribbling with, is the fifth, and even this does not suit my hand; but no

matter. I hope it will puzzle you a little to read my writing, as yours does me sometimes. However, I wish for another from you, for if it takes me two or three days to read it, I am at this time at leisure.

"My dear, good friend, Dr. Furman, sent me a pound of the Extract of Hemlock, and it came at a time I was really very bad. I had used all I could procure, and was reduced to sit up a few nights before it came, and had concluded I must wait with patience my exchange of worlds, in pain. But behold the goodness of God ! in a day or two after I obtained the medicine, I found such relief, that I preached the ensuing Sabbath, which was the Sabbath of your meeting ; since which, I have been brave. There now ! if you regard me, as I am sure you do, help me to praise God for the relief I have found. Now here is your old friend, who has entered his seventieth year, in good health, and so easy with respect to the eye complaint, that if it never should be worse, he would no more complain."

For many years, Mr. Botsford had mourned over his unprofitableness, and the languishing state of religion in Georgetown ; but in 1816, the Lord was pleased to turn again the captivity of Zion ; and the mouth of his afflicted servant was filled with laughter, and his tongue with singing. The nature and extent of this work of grace, as well as the exercises of Mr. Botsford's mind, may be learnt from the following extracts from letters to his intimate friend Mr. Wm. Inglesby.

" May 1, 1816.

" Dear Brother Inglesby.—As you are an old Englishman, you know that *May-day*. is a great day in some parts of England. The Morris-dancers, on that day, begin to go about the country,

and dance round the May-poles, which are decorated with garlands of flowers, &c. Well, my brother, I expect before this reaches you, you will have heard by Mr. Cook, that, in Georgetown, we have begun to dance. Mr. C. and wife have led the way into our Jordan, (Sampit) and I really hope a few others are on the way. My daughter Evans is I hope converted, and my daughter Fort is in great trouble. Mr. and Mrs. M. are much engaged, also another or two of Mrs. C's. family, and one or two others. Now these are great things for us, who have had such a long winter. I might also mention a few black people. Our brother Cook came very opportunely ; for on the Friday he came, my eye complaint returned, and continued while he staid. But blessed be God, I have since been enabled to preach on Sabbaths, and attend prayer meetings, which we have set up. Both Mr W. and Mr. C. have engaged in prayer at those meetings. So you see, my brother, the hands that hung down so long, and the feeble knees, which so long trembled, are encouraged and strengthened. When I saw Mr. and Mrs. C. baptized, I was ready to say, ' Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' No, says the good Lord, live a little longer, and see your daughter come and acknowledge me. Content my Father, though in pain."

*" Georgetown, May 23, 1816.*

" Dear Brother Inglesby,--Through infinite mercy, I am still in the land of the living ; though I have had another severe attack, some more pins taken out of the tabernacle. By and by, down it will come, and Botsford will be no more ! What have I said ? ' No more ? ' Truly, when this old worn out tabernacle tumbles down, I trust I shall

hen begin to live, and to some better purpose; than while in the wilderness. I shall then have done with sin, as well as pain and sorrow. But shall a living man complain? No, I will not. Never had a son of Adam more reason to be thankful for affliction; and only think to be blessed at the end of my journey too. — Our prayer meetings are evidently blessed, and though it is a day of small things at present, I do hope appearances are favourable for a further increase of our almost sunken church."

*"Georgetown, June 5, 1816.*

"Dear Brother Inglesby,—Last Lord's day was a day not to be forgotten. I baptized my daughter Evans, Mr. M. and his wife, also 13 black people. Yes, my dear Sir, poor old Botsford performed all this without any assistance, but from above. Have I not reason to be thankful? Well, I trust I am thankful. I wish you and my sister Inglesby, to unite with me in thanksgiving. Blessed be God, I am in pretty good health, and my eye complaint better than common. I hope a few more are on the inquiry. — Never was a poor old helpless man more discouraged than I have been. But the Lord has appeared at last. We were sunk as low as we could be, not to be quite broken up; could hardly say, 'by whom should Jacob arise?' matters were so gloomy. — But the Lord pitied us in our low estate, and his own arm wrought salvation for us; and to him be all the glory given. I am sure I can take no part of the glory to myself, for God began the work when I was not able even to preach."

*"Georgetown, June 24th, 1816.*

"Dear Brother,—When any great exploit has been performed by our warriors, we often cry

out; huzza! huzza! This is the language of temporal warriors; but when spiritual warriors perform a great action, they cry, glory! glory! Now I ask have I not reason to cry, to shout, glory! glory! to God and the Lamb, when I inform you that I baptized 17 poor black sheep yesterday in the presence of a very numerous assembly? I preached twice from Acts xi. 26, and viii. 9. In the first discourse, I described a real christian, his exercises and his duty; in the latter, I considered some of the many things which produce joy in the heart of the christian. It was a good day, I hope to others as well as myself. When baptism was administered, some were heard to say, 'this is certainly the right way.' Yes, beyond a doubt, when we baptize a person on his professing to believe in Jesus Christ, *it is the right way*; such may go on their way rejoicing.——

"I very much question if ever you saw such a baptistry as was contrived yesterday. Knowing it would be dead low water about the time for baptizing, we examined the river up and down to find a place that would answer, but none could be found. Mr. M. and Mr. C. got a Cheraw flat, 4 feet deep, hauled it up between two wharves, the upper end aground, bored 2 or 3 holes in the bottom, and let in the water. We got water of a proper depth and baptized in the flat.

"I do not hear of any under impressions as yet falling off, so that I hope shortly to go into the water again. Pray for us."

How refreshing must such seasons be to the faithful minister of the Gospel, who has been weighed down, for years, with discouragement and affliction. They are like the bursting forth of light in a cloudy and dark day; like the gushing out of cool waters in a dry and desert land.—  
"They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He

that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Some time after the pleasant revival above referred to, the heart of the good man was again rejoiced by hearing of the conversion of his son Edmund, then residing in Philadelphia, as an apprentice in a printing office. He thus refers to the subject in a letter to Mr. Inglesby.

"It is with pleasure I inform you that I have reason to believe my son is converted, and that he has joined Dr. Staughton's church. His letters breathe a spiritual turn of mind. This is better news to me, than to hear he was an Emperor. Dr. Staughton informs me that he is a Teacher in a Sunday School. He has a class of 24 in the Testament, and the Dr. says, he is an excellent teacher, and has the good will of all who are acquainted with him. This is to me a cordial in my affliction. Although 'our journey is a thorny maze,' we meet on the road with many comforts." Edmund was his only son, his youngest son, the child of his old age, and a youth of promise: might not the afflicted father rejoice? But those circumstances, which were calculated to augment his joy, ere long, added to the poignancy of his grief:—only a short period had elapsed, when Edmund "was not, for God took him."

The following letter to Dr. Furman was written shortly after the death of his beloved son.

*"Georgetown, March 6, 1819.*

"Dear Brother.—Since I wrote to you last, I have experienced a very severe turn of the eye complaint, accompanied with a violent pain in my back, which I doubted not would have brought me to the grave. In this, however, I was mistaken. Soon after a release from these, another attack



of the chollic ; this also I survived, but I am left in a debilitated state, confined to my room, but not to my bed, though seldom able to sit up the whole day ; and though seldom free from pain, it is not severe, nor is the eye complaint at this time very troublesome

“ My dear son went off, at last, very suddenly. His death was remarkably easy, not a groan, nor a muscle distorted, nor more than half an hour dying. For some time before his death, he often expressed his willingness to depart. The latter part of his days he was remarkably patient, I never saw a person more fully resigned to death than he was ; neither was he, towards the latter part of his life, molested with distressing doubts and fears. I was confined to bed at the time of his death, and after his death, I durst not trust myself to view the corpse in my weak state. I trust he has gone to rest with his Lord, and this, though he was an only son, reconciles me to my loss. To say I have no grief or sorrow on the occasion, would be unnatural. I please myself it will not be long ere I follow ; yet if I am not deceived, I wish the will of the Lord to be done, and to wait the Lord's time for my departure. I am sure if any person in the world has reason to be thankful under the rod, I have. I am surrounded with mercies, both temporal and spiritual. I doubt not I am favored with your prayers, even amidst your own trials ; nor do I forget you and yours, when I do not forget myself.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Some account of his writings ; with extracts from the same.*

MR. BOTSFORD endeavored to be useful as a writer. He had, however, a very low opinion of his own abilities, and aimed at nothing more, in his productions, than to edify and instruct persons in the humble ranks of life. "I trust," says he, in a letter to a friend, "that I am one of the Lord's simpletons ; if I preach it is for them ; if I write it is for them ; and if by preaching or writing, I should benefit any of them, I shall be content to bear the twits, snubs, and ridicule of others, or even of some of them, who are of the wiser sort." In a letter to another friend, he writes thus : "Is it not strange that I should have an itch for writing, when I am not certain that any one-sentence that I ever wrote, except some very short ones, is rightly constructed ; yet so it is. If I lived convenient to a learned friend, who had time, and who would devote an hour or two daily to assist me, I should find him employment. Had I lived in the beginning of the 17th century, I should have written many pieces in all probability. Had I paid a proper attention to the English language, in my youth, as I ought to have done, I might now be publishing one little piece or another, that might be of service to the cause of Christ, and the advantage of some of my fellow-creatures. But here I am, a great, old cypher, fit only to stand on the left hand of all the figures in common arithmetic."

During several of the last years of his life, his public ministrations were often suspended by his severe bodily affliction, as the reader has already been apprised ; and this circum-

stance increased his anxiety to send abroad a useful influence through the medium of the press. His pieces were generally submitted to the inspection of some of his most judicious friends, previous to their publication, with the view of obtaining their counsel, and inducing them to suggest such corrections and improvements, as might render his productions more acceptable and useful. Dr. Furman of Charleston, was particularly consulted on such occasions.

His first publication was a little pamphlet entitled "Familiar Letters," written in 1789. Of this, the compiler can say nothing, as he never saw it, and has never, that he recollects, heard it spoken of by others. He only ascertained the fact, that such a pamphlet was published, from a letter of Mr. Botsford's to Mr. Hart.

In 1808, he published his "Sambo and Toney," an interesting little work, written in the dialogue form, designed for the instruction of negroes. In a letter to Mr. Wm. Inglesby, who, it appears, first suggested the propriety of publishing such a work, he thus alludes to the pamphlet: "The Dialogues will show to the master what we wish to inculcate, and may be the means of removing prejudice from his mind; which will be in favor of the slave: and I have not the least doubt of their being useful to the serious blacks. It is very difficult to simplify the terms and phrases of divinity to their capacities; I have, however, attempted it; how I have succeeded, time will discover. If my performance is productive of any good, God shall have the praise. Mr. Inglesby shall be considered the author of the invention; and Botsford the writer; and if it should be despised, Botsford is perfectly willing to bear the blame, for this very good reason, he really meant well. Besides, this is the first piece, as far as I

know, that ever was published for the use of the blacks. If it should induce any person to write a better, still I shall have cause of thankfulness."

This little production was well received; has passed through many editions in different parts of the country, and has been the means of conveying important instruction to thousands of our colored population; and in a style admirably suited to their limited capacities and views.

In 1810, Mr. Botsford published a piece entitled "Reasons for renouncing Infant Baptism, in a letter to a Friend." This is an interesting little production, and has no doubt been useful to many.

In 1814, appeared his "Spiritual Voyage," an entertaining Allegory. In a letter to Mr. Cook, he thus refers to the work: "Who would have thought, when I wrote the *Spiritual Voyage*, which I did in 1784, that brother Cook, who must then have been a child, would be the means of its publication 30 years afterwards. I say brother Cook; however, it lies between you and brother Roberts. As you both had a hand in it, the child is yours; as Sambo and Toney was our friend Inglesby's. As Sambo has had such a run, its father may not be ashamed of it. I hope your bantling will be as successful; if so, it will assist me, these bad times, to contribute my mite towards the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts." It may be proper to state, for the information of those who have not been favored with the perusal of this work, that the design of the Author is to illustrate the Christian's life, embracing his various trials, temptations, conflicts, comforts, victories, &c. under the similitude of a sea voyage. The Author gives evidence that he was a person of deep religious experience; not ignorant of Satan's devices, and the various oper-

ations of grace in the Christian's heart. After the first edition was printed, the work received considerable improvement from the Author's hand, and has since been reprinted several times. Most readers will find it entertaining, particularly those, who have pursued a sea-faring life. I cannot forbear transcribing a few paragraphs of the concluding chapter, as a specimen of the work

"While we were waiting for the Admiral's orders to sail into the harbour, we spent our time most agreeably, in the company of those old veteran officers, with whom we were associated, who entertained us with a relation of the various voyages in which they had been employed by their Prince, the losses they had suffered, the many dangers to which they had been exposed, the narrow escapes they had made, the many battles they had fought, and wounds they had received, the victories they had obtained, and the wonders they had seen. But above all, they expressed, in the strongest terms, their love to the Prince. The manner in which they expressed themselves when speaking of him, showed they were wholly devoted to his service, and that they considered it the greatest honour that could be conferred on them. They had given sufficient proofs of this in hundreds of instances. . . And as the Prince was fully sensible of their high regard for him and his service, so when present with them, he was daily making it manifest, by conferring choice favours on them.

"This bay, where we lay at anchor, waiting for the orders of the Prince, lies between Capes Departure and Farewell. The Pilot informed us, that at some seasons, there are, in this bay, sudden and violent gusts of wind, attended with thunder and lightning, rain and hail. He said that sometimes he had found it more difficult to man-

age a vessel in it, than in any one place in the whole voyage. A short time before the Convert crossed the bar, we were struck with one of these tornadoes ; though it was of short continuance, it was very awful ; as it happened in the night, it was the more alarming ; and especially as the wind blew right on the shore. I think I never saw the Captain, and indeed the whole crew, so dismayed in all the voyage. It was not a small matter that would affect our Captain : but in this storm he was heard to say, ' We shall sink in deep waters ; the billows will overwhelm us.' And in this perilous situation, the Clerk, Mr. Conscience, put us in mind of all our slips and misconduct in the whole voyage, which greatly distressed every one on board. The ship was now fast drifting on shore, insomuch that almost all hopes of safety had left us. At this trying season, the Pilot ordered the great sheet anchor to be cut from the bow ; this brought us up, and prevented the destruction of the vessel. When the Captain perceived this, he said, ' Why art thou cast down. O my soul, we shall yet live to praise Him, who is our hope and refuge in times of trouble.' As soon as the tempest ceased, and we put things a little to rights, the Captain ordered all hands on deck, and the Chaplain to offer thanks and praise for our deliverance. The remainder of the time we continued in the bay, we were favoured with very pleasant weather.

" On a certain day, orders came for us to be in readiness to enter the harbour, and also for some of our ship's company to go on board the frigate Wait-longer ; of which number I was one. We had scarcely got on board the frigate, when the Prince came with a flowing sail round Point Expectation, and gave the signal for the Convert to weigh anchor, and follow him into port. Now

all the vessels in the bay hung out their colours, and fired a royal salute to the Admiral. The ship in which I was stationed, lay near the bay, at the mouth of the river, so that we had an opportunity to take a full view of the Convert as she went over the bar, and by the help of our glasses, we could see her in her progress all the way up the river to the city. As the Convert passed over the bar, the Captain, and most of the Officers, were on the quarter deck, shouting and praising their glorious Admiral. The last words I distinctly heard from the Captain, to which all the ship's company answered in joyful response, were 'glory, glory !'

"O, how I longed to be on board !—As she sailed up the river with swelling sails and streaming colors, before a fine breeze, and in full sight of the city, they were met by hundreds of barges and boats, with their colors also flying, and with music playing. The guns from all the forts likewise, fired in honour of the Admiral, the glorious Prince Immanuel, and to welcome the Convert on her safe arrival at the port of Endless-joy."

The two following letters were written by Mr. Botsford to a female correspondent in Philadelphia, in the year 1815. They were first published in the *Religious Remembrancer*, a valuable periodical paper in that place, and afterwards in the form of a Tract. As they will no doubt, be read with interest by all experienced christians, the compiler has concluded to insert them in this volume.

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### "THE WANDERING JEW."

"DEAR MRS. \*\*\*\*\*,

"I AM now going to prove your confidence in me : I am about to relate strange things. I men-

tion this, lest you should, as some hasty ladies have done, throw my letter in the fire before you finish the reading of it. No doubt you have heard of the '*Wandering Jew*.' The story is, that a person attending on the ministry of our Lord, in the days of his flesh, was so irritated at something he said, that he spit in his face. Our Saviour, looking mildly on him, said, 'Wander from place to place on the earth till I come again.' When I was about twelve years of age, an old man, with a very long beard, came into the town in which I lived, and asserted he was this '*Wandering Jew*,' and imposed on many. He no doubt was an imposter: but I have in reality seen and conversed with the *real Wandering Jew*. 'O Mr. B. is it possible?' Yes, dear madam, it is. I tell you I have seen the *real Wandering Jew* in Georgetown, South Carolina, since I last wrote you.

"Although I believe he is as old as he professes to be, I never was in the company of a person more cheerful and lively. There are many who think him an imposter; but I am one, among a few in this place, who give credit to all he says, although some things are truly of the marvellous kind. He must have been very old when our Saviour was on earth, as he relates several things known to him before our Saviour was born. He was present when John baptized him in Jordan, heard him preach, saw him perform many miracles, was present at his trial, saw him on the cross, and declares he saw him more than once after his resurrection, and was present at his ascension into heaven. He was familiar with the apostles, and describes them as plain, honest men; as for Paul, he speaks very highly of *him*. I asked him a number of questions; in his answers he showed great knowledge of human nature, beyond any person I ever conversed with. At certain times,



his conversation is so engaging, I could sit up all night to attend to it; though I must confess, at other times, it appeared to me quite dull and uninteresting; but, what at the time appeared very strange to me, several in company declared they were never more pleased; hence I conclude, at such times the fault was in myself. You know we are not always in a good mood either to hear or speak in company. He is generally clothed in a leathern doublet; but when he visits some of the great folks, he wares a suit of scarlet and gold: I saw him one day in blue or purple, with a large silver cross on each side of his coat. Another day I saw him all in tatters, so that I could scarcely recognize him as the same person.

“My dear sir, are you not too credulous? Is it possible for a person who was on earth two thousand years ago, to be still in existence?” It is not only possible, but a real fact. ‘My dear sir, some people to hear you talk thus, would think you were beside yourself.’ Some not only think so, but have told me so to my face; but you must know I think the same of them, and believe myself in my right mind. I am fully convinced the Wandering Jew is no imposter. There are very few places where all the inhabitants cordially receive him; and there are some so offended with him, that they would kill him if they could; but he is invulnerable, or he would have been slain long ago. This my dear madam, is one reason I put so much confidence in him. Another reason is, that generally speaking, those who dispute his word are wicked persons. I do not know how it may be in every place, but I assure you there is not one good person, either male or female, in Georgetown, but what is pleased with his company; and truly it is no wonder, for he explains many things that no other person can.—Sometimes

you would be almost ready to conclude he was acquainted with your very thoughts. I do declare, he has caused me sometimes to think he is more than man. A few days ago he revealed some things to me, that had such an effect as really to cause me to wish myself out of this world.

"I heard a person the other day, say, he verily believed God was with him, and that by him great wonders would be performed. Hence you may perceive I am not the only one who believes him to be no imposter. I do assure you he is no flatterer. I have heard him speak to a large congregation of men, women and children, among whom were masters and servants, husbands and wives, parents and children, rich and poor, old and young, white and black, saint and sinner. There was not a person present but whose true character was exposed to view, and his duty urged home upon him. When he speaks to those who are pleased with him, he wears a smile on his countenance that has a peculiar effect; but when he addresses those who ridicule and despise him, he speaks the language of terror, and his countenance is awful and truly terrible. He fears no man or set of men, but speaks his mind freely to all. Some one informed me he was about visiting the kingdoms of the east again. It is many ages since he travelled in some of them, and it is probable he may meet with much opposition, but he is so much used to that, he will not be discouraged. Indeed, I have heard there are great preparations making for his reception in foreign countries. For my part, I think he will be a blessing wherever he goes, and have united with a few generous souls towards the expence of transporting him from place to place. Shall I give him a letter of recommendation to you and the dear Philadelphians?

“But what can I say more than I have, except it be to mention his real name. He goes by several names, but that which is most familiar to people at large is, *The Bible*. Yes, the Bible realizes the Wandering Jew. The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, indited it. Moses and the Prophets who wrote it, were all Jews; Jesus Christ the sum and substance of it was a Jew, the Apostles who finished it, and sent it into the world, were Jews; all who believe it, and cordially receive it, are circumcised in heart.

“Could I then recommend a subject of greater importance to your consideration? It is the life of my soul; yes, **THE BIBLE** I esteem my richest treasure on earth; I hope I have ventured my eternal all on the truths it contains.

‘Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell.’

“I trust I am writing to one who has heartily welcomed my **WANDERING JEW**.

Yours in gospel bonds, E. B.”

## “THE SECOND SIGHT.

“DEAR MRS. \*\*\*\*\*,

“I suppose you have heard of what, in Scotland, is called the ‘second sight.’ The person who possessed this faculty, had, at certain times, paroxysms, something resembling convulsion fits, or a kind of trance; when he came to himself he uttered his prognostics, from what he had seen, or what had been revealed to him: some of these were very extraordinary. However, of late years, this notion of second sight has been pretty much exploded. I do not wish to revive, in this country, the second sight as above described, but I

must inform you that I conceive myself possessed of a second sight that is *real*; by which I can prophesy of things that will certainly come to pass, and which also affords me much comfort in my declining years. Say you, 'Pray Mr. B. how long have you been in possession of this secret?' It is nearly fifty years. As you are an old friend, I will relate to you how I came by it. I was put in possession of it by one of the most extraordinary, wonderful persons that ever visited America. If I mistake not, he was a native of Asia; I think he was born somewhere about Jerusalem. The most surprising account of him I ever heard was from the Wandering Jew. He spoke of Him in such an astonishing manner, as possessing such extraordinary qualifications, that very few people at the first report believed him, nor did I; but when I became acquainted with him, I found all that the Wandering Jew said of him was true. My first acquaintance with him was in this wise: when I arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, which was in January, 1766, in my twenty-first year, I heard that this wonderful person was there on a visit. Some time after my arrival, every thing seemed to make against me, and I was plunged into poverty and distress.

"I had left my native country in search of riches, and behold I was now in poverty; I expected happiness, but behold distress. I had lost my parents at an early period, so that I had no home to go to, and if I had. I had not the means to convey me there; I was a stranger in a strange land. I frequently thought I was in a worse state than even the prodigal son; I felt myself a poor, forsaken, distressed orphan. I frequently used to retire to lonely places, in the outskirts of the town, to bewail my deplorable situation. I continued in this distressed state a considerable time;

at length one day an angel appeared to me. ‘O Mr. B’ say you, ‘you were under a delusion, *you* saw an angel ! and pray what did he say to you ? were you not frightened at the sight ?’ No, Madam, I was not frightened at the sight ; he appeared in such a manner that produced no fear, but such a kind of reverence and awe that till then I had never felt. He spoke so kind, yet so earnest, that my attention was never before so taken ; he pitied my case and directed me to the wonderful person I have described, assured me that he would relieve me from all my distress ; yea, he told me the Great Man had observed me in my solitary walks, and had sent a note to me to assure me of his kindness. I was induced to believe his words, and in a short time after, I prevailed on myself to venture, and that too in all my rags, to knock at the Great Man’s door, and related to him, in my simple way, all my wants. He very condescendingly listened to my pitiful story, and granted me full relief from my distress. His kindness melted my very heart. O it was a day never to be forgotten ! I was filled with joy ; it was such as I cannot describe, it was one of the sweetest, most sorrowful, joyful days I ever experienced : the recollection of it, at this time, causes tears of gratitude to trickle down my aged cheeks. It was then he presented me with what I term ‘the second sight.’ It consists of a curious glass, which is very difficult to describe to those who never possessed such an one.

“ By the help of this glass, a person may discover a thousand things which those, who are unacquainted with it, can have no right conceptions of. It presents such views of the heavenly glory, that causes a person to be willing to leave all, wife, children, friends, possessions of every kind of an earthly nature, to inherit it. It affords the best

view that can be obtained on earth, of Jesus Christ, of the way of life and salvation through him. It likewise discovers the nature of sin and holiness. Hence you may perceive, it is of service in a religious point of view. And what is very extraordinary, when properly used, it produces such contentment of mind, even under adverse providences, that causes the person possessed of it to be thankful for them. I have even heard of some, who, in the agonies of death, have been made to rejoice, by what has been presented to them through this glass. I myself, have seen several poor wretches, who, by their wickedness were nuisances to society, before they were presented with this glass; but no sooner were they in possession of it, than they became useful members of society and as agreeable, as before they were disgustful. Several, who were very poor, became rich by the possession of it; indeed it was my own case: I was as poor as I could be; but now am I rich, yea, possessed of durable riches that will not take wings and fly away. If you wish to see the best description of this glass, I cannot refer you to a *better author* than he, whoever he was, that wrote a letter to a certain people called Hebrews. It is certainly an ancient piece of writing, but I believe it to be a fine and true description of this glass; there are other writers who very clearly treat of it, but if I mistake not, the person I refer to, writes the most upon it.

“ Do you not wish for such a glass? What am I saying? I doubt not you have been in possession of it several years. Yes, dear Madam, I trust you have been favored with the faith that worketh by love, and purifieth the heart. That faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. That faith which en-

ables you to cast your burden on the Lord, and to rejoice in tribulation. You will then permit an old friend to rejoice with you on the acquisition, and to remind you and himself, that we should often pray 'Lord increase our faith;' and also observe to you, that there is nothing the devil begrudges us so much as this glass. He would break it if he could—but the Great Man has prayed, and continues to pray that our faith may not fail. Although, at times, we can see through it darkly; by and by we shall see without it. If a glimpse by faith now and then is so delightful and encouraging, what must naked vision be? This we cannot conceive; but of this we are assured, we shall see Jesus in all his glory, be where he is, and be made like Him. O the happy state of those persons, who are in the possession of this Jewel; happy now, and will be happy forever.

Yours in Jesus,

E. B."

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Mr. Botsford wrote several little pieces, which were never published, and most of them, probably, were never designed for publication; but simply for his own entertainment, and that of a few familiar friends. From a little piece entitled the "Kingdom of God," we give the following extract.

"Every saint, according to his capacity, will be perfectly happy in the enjoyment of that glory conferred on him. There shall we behold our father Adam, the only man on earth that knew a sinless life; but now enjoying a life superior to his paradisiacal life in Eden. There shall we behold Enoch and Elijah, who did not taste of death; and Noah, who saw the end of the old, and the beginning of the new world. O Abraham, the friend of God, and father of the faithful! though so high-

ly favoured in thy life time, yet now more highly favoured. You saw the Messiah's day, and rejoiced, though then at a great distance. Now thou art in the full possession of the promised blessing, and millions of thy natural and spiritual children, all around, celebrating with thee the glorious Messiah, who, according to the flesh, sprung from thy loins. Thou art now free from all thy vexations, and thy faith is completed in vision. O Isaac! thou art now free from Esau and thy blindness; no more wilt thou be distressed by the conduct of thy once beloved Esau and his wives; no more deceived by the supplanter; but art now in everlasting light, with thy venerable father and beloved mother. No further inquiries, 'where is the Lamb for the burnt offering;' but now in the full possession of him, of whom, in that offering, thou wast a lovely type.

O Jacob, where art thou now! Thou art realizing thy vision on thy journey to Padanaram. Thou hast ascended the ladder, and arrived safe at the top. Thou hast done with covetous Laban, and art effectually delivered from the fear of thy brother Esau, and from the contention of Leah, and thy beloved Rachael; as also from the distress in losing thy son Joseph, and fears lest Benjamin should not return. Thy beloved Joseph is now safely housed with thee, never more to be separated from thee. He has now a better, and more exalted station, than to be next to Pharaoh. All the evil days of thy pilgrimage art now at an end, and thou art solacing thyself with thy father, thy grandfather, and thy Saviour, in the world of bliss, where none will disturb, or break thy rest forever. The God of thy fathers, and of thy innumerable posterity, now smiles on thee; now thou seest all thy troubles worked good for thee, and not evil. O Moses, drawn out of the water,



thou faithful servant in the house of thy God ! No more shall thy meekness be tried at the waters of Meribah. Thou wast faithful in thy service, and now thou hast possession of a better land than an earthly Canaan. No more shall the Israelites murmur against thee ; no more shalt thou quake and tremble at the thunders and flashing of fire on Mount Sināi, for thou art now safe on Mount Zion, the city of God.

“ O David, thou man of God ! All thy trials are now at an end ; neither Saul, nor thy rebellious son, will ever molest thee. Thou now canst strike upon a higher string than thou ever didst in the sanctuary. Thy Son and Lord, is now thy chief delight. Thou art offering praises to him, who forgave all thy sins, who healed all thy backslidings, and who delivered thee from all thine enemies. O ye Prophets of the Most High God ! You now see and adore that glorious Messiah, by you so largely prophesied of. You behold him in all his glory as the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, Wonderful Counsellor, the Prince of Peace, and the Saviour of an elect world. — O John, the forerunner of the Son of God ! Thy head is restored unto thee, and thou hast seen his kingdom increase, and all thine enemies subdued ; even the dancing Herodias, and the cruel Herod, are no more. O all ye Evangelists ! who accompanied our Lord in his travels in Judea, and who have given us an account of his life, miracles, preaching, sufferings, death and resurrection. Your unbelief is now done away, and you now understand the nature of his kingdom, and are rejoicing to find your names written in the book of life, and now enjoying a kingdom that is more glorious than you expected, when you first began to follow your blessed Master. O Paul ! who once persecuted the church of God with un-

relenting, furious zeal, but became one of the chiefest of the Apostles ; who laboured abundantly to propagate the glorious gospel of the kingdom ; who suffered much for your steadfastness in the truth. Now hast thou a dignified place in the paradise of God, which thou once hadst a glimpse of, while tabernacling here below. Now thou understandest, what then thou couldest not communicate ; now thou art in the full possession of that glory. O Peter ! thou who wert ready and prompt to speak on all occasions ; who once deniedst thy Master, to the wounding of thy soul. After a life spent in his service, thou art now singing praises to him, who looked on thee, and brought thee to repentance for thy shameful conduct. You have now got beyond the machinations of Satan, who desired to sift thee as wheat. Thy Saviour prayed for thee, and you acknowledged before the other disciples that the Lord knew that you loved him. Now you are solacing yourself with those lambs and sheep, whom, in conformity to the command of your Lord, you fed with the sincere milk and the strong meat of the gospel.

“ O John, beloved of the Lord ! from Patmos to heaven. Thou wast highly favoured of thy Lord, when on earth : thou hadst the honor of closing the oracles of God, and of outliving all thy contemporaries. Now thou art in possession of greater joy, than when you leaned on your Master's bosom at the sacred supper.

“ O ye blessed Martyrs and Confessors of the Truth ! From fiery stakes and chains, from dark and doleful dungeons, and from all the rage of thy infernal persecutors, are you delivered, and are now rejoicing in your Lord, for the love you had to him. O ye eminent Saints of God, who shone with peculiar lustre in the church in later times ! You have now got beyond your trials of every

kind, and are realizing those truths of God, which you believed, and which you endeavoured to impress on the minds of your fellow-sinners here below. With those glorified and dignified saints, my soul longs to be numbered, though I should be at the feet of the lowest inhabitant of heaven, to unite with them in adoration and praise to God and the Lamb."

Mr. Botsford wrote an Allegory, entitled "A journey from the Town of Sensuality, in the County of Love-sin, to the City of Salem, with a description of that City and its Inhabitants." The design of the piece is to exhibit some of the exercises of an awakened mind, in its search after divine truth, the difficulties it often encounters in its progress, and also the privileges to be enjoyed in a church state. It is written with considerable ingenuity, and contains much interesting and valuable instruction. Though the work was originally designed by the author for publication, yet for reasons unknown to the compiler, it was never committed to the press. I am inclined to present the reader with a few of the concluding pages.

"In the morning I rose early, and proceeded on my way. I found the mount very steep, and the path very dusty, so that, by the time I reached the top, I was, as it were, covered with dust, which not only soiled my clothes, but my skin also, so that I never appeared so disagreeable to myself in all my life. And now I was in full sight of the city, and such a glorious place I had never seen in all my travels. I beheld also several of the citizens walking on the plain, in clean white garments; and I was filled with shame at the filthiness that cleaved to myself: yet as the citizens passed me, they noticed me with kind looks, insomuch that I wondered. At length, a grave,

elderly gentleman came up to me, and asked me if I was desirous of entering the city. I told him that I came for that purpose. 'Friend,' said he, 'will it not be advisable to wash in the fountain, and change your raiment, before you apply for admission at any of the gates?' I thanked him for his observation, and begged he would direct me to the fountain. 'Sir,' said he, 'keep the path in which you now are; it will bring you to the fountain of the house of David, where you will be accommodated with every thing necessary; and there are just by the waters of Enon also.'

"I went to the Fountain of Life and washed, and procured change of raiment. I now felt like another person. Having next bathed in the waters of Enon, I went to the gate opposite to the place where I had bathed; the name of the gate was Fellowship. The porter, Mr. Watchful, desired me to wait till he had summoned the persons, who examine those that apply at this gate for admittance. The persons, by whom I was examined, being satisfied, I was received as a citizen. They gave me the right hand of fellowship, good counsel, and introduced me to their society. I had now, as it were, got into a new world, among a people who were as different from the inhabitants of my native town, and my old companions, as light from darkness. Old things had passed away, and behold, all had become new. I had left my native town, and my old companions; but I had found a city and the best of friends. I had left my vain carnal delights, but I had found substantial, rational pleasures, even joy and peace in believing. I had come out of darkness into marvellous light; I felt myself happy, more so than I could express. I now wished all my relations, and all my former companions, were partakers with me of the happiness I

enjoyed. On reflection, I was astonished at my former blindness, but more so at the invisible hand that had conducted me through so many various scenes, to the city of Salem. Surely I ought to adopt the language of a celebrated character, who once dwelt in Salem: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name, for ever and ever.'

"Beautiful for situation is the city of Salem. It is built on a rock, even the rock of ages, and cannot be moved. Its walls are salvation, and its gates praise. The towers, the palaces, the temples exceed all description; the materials will not decay, nor their beauty fade as long as the sun and moon endure. The streets of the city are paved with love, and streams from the fountain of life run through every one of them. The city is defended by bulwarks of various kinds, and of peculiar construction, suited to defend it against every kind of assault; and in addition to these, the whole is surrounded by a wall of fire, which bids defiance to all the powers of earth and hell. Also the watchmen go about the city by day and by night, and every citizen has in his possession the whole armour of Immanuel: thus the city is secured from all danger.

"Prince Immanuel, the sovereign of the universe, dwells in the midst of the city. His servants are all king's sons; their livery is of wrought gold, even robes of righteousness and true holiness. The provisions of his house exceed the provisions of all the monarchs on the earth. Indeed the whole city is fed with the bread of life, the water of life, the wine of the kingdom, and all manner of pleasant fruits; and all without money and without price.

"The laws of the city are laws of love, framed by infinite wisdom, executed in mercy, and

suitable to every case that can possibly arise. It must be observed; that all who reside in Salem are not real Salemites, or true citizens. Time has been, when more attention was paid to the admission of persons to citizenship, than at present. Formerly, there was but one gate, by which persons were admitted, and their characters were more narrowly scrutinized; but even then some were admitted, who proved not to be true citizens, and these admitted others; and while they conformed outwardly to the rules and laws of the city, they could not be excluded from visible citizenship. After a series of years the records of Mr. Traditum were introduced and acted upon; this produced a variety of opinions, and a diversity of names. But it is worthy of notice, that all the real, genuine citizens, in every part of the city, from one extremity to the other, have one heart and one mind in those things which constitute the essence of citizenship.

“Salem is the richest city in the world; but the riches do not consist of such things as the other part of the world count riches, such as silver, gold, precious stones, houses, lands, cattle and merchandize of various kinds; but in the favor of the Prince, in the possession of things unseen by the rest of the world. To describe them in the language of Salem, they consist in the love of God shed abroad in the heart, which produces love to Him and to one another, and by which, the citizens are transformed in their minds, even by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, and are enabled to bring forth fruit unto God, and to add to their faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity. These are the riches of Salem, by which it may be seen that persons, who are the poorest in the things of this

world, may possess the riches of Canaan in an eminent degree

“The city of Salem, like many other cities, is divided into a number of parishes, or wards, each of which has its proper officers to keep the peace of the city, and to see that the laws and regulations, established by the Prince, are properly executed. There are a diversity of opinions respecting the manner of executing some of these rules and regulations, but they all profess to love the Prince, and one another. It is this diversity of opinion, and the irregular conduct of some, that induce many, who are unacquainted with Salem, to draw unfavorable conclusions respecting the Salemites. But of all people in the world, a true Salemite is the happiest man. I readily acknowledge there are some wards in which a person may be much more comfortable than in others.

“The ward into which I was initiated as a citizen, though one of the oldest, if not the oldest, was at that time nearly the smallest in the city, and one of the least respected, even by some of the other wards; yet we enjoyed all the privileges of the city, and lived like brethren in love and unity. I shall never forget the happy times we then enjoyed, and indeed do still enjoy. Our ward is now much enlarged, and is daily increasing in the number of inhabitants, as are some of the other wards. If they do but increase in the true riches, it will be happy for them. I am sure if they do not, it is not for the want of means, as these are multiplied in proportion to the increase of the inhabitants.

“Although Salem is the most glorious city in the world for antiquity, magnificence, wholesome laws, riches, its excellent provisions and privileges; yet there are a set of men, who are con-

tinually plotting its ruin. But the city is so well guarded, that all the machinations of those evil disposed persons cannot do it any essential injury. It is true, they have exposed some of the legends and superstition introduced into some of the wards by old Mr. Tradition, but in this they have unwittingly been of real service to the city.

“There is no city in the world equal to Salem for the variety of amusements in it. The museum has the best collection of the most valuable articles that are to be found on the globe. It contains the most useful library that was ever collected, consisting of history, chronology, theology, ethics, biography, &c. &c. In this museum may be seen, by a true Salemite, such things as no other person in the world can see or understand. Here is the pearl of great price, of more worth than the whole world. Time would fail me to describe the various articles contained in this museum, to which the citizens have free access at all times.

“There is a variety of meetings of the citizens, on stated times, for various purposes—for conversation, for vocal music, and for orations on the most sublime subjects. There are also certain feasts, at which the citizens have angels’ food, and wine of the kingdom. These feasts are designed to keep in remembrance the wonderful things Prince Immanuel has performed for Salem. It is no uncommon thing for the Prince to favour them with his presence at these feasts, and when he does, it produces great rejoicing. There is nothing has such a tendency to produce love and harmony among the citizens, and to produce obedience to the laws and regulations of the city, as these feasts.

“The commerce of Salem exceeds the commerce of any city on earth. Her merchants are



all kings ; they trade in the richest merchandize with all parts of the world, even with heaven itself. Salem is also noted for wisdom. The wisdom of the men of Salem consists in being wise unto salvation, wise to consider their latter end, and the things that belong to their peace ; wise to improve their time and talents to the best of purposes, even to the honour of their Prince. and the welfare of their fellow-citizens, and the world at large.

“ That part of the city in which I first settled, and indeed in which I still live, is a most delightful situation. It is in Gracious Square, one side of which is open to Meditation Fields ; Humility Street comes into it on one side, and Obedient Street on the other. In our ward there is Godly Row, Love Lane, Faith Court, Hope Alley, Expectation Buildings, Saints Walk, Discipline Street, and many other places of note. In the square is an excellent neighbourhood. Here are the families of Mr. Love-holiness, Mr. Hate-sin, Mr. Self-denial, Mr. Prayerful, Mr. Godly-fear, Mr. Standfast, and many other worthy persons, who live in the greatest love and harmony, doing each other every act of kindness, prompting each other to every act of duty, watching over, and kindly admonishing, and when occasion requires, lovingly reproofing each other. Our officers are worthy men, giving themselves up entirely to promote the welfare of each citizen in their ward. They also endeavour to conciliate the good will and affection of the adjoining wards, by which means we live the more peaceably, and frequently enjoy each others company and good offices.

“ Opposite our square there are several delightful walks, free for any of the citizens. These walks are in the Prince’s Park, under shady trees, whose leaves never fade. There is Conversa-

tion Walk. Meditation Walk. Contentment Walk, and several others. In this Park, also, the Prince often rides in his state chariot. This chariot is of curious construction. It is made of the wood of Lebanon, the pillars of silver, the covering of purple, the bottom of gold, and paved with love for the daughters of Salem. The wives and daughters of the citizens are often favoured with an airing in this chariot.

“The Salemites are daily preparing for the New Jerusalem above. When they arrive there, as every true Salemite assuredly will, they will, by the Prince Immanuel, be introduced to his Father, who, in the presence of Angels, Arch-angels, Cherubims and Seraphims, will receive them with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and confer on them an eternal weight of glory. No wonder, then, that Mr. Prophecy and Mr. Tell-true were so urgent with the inhabitants of Sensuality, to leave the town and travel to Salem.”

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## CHAPTER IX.

### *Extracts from his Letters.*

IN the preceding chapters, we have glanced at the principal events in the life of Mr. Botsford. We have introduced such extracts from his letters, as were more immediately connected with the events recorded, reserving others for three or four separate chapters, that the thread of the narrative might not be too much encumbered.

It will generally be acknowledged, that Mr. Botsford was an interesting letter-writer. His epistles are composed in the easy, unaffected style

of familiar conversation, and it is in this that no small part of their excellence consists. In them we see the man just as he was—the plain, familiar, affectionate, cheerful, pious, blunt old Englishman. In his severe afflictions he found much solace in dictating epistles to his friends; whilst they received these memorials of his affection and friendship with great delight, and still carefully preserve them as precious relics of one, whom they tenderly loved as a friend, and, in most cases, revered as a father. Some of his most interesting letters have never fallen into the hands of the compiler; but from those, which he has been able to collect, he has made such selections as will probably repay the labor of perusal.

The letters, from which we make the following extracts, were written at different times between the years 1795 and 1819.

TO MR. JOSEPH B. COOK,  
(Then a Student in College)

*“ Bethel, March 5, 1795.*

“ I hope my young friend will keep in view the end for which he was sent to College; I mean the ministry. Not that I wish you to preach, if you should be convinced that you are not called of God; no qualification will be found sufficient for that important work, exclusive of a call from God. It is very probable, if God designs you for usefulness in his church, you may meet with many difficulties. Satan is your enemy, the world is deceitful, and so is your own heart, and these may all beset you, and by them you may be much discouraged. You will, therefore, be much in earnest prayer to God for assistance and direction. I am well convinced, that, if you do not live near to God, you will not be able to contend with your adversary; and you cannot live near to God, if you

neglect the appointed means, and I doubt not you will have temptations from several quarters so to do. Will you permit me to mention a few motives to induce you to *continue* diligent, for I hope you are so at present ; and will you believe me when I tell you, it is from real regard I write. Yes, my young friend, I have a sincere regard for your welfare ; I wish you to be a useful man, an honor to the cause of God, and to your connexions, and also that you may enjoy the comfort of your labors

“ First, then, consider what was the wish of your dear Papa. You were his earthly portion ; you know he doated on you, and would have done perhaps even more for you, than duty demanded. Secondly, consider the expectations of your friends. The particular circumstances under which you went to College, give them a right to expect a suitable return ; and I hope my friend will not disappoint them. Thirdly, consider though a poor orphan, God has provided many friends, and some in a way unexpected when you were first left. Fourthly, consider how useful you may be in the church of Christ, how much there is to do, and what an honorable calling ; what a glorious Master you have to serve, and what a rich harvest of rewards await all his faithful servants ; how many souls may praise God to all eternity for your labors. And O consider, what God expects of you ; that you should devote your whole self to his service, your time, talents, interest : and how can they be better employed ? I hope you will receive this as a token of real regard.”

TO HIS DAUGHTER SARAH.

“ *Georgetown. Aug. 30, 1799.*

“ O my dear daughter, how was I alarmed when the packet was delivered to me sealed with

black wax ! I have not yet recovered from the shock ; I was in hopes it was necessity, but observing that my name was spelt wrong by Mr. Park, I thought surely some of you were gone into eternity, and I should see you no more till I met you at the bar of God. But thank God. I am as yet disappointed ; though how soon such an event may take place, God only knows. O my children, live, do live in such a manner, that you may meet me at the judgment seat of Christ with joy ; for I hope and trust, with all my infirmities, through the merits of a dear Saviour, I shall be enabled to hold up my head in that tremendous day. O that you would seek for converting grace ! I cannot now write to each of you ; I wish you to consider this as written to you all."

TO THE SAME.

*"Georgetown, Aug. 29, 1800.*

"Dear Sally,—You perceive by the date of this, I set you the example I recommended.—However, you have not the same opportunities that I have for writing. You said in your last, that you had not a pen worth a fig. Why do you not learn to make a pen, then you may have one worth two.

"I have had more distress respecting my dear boy (Jeremiah) lately, than usual, and yet I have not dreamed of him once, as I recollect, since his death. I have also had more close thoughts of my own death, than I ever remember to have had in a state of health. Sometimes the prospect appears pleasing ; but generally gloomy. I am conscious that I have fallen short in the performance of every duty, and, in general, feel so unlike what I conceive a christian should be, that I frequently shudder. Now my dear children, I wish you to live as never to be afraid of dying. You

may believe we when I tell you, that sometimes I am so concerned for you that I forgot myself. I do not think if I could call the world mine, it would afford me one thousandth part so much satisfaction, as to see my children truly pious. I always esteemed my children as my portion. Indeed, I suppose that I idolized them, and hence God has been depriving me of them. I really did not know my heart was so set on my dear son, as I now find, by the loss of him, it was. I am very sure I shall never enjoy myself as formerly, nor do I feel distressed at the thought. I do think it is best it should be so. But O, I know I do not submit as I ought, or as sometimes I wish to do. I have often preached of resignation to others, but I find it very difficult to reduce this into my own practice. Well, I know he cannot come back to me, but I must go to him. If we meet at God's right hand, all will be well. But O Sally, if any of us should be missing there ! God of heaven ! what shall we do. My dear children, I beg of you to get an interest in Christ, that however it may fare with your poor father, you may be safe. However, I have a hope, and sometimes a comfortable one, of being accepted in the beloved. If I have any foundation for my hope, it is the merits of Christ alone, and not any of my own performances."

TO THE SAME.

*" Georgetown, Sept. 10, 1800.*

" It is a sign of a proud spirit to pretend ignorance of our poor relations ; it is what you have not done, and I hope never will do. Indeed, you are poor yourself ; and believe me, Sally, I wish never to see you rich. I wish you a competency of this world's goods, and I would have you lay up treasure in heaven, where neither moth, rust,

thieves, freshets, frosts, nor any other enemy can disappoint you. My highest ambition is to meet my dear children in glory. However, beyond the grave all natural and acquired relation ceases. In the other world, the saints will love and feel for none but holy beings. It will be no diminution of their happiness to see those in misery, who were in the nearest and dearest connexion with them here below ; yea, when the smoke of their torments ascend for ever and ever, the saints will shout, alleluia ! Not so with the wicked. They will reflect (some of them) that they had praying parents ; that they were admonished, advised, entreated to reform, but would not ; will not this, think you, add to their misery ?”

Amongst the papers of Mr. Botsford, I found a letter addressed to the Rev. John M. Roberts, Pastor of the Baptist Church at the High Hills of Santee. Whether it was a copy, which Mr. Botsford had preserved, or the original, which, for some reason, had never been forwarded, I am unable to say ; but as it is so characteristic of the writer, I cannot forbear giving an extract.

*“Georgetown, May 10, 1802.*

“You say I compliment you more than you merit. I did not mean to do so. Well, I will not compliment you now. You may be as thankful to God as you can, but none of your sitting down contented. I insist you shall try to speak better. Dont tell me about your mediocrity of talents ; you are not to put, either yourself, your people, or me, off with such stuff. Roberts, God has done great things for you, and will you not improve the talents ?—Yes, I know you do in some respects, but you must in others. As you say you know you are not a good speaker, let me beg of you to aim at improvement every sermon you

deliver, I mean in your delivery. To use the words of Dr. Byram :—

‘For how indeed can one expect,  
The best discourse should take effect;  
Unless the maker thinks it worth  
Some needful care to set it forth.  
What! does he think the pains he took;  
To write it fairly in a book,  
Will do the business? not a bit,  
It must be spoke, as well as writ.’

“And pray, why not a popular preacher? I do not wish you to seek popularity; I should be one of the first to despise you for it. The honour of God, the welfare of precious souls, the Baptist interest, all demand of you an exertion of your talents, in all you have undertaken; and among the rest, in speaking. When you have only done as much as a poor stammering heathen to acquire the art of speaking, even if you should not speak any better than you now do, you will stand excused to God and man. If you do not want to shine, nor have the praise of men, you wish, I presume, to be very useful. Well then, assure yourself a good delivery will be no impediment. But what have I written? My dear friend, do take it as from a father. At least, remember it is an old man that loves you, and would rejoice to see you highly esteemed by every one, and above all, to hear of your being a very useful, great and good man.”

TO THE SAME.

“Georgetown, Nov. 24, 1802.

“The kindness and attention of my friend, and the amiable family with which he is connected, will not easily be erased from my mind. O Roberts, you ought to be thankful for your lot. I



am truly pleased with it. I sincerely wish you, and the dear young lady with which you are connected, the best of blessings. Do, my dear young friend, from the first, make free to talk with the wife of your bosom, and that frequently, on divine subjects. Get her to pray with you ; often be on your knees together, and do tell her from me, from your real friend; I beg her, I entreat her, not only to join you in prayer, but pray herself with you. O my young friends, do be praying husband and wife. Do not let shame prevent. O Mrs. Roberts, I earnestly entreat you to pray in secret with your husband ; do my dear child get into the *habit* of praying with your husband ; and if you find him backward to converse with you on spiritual subjects, let me know, and I will scold him soundly. I tell you both, live for God, and all will be well."

The following letter, addressed to William B. Johnson, then an irreligious young man, and one with whom Mr. Botsford was particularly intimate, is a specimen of plain, faithful and affectionate dealing ; and should it meet the eye of an impenitent sinner, we entreat him to read it prayerfully, and with self application.

" Georgetown, Aug. 15, 1803.

" Dear young Friend,—Your favor of the 2d inst. I received a few days ago. The early attention to your promise was very pleasing : the religious information affords peculiar satisfaction.

" There was no necessity for an apology for the appellation of *Friend*. I am your friend, and in this letter I mean to give you a striking proof of my friendship. Your excellent mother, in her last illness, repeatedly requested me to remember her son. I have, in several respects, complied with her request. My conduct towards you,

you can witness ; my prayers for you, God can witness. I consider you now as from under my eye, and I am sorry to say, you have left Georgetown a poor, unconverted man ; so that hitherto the example and prayers of a most affectionate mother, as well as the prayers of an aged minister, have been in vain. Possibly I may never write to you so freely and fully on the subject of religion any more, as I design in this epistle.-- Writing is now irksome to me, and you are removed at a distance, and under the care of another of God's ministers. I however think it my duty, at this time, to present you with two portraits, yours, and my own. Mine will not be a full-length draught ; it will only be so much as will discover itself in drawing yours. Yours I intend to be a full likeness, so that every time you may think proper to view it, you may discover a greater likeness. But it is probable, as my materials are rough, and my hand heavy, the whole portrait may not be so polished as to afford pleasure. Indeed I mean it not to have that effect, but to raise disgust in your mind ; I do not mean against the limner, nor against the picture, but against the person who sat for the draught. As it may not have this effect on the first reading, I earnestly request you will give it a second, or even a third. Then if it causes no displeasure with William Johnson, I totally despair of any thing I can write being of service to him.

“ As my painting is intended to be of a moral nature, I shall have the less occasion to delineate your phiz, so that, in comparing the draught with the object represented, you will have to consult a different glass from what is generally used when decorating the exterior. I have another thing to premise before I enter on the subject, and that is, you will consider the painter honest in his in-

tentions, however he may miss in the representation. Once more ; the painter wishes you to be honest when you examine the likeness. The rules he recommends for that purpose are few and easy to be obtained ; viz. the scriptures of truth and conscience. He flatters himself, that if you seriously and honestly consult them, you will certainly discover some likeness.

“ Well then, I now begin, and the first stroke is at the heart, which ‘is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked ; who can know it ?’ Jer. xvii. 9. Yes, William Johnson’s heart is a deceitful heart ; he must be conscious of it in some respects at least, though, poor fellow, he has but little knowledge of it. Conscience is not this the truth ? Conscience. ‘Yes Sir, to my grief I speak it ; his heart has deceived him in a thousand instances ; in some particulars I can witness he knows it is deceitful. He sometimes wishes it to be thought his heart is an honest one, and when I shew him in a few particulars its deceit, he endeavors to pacify me by gilding the deception over with some things very plausible ; such as, human nature is imperfect ; God has implanted such and such passions in us, and they may therefore be gratified ; is not every person as bad as I am, and many worse ; I have many good intentions in my heart, &c. &c.’ Pray, Conscience, is not his heart very wicked ? Conscience. ‘As full of evil as an egg is of meat ; a nest of unclean birds. The scriptures require holiness of heart, but believe me, his heart has every thing contrary to holiness, and not one grain of holiness in it. For instance, there are in his heart, of which I am witness, pride, vanity, lust, anger, disrespect to God, his word, his gospel, his ministers ; indeed, these last you must know full as well as himself, even his very politeness does

not cover them.' You are right Conscience ; that he has disrespect to God, his word, his gospel, and ministers, he has again and again proclaimed in far more energetic language than he can pronounce with his tongue. Indeed, with his tongue, he has often politely assured me, he highly regards the word of God, the gospel, and myself as a minister of it, notwithstanding, he must be conscious his conduct speaks the very reverse. He loves the word, but seldom reads it ; he loves the gospel, but prefers a good dinner, and light, polite company to it ; regards the minister, but pays no attention to his admonitions and reproofs. In his heart he really approves of the things of the world, in preference to the things of God. What say you Conscience, is it not so ? ' O yes Sir ; I can testify his heart is so blind, he sees no beauty in spiritual and divine things ; so hard, that no lasting impressions are made on it, either by reading or preaching. He is most in his element, when acting least like a real christian. He and I used to have a little debate about these things, but for some time past, he has nearly silenced me by inattention, by a certain degree of self-confidence, which hurries him on to this, that, and the other sin. Neither is he content to gild over his sins as formerly, but, forsooth, endeavors to persuade me there is no harm in it all ; and in fact, as I said, almost stops my mouth with a continual round of thoughtlessness and gratification, so that I have lately given him up in a great measure to himself. But now I have got him here among a set of polite christians, I intend some dark night, when we are by ourselves, to make such a discovery as will greatly alarm him ? I am glad you intend to take him in hand. Let me beg of you to give him no quarter ; fly in his face, shake him soundly, not by the hand, but by

the heart. I can tell you, you will find him a stiff gentleman to deal with ; he is so fond of his dear self, it will be hard work to convince him he is as bad as he really is. Besides, if you are not upon your guard, he will stifle you at your first onset, or he will bribe you, or perhaps lull you to sleep again.

“ Now William Johnson, what say you ? Whose heart is the above draught the picture of ? Do you know it ? Have you viewed it lately ? If not, take a peep into it. On the right hand corner, you will see a lady all bedizened in her best apparel : her name is Pride. ‘ Am I proud, Sir ? ’ Yes Sir, you are proud of this, of that, of the ther. ‘ O Mr. B., I do not know that I am prouder than other people.’ I do not say you are. Look into the left corner : who sits there ? The Lust of the Flesh, and all her imps. At the bottom, Hatred of God ; at the top, Vain Conversation : the middle filled up with Thoughtlessness, Love of the World, and Unbelief, which is Infidelity. ‘ But is this a true representation Mr. B. ? I can never believe my heart is so bad ; you have not mentioned one good thing.’ Because there is not one good thing in your heart. ‘ O Sir, are you not censorious ? ’ Censorious ! Why, I have not mentioned a twentieth part of the evil there is in your heart. Were you impartially to consult the word of God, your own conscience, the exercises of your mind, and your conduct, you would find they would all unite, with one voice, to declare, your heart is not only as bad as I have represented it, but a thousand times worse. ‘ You are a rough painter, truly.’ Not rougher than the word of inspiration, nor so rough as a gentleman, who will one day meet with you, and who will handle you to purpose. What think you of Moses ? *The soul that sins shall die.* What

think you of Jesus Christ ? *He that believeth not shall be damned.* What think you of an awakened, an accusing conscience, which will set all your misdeeds before you ; which will bring to your remembrance all your vain thoughts, frothy conversation, neglect of Sabbath opportunities, of prayer, of self-examination, of reading God's word, of repentance and faith ? ' I did not think my good friend Mr. B. entertained such an opinion of me.' Mr. B. is your good friend, and yet he considers you an enemy to God and goodness, a slave to the devil and your own lusts ; he firmly believes, if you should die in the state which he believes you are now in, that you will continue an enemy to God forever ; that the God who made you will sentence you to eternal misery ; and Mr. B. thinks, in so doing, he will by no means act out of character, nor different from the declarations which he has repeatedly made to you, in the most solemn manner. Consider Mr. J., is he a God, and shall falsehood be found in him ? Can you, dare you indulge the vain thought, that, for your sake, he will alter the thing that has gone out of his lips ? He will not ; but be you assured, if you do not turn to him with your whole heart, his justice will light on you, he will execute eternal punishment upon you. When I tell you these things, you can evade the force of them, and your natural politeness prevents you from unbecoming behaviour ; but you go away, and sin again, and do not the things you are required. I tell you, if you continue this practice, the eternal God will be aroused to anger, and swear you shall not enter his rest. When you are summoned to his bar, you must obey ; then no evasion will do ; you must answer to all that is alleged against you. And how will you answer ? in the name of God, how will you answer ? O William ! if ever grace

reaches your poor, blind, hard, unbelieving heart, you will have a worse opinion of it than any other person can. I sincerely wish you may make the discovery in time but believe me, I greatly fear for you. I consider you in a dangerous situation. I shall not think it strange to see you at the left hand of the Judge, when we shall all make our appearance at his bar. God grant it may be otherwise. If it should be, a great change must take place."

TO THE SAME.

"Georgetown, Sept. 25, 1803.

"Dear young friend,--Your favor of the 12th inst. I received the other day : I thank you for it. I am pleased that you are disposed to treat the subject, on which I wrote, with seriousness. My young friend is mistaken for once in his conjectures respecting my opinion of the arguments he was about to adduce. I do not consider them as sophisms, but as truths. The grand mistake my friend seems to lie under, I am afraid, is, that the inability he pleads is an excuse. Now did the inability proceed from the privation of any faculty, it might be an excuse. For instance, was it your duty to come to Georgetown, and you had no other inability to plead but disinclination, you know it would not be allowed, in any court, as a lawful objection. Had you broken your leg, had you a fever, your excuse would be admissable. Apply it. Suppose yourself at the bar of the Almighty. 'Your reasons, Sir, for not believing, for not being religious?' 'I was unable.' 'What rendered you unable? Were you not informed it was my pleasure? Did I not lay my commands on you? Did you not see these commands? From whence did your inability arise?' 'I had no inclination; I loved sin;

my heart was at enmity against thee ; I hated thee and thy ways, and therefore *I could not love thee.*' Now ask yourself, if this kind of inability is admissible. And yet this is the kind which prevents you from believing. Well then, I inter you will stand condemned. ' O, but Mr. Botsford, I cannot believe without divine influences, yourself being judge ' Granted, granted. Have you then asked, sought, begged of God with all your heart for these ? ' No Sir, I have not seen the necessity ' What have you been doing all your life ? Where is your Bible ? Where is your Conscience ? Where is your reason ? Consult these, and you must see the necessity. However, be it known unto you, you are favored with divine influences, if not in a direct, immediate manner, you have them in an indirect, mediate way. You have the Bible, written by divine inspiration ; you sit under the preaching of the gospel of those who are assisted by divine influences ; and let me ask you, or rather ask yourself, what kind of influence is that which, at particular times, induces you to accede to the truths you sometimes read, sometimes hear, that now and then produces a wish that you could be really religious ? Take care, my young friend, you do not sin against light so long, that God shall say, ' let him alone.' I should think you had some excuse, were you to be diligent in curbing your sinful inclinations, striving against them, diligently using every mean the word of God, your own conscience, and reason dictated, and that with all seriousness, sincerity, and with a determination to obtain mercy and find grace, or perish in the attempt. But no, no ; this advice does not quadrate with your inclination for sin. ' If God will condescend to come in some remarkable way, and produce the excitement, I may then, perhaps, pay some attention to



serious things.' So then Moses and the Prophets, the Apostles, Jesus Christ and his commands, the example of all good men before you, are no inducement for William Johnson to seek religion. Suppose one was to arise from the dead, one of the damned souls to be embodied, and present himself in all the flaming colors of the bottomless pit ; or one of the glorified saints in all the radiancy of the celestial world, your own ever honored parent for instance ; what could they say, but refer you to Moses and the Prophets, Jesus Christ, and the gospel which commands, invites, persuades, and encourages poor sinners to come to God and be happy.

" Well, my young friend, a word of advice, which I am not ashamed to give, neither need you be ashamed to follow.

1. Read a portion of scripture every day—not large ; but think, meditate on it a little, and see if it will in any sense apply to you.

2. Pray in secret every day, pray for light, for conversion.

3. Converse as opportunity presents about serious things, with serious persons.

4. Guard against every sin, even the smallest, remembering the smallest is sin, as well as the greatest

5. When you attend preaching, hear for yourself. In these things act seriously, rationally, diligently, and perseveringly. In the mean time, I charge you before God not to associate with vain wicked company. Now William Johnson, you know me, and you know I do not mean you to live a monkish life, but a sociable, rational, religious life.

" I am glad to hear religion is still on the revival ; may it long continue on the increase. O,

may not this harvest pass over, and leave my friend in an unconverted state ?”

We think it proper to introduce, in this connexion another letter to Mr. Johnson, though bearing a later date than the one that comes after it.

“ *Georgetown, Oct. 31, 1804.*

“ Dear Mr. Johnson,—Your favor of the 20th inst. has refreshed my soul, and caused my heart to leap for joy. Although I expected from Mr. Cook’s letter to hear you had joined the church, yet when I read the account with which you favored me, I was quite unmanned. O that I could frequently hear such things ! Well, my dear, dear friend, now you have realized, at least in part, what it is to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Had you any conception that religion could afford any thing like what you have experienced ? Had you not more real satisfaction in one hour, than ever you enjoyed in all sinful pleasures ? I will answer for you. ‘ O Sir, from what I wrote to you, you can have but a very faint conception of what I felt ; I felt heaven begun in my soul.’ You did so, my friend ; and I trust you have commenced a life that will never end ; a life of faith, a life of love, a life of holiness, which will terminate in a life of glory. O Johnson, if an emperor could know your happiness, he would cheerfully resign his crown to be in your situation

“ You have joined the church, but remember, it is the church militant. You have commenced a warfare against self, sin and the devil. Many have the devil often in their mouths--the devil is in this, the devil is in that, &c. ; and now my friend, you will find what it is to have to do with him. He will frequently meet you in prayer,

and in every duty of a religious nature ; and you must oppose him In order to do it to purpose, two things you will find very necessary, viz. 1st. To live near to God. 2dly To put on the whole armour of God I must add, 3dly. Learn to use your spiritual weapons skilfully, and let nothing discourage you. You will recollect your divine Redeemer, soon after his baptism, was led into the wilderness, for what ? to be tempted. It is probable you may be also ; but then you know your master was there before you. If this should be your case, you will not forget, that he will not suffer you to be tempted more than he will give you grace to enable you to bear ; he will help you to escape from the snare of the devil. You have also the world to contend with. But of all your enemies, you will find none so bad as *old Johnson* ; yes, William the *old man*, with his deeds you will find a troublesome companion as long as you live. Now shall I be plain and deal honestly with you ? I did so when I considered you in an unconverted state ; surely, then, you do not wish to be flattered now. I do believe you expect, if any of your friends will deal plainly with you, I shall. Yes, my young friend, I love you too well to feed your vanity ; at the same time I wish ever to do you justice. As an instance of it, I with pleasure assure you, your views of baptism please me much ; I think them truly spiritual ; they convey to me such ideas as I cannot well express. I really believe you are a Baptist from right convictions of the truth.

“ Well, but not to forget the *old man*, we mentioned awhile ago. Here, my friend, stop and put up a short prayer, that God would enable you to receive what follows in love. My dear friend, I earnestly entreat you to watch yourself very narrowly ; guard against spiritual pride. You

know some of your enemies ; you mentioned two dangerous ones, pride and vanity. If I am not mistaken, those two sins have robbed many a christian, and most assuredly will beset you. Humility, real humility, is a great grace ; but remember it is easily counterfeited. O let it be your constant prayer to God, ever to keep you humble. A truly humble heart, is what but too few christians are rightly acquainted with. I will take the liberty of mentioning a few things, which, if properly attended to, will have a happy tendency to keep you humble. 1st. Keep your heart with all diligence. This implies a knowledge of it. You have a vain, proud, deceitful one. Try to detect pride in its first risings, in, and after, the performance of duties. 2dly. Consider what you are, and what you have are all from God. 3dly. Consider how far short you come of that holiness, that love, that engagedness, that humility, that heavenly mindedness, that disinterestedness in your very best performance of any duty, which you ought to possess. 4thly. Consider that God is privy to every thought that passes through your mind ; he sees all your views, knows all your intentions, and nothing will pass with him but honesty, uprightness, and downright sincerity. All, all must be in conformity to his word ; no part of experience is of any worth in his sight but what is agreeable to his word ; no duty but what he directs is acceptable ; his honor, his glory must be uppermost ; his will must be your rule of duty. I mean his revealed will ; and permit me to tell you, the highest degree of real religion is a perfect resignation to the will of God, and a real desire that it should be done at all times, in all places, and with and in all things. I said keeping the heart implies a knowledge of it. Do you examine yours well, and you will find

many seeds of the old man, many diabolians to crucify : you will find some of them hard, very hard to slay, especially pride and vain glory. But let nothing discourage you, for more are they that are for you, than they that are against you. God will never leave you nor forsake you.

“I thank you for the confidence you repose in me ; I trust I shall not abuse it. With respect to your call to the ministry, I would advise you to be very careful for the following reasons. 1. It is a matter of great importance. 2. Very much depends on it, both in the world, and in the church ; both in time and eternity ; to yourself and others. *To yourself.* You will have much to do, and much to bear. You ought to have that which will support you in a storm. A storm you may experience from within, and from without ; from the world, and your own heart ; from Satan, and many other quarters. *To others.* You may be a great blessing, or you may be a great curse to many. O my friend, act cautiously ; it is consecrated ground on which you tread. Examine, O examine well your views, your motives, your ends ; remember all the way you go, the great God of heaven and earth eyes you. Lay open your whole heart to him ; earnestly entreat his guidance and direction ; do this in truth and sincerity, and he will afford you light and assistance. Cultivate the intimacy and friendship, which subsists between you and dear Mr. C. ; consult him in every step you take, and O be very careful of ever hurting his feelings. I consider Dr. Furman a great man of God. I really think he has the cause of God at heart above most men ; I esteem him as a truly gracious person, of great experience, a man of very great prudence, and of a sound judgment, and consequently, a proper person to advise with on a matter of such impor-

tance. I think I speak the mind of our dear friend C., and of every other minister in our connexion ; nor do I mean to depreciate any of my brethren in the ministry by what I write. My friend C., who is, in many respects, a better judge of Dr. Furman's abilities than I can be, will, I am sure, subscribe to what I have written, and add more to it. Well, engage Mr. C. to consult with my friend, the Doctor, on the subject.

"*November 1st.* This day I enter upon my sixtieth year. Thirty and eight years have I lived in the service of my blessed Redeemer ; in which time I have seen and felt great changes. Thirty three years a preacher ; the pastor of a church thirty one years ; have baptized 286 persons, preached about 4500 sermons, and have rode upwards of 70,000 miles ; have married four wives, and have had twelve children, five only of whom are living. What a chequered life !-- In the month of August, 1773, I preached 42 sermons, rode 620 miles, and baptized 21 persons. Now had my whole life been employed as that one month, it had been an active life. When I reflect how very far short my labours have been, to some of my ministering brethren, I feel ashamed and confounded ; at the same time I feel thankful I have not been left to bring disgrace on the cause of God, as many poor creatures have. If you should engage in the ministry, I hope you will be more diligent and more successful.

"I sincerely congratulate you on the conversion of Mrs. Johnson, and on her safe delivery. You are now a father, may you bring up your child in the fear of God.

"I well remember a sentence in a letter I received from a friend in London, soon after my conversion : it has often been of service to me, perhaps it may to you. It is as follows : ' You

will ever remember, my dear young friend, the eyes of the world will be on you ; the eyes of the church will be on you ; but what, above all, should influence your conduct, the eyes of God will be continually on you ; the former to wait for your halting ; the other to watch over you ; and the latter for fruitfulness.' — If you approve of my freedom, continue to write ; if you wish for smooth things, dont expect them from me. I will endeavor to do justice to your exercises and your character ; but I will not feed your vanity. —

“ O William ! God has done great things for you ; where much is given, much will be required. You will not forget that all your trials, losses, crosses, are to be in this world. Not one will be sent but will be for your good. You should not meet them half way, but never let them overtake you unprepared for them : then they will work the peaceable fruits of righteousness.”

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## CHAPTER X.

*Extracts from his Letters, continued.*

TO MR. INGLESBY.

“ *Georgetown, July 25, 1804.*

“ WHAT a world we live in ! nothing permanent and durable. You and I must change too. Well, if by grace we are prepared for the change, it will be a happy one. In the world we next enter, all changes cease. Sometimes, when I meditate on future glory, I long to make the experiment of the great change ; however, our heavenly Father knows best when to call for us.

Whenever that shall be, may we be found in a waiting posture, having our lamps trimmed, and our loins girded, and be ready for the important journey. O my dear Sir, what a blessed, holy, joyful, happy company, shall we meet at the very portals of heaven ! In the midst, and in unspeakable glory, shall we behold the Lamb, the Lamb of God, the ever adorable Redeemer. The sight of him will fill our enraptured souls with love divine ; our tongues will then be unloosed ; yes, then, my dear Sir, I think I shall match you in songs of praise.— Do you question that? Well, when we get there, we'll settle that point."

TO MR. COOK.

*"Georgetown, June 4, 1805.*

"I have preached on Saturday afternoons to the children ; a plan I had formed before Johnson came here, but which he introduced, and which I mean to continue through the summer, if they continue to attend. I did so many years ago in Charleston, which was evidently blessed to several, as I hope it will be in this place. About thirty children give regular attendance ; some of them appear attentive.

"I feel the infirmities of age creeping fast on me ; I feel myself pretty fast descending to my long home. O grave ! thou terrific, yet pleasing place ! There the weary are at rest. How gloomy would be the prospect, if there was no hope beyond it. But, blessed be God, I have a good hope through grace of triumphing over it. In the mean while, I wish to converse with it daily, and improve the evening of the day, that all that is terrible in it may subside, and I cheerfully enter it, full of faith and hope in my Saviour's righteousness. Then may I shout, ' O grave



where is thy victory, and where O death thy sting!"

TO DR. FURMAN.

*Georgetown, March 13, 1807.*

"I will relate a curious anecdote. Last Lord's day was very wet ; very few attended service in the morning ; and it was concluded if the rain continued, not to meet in the afternoon. It rained ; we did not meet. The Episcopal church did. After the service in the Episcopal church was done, a sailor came to my house inquiring for the minister who preached in the Baptist meeting. I was the person. The man appeared intoxicated ; his speech was almost inarticulate. At length he burst into tears, which gave vent to his speech, and I soon found it was not intoxication, but that he was overcome with gratitude and praise to the God of his salvation. He gave me the following relation.

He was born and raised in Charlestown, near Boston, had followed the seas from his youth ; the last five or six years had been serious, and when he attended any place of worship it was among the Baptists, of which denomination some of his family were. The vessel, in which he now sailed, lay on the other side of Sampit ; he, with some of his comrades crossed in a boat to attend some place of worship in the afternoon, in the rain. He found our place of worship shut ; he strolled into the Episcopal church, not expecting any benefit or satisfaction. But when the minister was reading a psalm, which calls on the sun, moon and stars to praise the Lord, such a strange sensation seized him, and he felt so desirous to praise God, that he could scarce refrain from breaking out in loud praises to God for his goodness, for his love, for his greatness, power

and glory. God appeared to him such as he had never considered him before ; and after awhile, as a gracious sin-forgiving God to him a poor sinner. Now he wished every person and thing to praise him.

“ When he had done his relation, almost the first thought with me was, neither rain nor snow, heat nor cold, shall, when in health, prevent my going to church. If any come, well ; if not, I am in my duty.”

TO MR. JOHNSON.

*Georgetown, June 4, 1807.*

“ I expect by this time you begin to meet with difficulties of various kinds. The way is not strewed far with roses, but a good deal of it planted with thorns ; but it is still the way, a good way, a safe way, an honourable way, and the best and only way ; the way all the saints have walked in, and will bring you safely home at last. If there were not variety, it would not be so entertaining ; and if there were no troubles nor fatigues, rest at the end would not be so sweet, nor should we have so much to admire and be thankful for. Afflictions are good teachers ; the more we have of them, the more we learn of God, of ourselves, of the world ; and the more useful we may be to our fellow-travellers. What life can be compared to a life of usefulness ? this will be matter of praise to all eternity.

“ I cannot give you much direction with respect to what is commonly called human learning, for a very good reason ; but I have been so long in the habit of teaching, that I must be aiming at some kind of instruction, especially when writing to my son. Well then, suppose, in the first place, I strike at preparation for the pulpit. Charity begins at home ; but it must not end there : then

get your heart engaged from such considerations as the following ; ' I am going to deliver a message of the greatest importance--to persons who will be the better or worse for what I say forever--to persons who are what I once was, and to persons, who, like myself, profess to be followers of the Lamb. I have many enemies to encounter, a proud heart, a vain heart, a distrustful heart ; the devil at my elbow suggesting either flattery or discouragement ; the eye of my God upon me ; the spirit to assist me ; the promise of my Master's presence. I may be an instrument of eternal good to some ; it may be the last time : before next Lord's day, that poor wicked youth, that grey-headed sinner, that obliging neighbor, that patriotic citizen, may lift up their eyes in remediless torment, if, in the mean time, they are not brought to Jesus. I myself may go down to the silent grave ; if successful to-day, angels will rejoice ; another star in my crown ; another subject to my Redeemer's kingdom ; another soul saved from hell ; another cause for praise, for humility and further dependence ; another piece of good news for my christian friends.' With such thoughts as these, you will not enter the pulpit with an intention to act the buffoon, or the pedant ; but to act the part of a rational creature, of a servant of God, a fellow laborer with your divine Master : your hearers will consider you in earnest, aiming at the good of their souls and the glory of God. With such thoughts, you will not preach yourself, but Jesus Christ the Lord ; you will feel what you say, you will leave Mr. Johnson at home, and carry Christ with you, and a dependence on God for success.

" With respect to subjects, I have observed abstruse ones are seldom very beneficial ; not merely logical too often ; much reasoning will not

profit the majority, not but that in every sermon it may be used. Conviction—conversion—christian exercise—temptations—trials—hypocrisy—salvation—characters of God and Christ—glory of the church—heaven—hell—faith—hope—love—repentance—grace—godliness—false hopes—sinners excuses, hiding places—devil, his devices to deceive—the world, its allurements, its uncertainty, and unsatisfactory nature, &c. &c. If you are not weary of reading, I am of writing in this strain.—

“Poor me ! here I am hammering away, but to what purpose God only knows.”

TO MR. INGLESBY.

“*Georgetown, March 9, 1808.*”

“When I thought myself first called to the ministry, to be the instrument of the conversion of one soul, to me appeared worth a whole life spent in the service. So it is. When we contemplate the state of a soul in happiness millions of ages, how delightful ! Well, I hope some of the 305, which I have baptized, will be of the number of those, who will unite in eternal praise to our great and adorable Immanuel. In these I have rejoiced on earth, and hope to rejoice with them in heaven. But still I wish for a few more before I go. If God has not much people in this place, surely he has some. Where are they ? I can’t find them, can’t reach them. Well, the arm of the Lord can. We well then go on in the use of the means, leaving it with him who is almighty to save, and who will save all whom he has designed. Neither the world, nor sin, nor devil, shall prevent. No, no ; Christ will lose none of those, who were given to him of the Father. Do, my worthy brother and friend, pray with me for one old *Mr. Shall-come*, to visit us, and then you’ll

hear good news from Georgetown. *My people shall be willing in the day of my power."*

TO THE SAME.

*"Georgetown, Oct. 14, 1808.*

"Now all trial--hereafter all rest. This is our comfort, the people of God, by being put into the furnace, lose nothing but dross; and by and by death will take it all away. Sometimes, when I think how near I must be to the end of all sin and sorrow, I feel delighted; but these, I must confess, are golden moments. However, my religion leads me to conceive, the Gospel, the Gospel of Christ, is for sinners. I know, I feel, I daily feel I am a sinner; and as a sinner, and a vile one too, I have hope in Christ. Now and then I see such a fulness in him, I cannot doubt; but alas! unbelief often deprives me of that blessed sight. Well, unbelief will not always reign; no, blessed be God, even now I trust grace reigns, and unbelief is an intruder. O my dear brother, what great debtors to grace will every child of God be! How will heaven ring and echo from one end to the other, with grace! grace! Not a soul there but will sing of grace, redeeming grace, and dying love. Grace first contrived the plan; then grace is the Alpha: grace carries on the whole work and closes the scene; then grace is the Omega--the first and the last. May you and I, and millions more, experience this grace in every time of need here below; then will we sing of grace to all eternity."

TO THE SAME.

*"Georgetown, May 31, 1808.*

"In the mean time, we will talk of the love of Jesus; we will seek for closer communion with him. We will trim our lamps, and go forth to

meet our Bridegroom. If the company, the conversation, the union of saints are so desirable, so profitable, so delightful in this vale of tears, what must it be, when tears, all tears, all occasion for tears, shall be done away, and our souls filled with glory. I have frequently thought, that when redemption comes, we shall be astonished we knew so little of heaven. Then, O then, my brother, will Christ be glorified. What acclamations of praise, what ascriptions of glory to the wondrous Redeemer! If on earth he spake as never man spake, though clothed in flesh and blood; what must be the subject, the language, when clothed in immortal glory, when unfolding the wonders of grace, of victory, of glory! How will the redeemed millions hang upon the words! How will the soul drink in the grand, the important truths! It will be as the river of water of life. If Peter was so transported on the mount; what will he be in heaven! What shall you and I be, to behold such ineffable glory shining in the face of our blessed Immanuel; to hear words of glory proceed from his blessed lips; and to find ourselves of the happy number, to whom these things shall be addressed. O glory! glory!"

TO MR. JOHNSON.

*"Georgetown, Oct. 19, 1809.*

"My dear Son, now begin anew; forget the past, and now show yourself a man of God. I mean, study hard; preach often; pray much; converse some; be watchful over your flock; never omit the least duty connected with your office. Rise early, but not sit up too late; prize every moment, and let it not pass in absolute idleness. I dreamed last night I was in company with Mr. Wesby: I thought he came to see me, and his whole conduct pleased me much. I thought he

was one of the most active men I ever saw. We walked arm in arm, and as we walked he observed, 'lose no time—lose no time.' It has impressed my mind, though only a dream. So I say, 'lose no time.' I, poor wretch, have lost a great deal; that is a reason why you should lose none.

"Remember, my son, the eyes that will be on you; the characters that will either secretly or openly oppose you; your own weakness; your soul, body, and family trials; the world's trials; also remember, you have a remedy at hand for all; THE BIBLE. O, be a Bible Christian, a Bible Minister; let the word of God be all and all with you: read it; study it; pray over it; compare one part with another; *believe it*; aye, that's the point, *believe it*, and then you need not fear a host, a host even of devils. Say you, 'why, my father, you have told all these things before?' very well; then I stir up your memory. I suppose you know them all: then, my dear son, happy will you be if you do them. God Almighty help and strengthen you, that you fail not.

"Yesterday evening I finished the piece I mentioned to you, and hope it will soon reach Columbia. Now mind what I say about it. Do you carefully read it, make up your own mind respecting it; i. e. whether such a piece will be of service, or if it will have any tendency to hurt our cause; if any alterations or additions are necessary. No doubt the language is not correct, but that can easily be rectified by a friend. Well then, write in a concise manner your most candid opinion; then show it to others as prudence may direct, and as candidly note their observations of every kind. You need not mention the author to any, only under the rose. If you see proper to show it to the President, and he should condescend to give it a reading, I should be fond of his

candid opinion about it. Now my dear son, do not you mistake me ; I wish for no palaver : no, you will not offend me by relating the worst that may be said of it. I seek not applause. I wish in the most secret manner, or any manner, to advance my dear Master's cause—that is my aim. And as I am well acquainted with the genius of the back country people, I cannot but think something, in such a short familiar way, might be of service, more so than a learned, labored piece—I mean among the common people. Yet I do not wish to have any thing published, that would expose the Baptists to ridicule. As for myself, if that was all, they might laugh at me till they cracked their sides ; but not as a Baptist, because, in that case, the cause would suffer.—

“I am a sort of an everlasting scribler ; writing is pleasant to me. Did I but understand the English language well, and had any knowledge of composition, I should write on many subjects. But I have such a round-about way of writing, and such an awkward way of expressing myself, especially I use so many words to express an idea, and cannot methodize, that my writing never will be acceptable. I hope you will pay attention to composition, and learn to express your sentiments clearly and concisely, and then, if what you write should not be elegant, it may be really useful. I would advise you to write your sermons frequently, but not read them. Mind, I wish you to be very busy and active ; give the devil no time to tempt you. I tell you, the active, busy man, is not such a bait for Satan, as the idler. You see, my son, I can't write to you, but I put on the old man : well, I am old ; you will therefore excuse me. I love you, and therefore I make free with you. Yes, and when I think or hear of your doing wrong, will scold you ; and if you do not like



it, I will give you up a while, and let out at you again. You shall hear of your faults from me as long as I live. You are a Baptist, and I wish them all to be good men, useful men, an honor to the cause."

TO THE SAME.

*" Georgetown, June 30, 1810:*

" The next thing is to settle your interest, so as to be productive, and leave you free for the work of the Lord. My dear son, remember the work, in which you are engaged, will require all you are possessed of; your time, your talents, your prayers, your all. Now, (I mean when you have put your worldly matters in a train the least to hinder you) engage with new ardor and zeal. Your time insensibly steals away; and let me tell you, it will be a poor consolation to let it slip as I have done. O Johnson, my son! stir up all that is in you to act for God. Yourself, your family, your church, and finally the world have demands on you; I must also add, your friends. 1st. Yourself. Acquire all the knowledge you can; habituate yourself to secret prayer; curb all unruly passions; acquire as much as you can of every thing that is pleasing; study well your sermons, and an animated delivery. Get your mind well impressed with the worth of souls, the honor and glory of God, and value of his cause. Let your duty be your delight, and attend conscientiously to every part of it--study it well. Guard against formality; let your whole conduct announce that you are an honest, upright, candid man, and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. 2dly. Your family. Often and freely converse with your wife respecting yours, and her experience; often pray with her in private, and get her also to pray. Often converse about the management of your

children and servants. Always show a proper regard for the interest, temporal and spiritual, of each member of your family. 3dly, Your church. Ah, your church. What shall I say on this head? Be sure you well observe scripture rules; always labor with all your might for unanimity; if possible avoid any conclusion without it. Take great pains to convince every one of the truth, the propriety, the advantage of your conclusion. Every matter of moment, consider it well: let every member of your church see that their welfare lies near your heart. Often inquire into their state. Be careful of introducing any thing that you have not a 'thus saith the Lord' for. Lead them, by public and private discourses, to a proper knowledge of discipline, and well inform their minds on the great leading doctrines of the gospel. As much as possible, induce them to live christians; live in love one with another. If you can, introduce praying societies; praying at the church meetings, for business: if possible, have a praying church.

" 4thly, The world. Your appearance and your family's appearance in the world, your dealings in the world, your common conversation among the men of the world; these things must be attended to. Nor 5thly, are your friends to be forgotten. Remember them in prayer, as well as keep up a correspondence with them. Always consider their advice, whether you take it or not. Be careful not to express any thing in a way liable to give offence. Ask advice in difficulties; defend your friends character as long as you consistently can.

" There now my son, I have given you a good many texts; do you improve them in the best way you can. It will always be a pleasure to me, while I retain my senses, to hear of the wel-

fare of my son Johnson : and if among the many hints, which from time to time I have taken the liberty to drop, any one should be of service to him, I shall be very thankful. I am persuaded from your general conduct towards me, and the particular regard you have at times manifested, you will not only not take amiss what I write to you in this free way, but will pay a serious attention to such things as to you appear worthy of consideration."

TO THE SAME.

" *Georgetown, March 2, 1811.*

" My dear son Johnson,---Your favor by Mr. Thomas's servant, I received safe, and thank you for it. You never need apologize to me for not writing, as I am convinced it is not for want of respect ; and then you will not have to fill so many lines to inform me of your siding with the devil. Let me beg of you to let your motto be the reverse of his. If you are at a loss for one, I will recommend one that is more easily pronounced, and more easily understood. Pro-cras-ti-na-ti-on is a long word, and a person must be something of a scholar to understand its meaning. But every ploughman, even Sambo, will understand the one I am about to recommend ; besides it is scriptural, which is one of the best recommendations to a Baptist minister, and it is what I can recommend from a *little* of my own experience. *Now*. There, is not that a good one ? You need not go to College to learn its meaning. Let me apply it. *Now*, for the present, be content at Columbia, and wait on the Lord, not in a dilatory manner, but in the diligent use of means. Perhaps my dear son falls short in the same way as does his father. I am sure I have not, as I ought to have done, looked beyond the means. I feel, daily feel the necessi-

ty of looking to God, referring all to God, depending wholly on God. Remember Christ is *all in all*. If you and I were more devoted to Christ, had his honor, his interest, his glory more at heart, we should do better. I wish you to be very careful, and watch against an uneasy spirit. Leave your concerns with the Lord; beg, earnestly beg, not only his direction, but his immediate presence: the gracious presence of God is necessary, is comfortable; and without it we are nothing, nor can do any thing to purpose. I sincerely pray you may be favored with much of the presence of God at your expected meeting for opening another house for the worship of God. May many sons and daughters be born there.

“ This moment I have finished reading a letter of my dear brother Cook to Mr. Grant, acquainting him with the death of Mrs. Cook. Poor, dear man, how I pity him! The good Lord sanctify the heavy stroke to him. See my son, the necessity of living near to God, of living upon him. Infinite wisdom saw this fit, and infinite wisdom cannot err. Our temporal affairs will never seem all right to us, till we get into eternity: then, O then, shall we see and know the why and the wherefore. O let us daily cast ourselves and our all upon him who careth for us, and cannot do wrong. May you, my dear son, be prepared for whatever our Master has prepared for you. O, improve every affliction, every mercy. —

“ I am again laboring under the eye complaint. I was in some hopes of its leaving me since the stroke appeared of an apoplectic nature. However, I wish to be all submission, and entirely commit myself, my complaint, my life and my death, both the time and the manner of it, to the Lord, who knows what is best for me.”

TO MR. COOK.

*“Georgetown, March 5, 1811.*

“My dear brother,--A few days ago I was favored with the reading of your letter to Mr. Grant, giving an account of the decease of dear Mrs. Cook. No one can tell my feelings on the occasion, except they have experienced a trial of the same kind. O my friend, I entered with you into all those scenes of sorrow, which generally affect the heart of a person in your present situation, and which I know are indescribable. No earthly affliction can be compared to it. The whole world is dead to you ; you have lost that which can never be found again. There is the cutting stroke--she is gone--your dear, better self is gone, never, no never to return ! You miss the dear partner of your soul. Every where you call, but there is none to answer. That once sweet name will never more be pronounced in her hearing.

“But what am I doing ? Forgive me, my dear friend ; I have no desire to rend wider open your bleeding wound. No, no ; would to God I could pour the healing balsam into your bleeding heart. I know you now think, could you call the globe your own, without your dear partner, you would spurn it from you. However, my dear brother, I doubt not, reflects that infinite wisdom saw this trial fit ; and infinite wisdom cannot err. I doubt not you try to submit with resignation to the stroke ; and though you cannot avoid mourning, you wish not to murmur. Your loss is great ; but what is your loss to her gain ? Could you view her present situation, free, entirely free from sin ; in the presence of her adorable Jesus, past the bitterness of death, yea, and all sorrow and pain, mingling praises with the redeemed

throng, to that Saviour whom she loved while in this imperfect state, and whom she will now serve as she once wished to do, but could not for the remains of corruption. I say, when you contemplate her present happy, unspeakably happy situation, you would not recal her to earth, and sin, and sorrow, and pain. Let this be your consolation, my brother, that you have a God, a God in Christ, to go to and pour out your soul's troubles. He and he only who gave the wound, can heal it. My dear afflicted brother, when you and I get to heaven, we shall then see that these heart-breaking trials were all for the best. We must all be tried; the Lord will try the righteous; you and I must have our share. I hope we are children, sons, legitimate sons; then let us look up to our Father for grace to help in time of need. I know it seems to you, at this time, as though God himself could scarcely make up the loss. It is true, in one sense, the loss can never be repaired; but our heavenly Father can, and I trust will, in a way that will be most for his own glory, make up the breach. I hope, as the good Lord has been pleased to lay his hand so heavily on you of late, it is with a view to prepare you for some signal service in his church, or for his presence in glory. The ways of God are often inexplicable to us mortals; but all is right, and when they come to be unfolded to us, we shall see to our wonder and astonishment, that they were all the effect of infinite wisdom, aye, and of infinite love too. I know you may be liable to think these heavy trials have been sent in displeasure, and may cause you to draw unfavorable conclusions respecting your state. Satan may be permitted to suggest a thousand things to distract and torture you. But you know he is a liar. You will, therefore, my

brother, have recourse to the best weapons against his assaults—prayer and faith.

“My kindest respects to the dear mourning mother. Were I present, I would say to her, ‘You have now the consolation that you have a daughter in heaven. You are fast following after. May that God who remembered both mother and daughter when in sin, and called them by his grace, by that grace support you, comfort you, and prepare you to follow in the steps of your blessed Saviour, till you arrive at the gates of the New Jerusalem, where you will meet him who hath redeemed you by his blood, and by whom you will be introduced to the company of the spirits of just men made perfect; among whom you will meet your lovely child—your Eleanor!’ \*\*

“And now, my dear brother, I sincerely wish and pray, that your late heavy trials may be blessed and sanctified to you; that you may come up out of the furnace purified from dross and all impurity, and be enabled to live to the glory of God, and be a blessing to many souls.”

TO THE SAME.

*“Georgetown, April 11, 1811.*

“For my own part, I consider myself on the very verge of eternity, uncertain when I shall be ordered to leave mortality. May I be found in Jesus; then all will be well. It is not improbable, however, that I may be called to suffer much more before I go: well, the will of God be done.

“I have been a poor, useless plant; a loiterer, rather than a laborer, in my Master’s vineyard. But whatever my character, it is now almost made up, my sands are almost out. One, and my only comfort, with respect to acceptance, is, that I hope to stand, not in my own righteousness, but

in the righteousness of Christ. If I am deceived in this point, I am forever undone. Believe me, my dear friend, I must confess I see and feel myself a greater sinner than I ever saw myself before. I have nothing, no, not one good thing to say for myself. If God accepts me, it must be in the way of full, free, unmerited grace."

TO MR. JOHNSON.

*" Georgetown. June 10, 1811.*

"Dear Son,—I often think of, and sometimes pray for you. Among the many thoughts respecting you, I often wish I were possessed of ability to be of real service to you, more especially in your sacred calling. I was very forcibly struck with one expression in one of your letters; viz. that of your sometimes reading my old ones.—Surely then, I ought to write something worth a second reading. I consider myself as a preacher out of date; my labor—and truly sometimes it is labor indeed for me to preach, when each syllable is attended with an acuteness of pain equal, at least, to the thrust of a needle into the eye. This, my dear Son, is no exaggeration. I say my labor seems in vain, except to the poor blacks; they indeed hear. I have had no less than ten or twelve of them lately in my study, telling me good news: some will get tickets for baptism, some will not. But I was going to observe, that, as preaching is painful, and of little account as coming from me, and as writing does not distress me, but is pleasing, I was thinking how I might be useful at second hand, or in an indirect way: no matter if not a soul on earth knew it, so that it proved itself in the sight of God. And as you have always professed a regard for me, and kindly accept my advice, and no doubt in some particulars pay attention to it; I thought through you



I might be indirectly doing some good : then I should not live in vain.

“ There is no character I so much revere, as that of a real preacher of the gospel ; as I think no one has such an opportunity of being so essentially useful to his fellow men. But then there are degrees of usefulness in this line ; humanly speaking, he is the most likely to be the most useful, who strives the most to be so. If, however, it turns out otherwise, yet he certainly will be approved of his God, as performing his part ; and he will have an approving conscience, which will be a continual feast. I am one of those, who believe there are but few rules laid down by the greatest writers on the subject, which are of much service to a preacher. Yet I believe on the other hand, by acquainting ourselves with what is written ; some assistance may be obtained, at least some things may be guarded against, which, in themselves, are disagreeable ; and let me tell you, when a preacher has nothing disagreeable, there must be many things in him agreeable, and if agreeable, may be useful.—

“ I will give you my ideas how a sermon to please and profit me, should be delivered ; and then how I conceive the manner is to be attained. The introduction should be pertinent to the subject, not to fit any sermon, not too far-fetched, not long, spoken deliberately, with a voice just to reach the farthest person in the house, so as with ease he can hear. If you divide, be sure, your divisions be clear, and easy to be understood ; and now look well to your audience, to see if they take in your meaning. As you proceed in explaining, proving, &c., accommodate your voice to the different parts of your subject. Be careful, however, of your strength ; dont waste it—re-

serve it for the application. Now prepare for the main assault. Remember, here is the place, now is the time to engage all the powers of your hearers—the hard heart—the careless heart—the stupid heart—the prejudiced heart—the unbelieving heart—the sorrowful heart—the desponding heart—the hypocritical heart—and the formal heart : all these hearts to be attacked, to be shaken, to be won. I say *heart*, for the heart must, in the end, be your principal aim : if the heart is not finally affected your labor is in vain. Now, in one word, to fit you for all this, your subject, and that in every part, must, to us who hear you, *seem* to come from *your* heart ; and that it may be what it should be, *reality*, enter into the spirit of your subject ; not get it by rote, but get it written on your own heart by the Spirit of God. Do you say, ‘ physician heal thyself ? ’ I cannot, my dear son ; *my* day is past. Now is *your* day ; and I pray, sincerely pray, you may in this your day continue to improve ; and as you improve in speaking, may you increase in humility, and every grace. Remember, you must have ballast as well as sail. Let not your ballast be prudence merely ; be sure get a good cargo ; a cargo not to fill up the hold only, but between decks, so that your vessel may be well balanced for every wind. Let the articles of your lading be such valuable, weighty articles as faith, hope, love, patience, fortitude, self-denial, and perseverance in all godliness and sincerity ; and your arms the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God ; together with all-prayer, and supplications to the Father of Spirits for his almighty, all-conquering power to attend the word ; then will you perform wonders.——

“ Do not content yourself with one beautiful qualification of a public speaker, but aim at all

beauties ; nor be content with even all the external beauties ; look well to the inward adorning of the hidden, the new man. If your old man is as refractory as mine, you must have many a battle to keep him under.

“ The state of my eye complaint, at this time, is somewhat different from what it has ever been : It does not at any time hurt me only when I eat or speak. Every motion of my mouth produces a prickle in the eye. Yesterday I preached in the greatest torment I ever did ; but I feel determined while I can speak to preach. Who knows but what some, through pity to the speaker's pain, may some time reflect on what they have heard ?”

TO MR. INGLESBY.

“ *Georgetown, June 30, 1811.*

“ So you intend to become a country gentleman. I suppose you don't mean to live in the country altogether. Will you excuse me if I please myself by proposing a few things for your consideration. I say *please myself* ; for what I may write may be of no essential service to you. I love to scribble, especially to a friend, who will always put the best construction on my writing. In the first place, I consider you as well qualified for a country life as any person I am acquainted with, who has lived so long in cities as you have. You have a fine collection of books ; a companion suited to your taste. You have seen the folly and frippery of cities. You begin to look for retirement from the hurry and bustle of the crowd. You have seen much of the world, and have made your observations on men and things ; so that, were you to continue a city life, you would wish to live the remainder of your days secluded from almost every thing but christian society.

“ One very essential thing in a country life, is to lay it down as a rule that *home* is to produce our happiness. An excursion now and then, and a visitor occasionally will be agreeable. But our principal dependence is on ourselves, books, garden, field, alterations, repairs, additions, a ride, a walk, the shade, and the fire-side, and the good old fashioned, never-to-be-worn-out duty, prayer. All these alternately, will exercise the body and mind, and give a spring to life as we travel down the hill. Perhaps an agreeable correspondent or two may add a high relish to all the rest ; but this must be perfectly free, or it may not have that effect.”

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## CHAPTER XI.

### *Extracts from his Letters continued.*

TO MRS. THEUS.

“ Dear Mrs. Theus,—Although husband and wife are one in a legal, matrimonial sense, they are not in every sense ; and although they enjoy many things equal in virtue of the marriage union, there are many things each enjoy for him or herself. For instance, it is a satisfaction to you that Mr. Theus, has a corresponding friend ; but it is a greater satisfaction, if this same friend will also write a letter now and then to Mrs. Theus. Well, *I am the man*. My friendship is a teasing friendship, however, it is honest. I very often write to my friends to please myself. True I do not mean to displease them, but rather to please ; but believe me, I am seldom better pleased than when I am writing to a person for whom I have respect, and especially if I can hit upon a topic that I think will afford him pleasure.—Another thing, I am

very apt to act the *parson* in writing. I am so used to give advice, that I frequently do it unasked ; and sometimes it is well received, now and then perhaps not. Now I am going to give you a piece of advice ; and I seldom give advice, but what is of such a nature, that no good man need be ashamed of it.—Suppose I change the term and say I *recommend*. Well then, in the first place, I recommend that you be very careful of your health. This you know includes a great deal. To enjoy and continue in health, requires early rising, industry, a patient spirit, regularity, perseverance, &c.—Secondly. I recommend that you be very careful of your children. I need not say you must *love* them ; but I wish you to manifest that love in a proper manner. Dont be too fearful respecting their play, nor too indulgent respecting their food, nor spare the rod when necessary.—Thirdly. (You'll say I am preaching—Well, no matter, it will be a short sermon)—You must be very careful of your husband. 1. To please him. 2. To submit to him. 3. To pray for him. 4. Take care of his interest. Say you, 'Mr. Botsford, you make very free.' Why, my dear Madam, would you not have me to be free? You also are free to attend to my recommendations, or reject them. I do not write these things on the supposition that you are deficient in the practice, but to stir you up to continue the practice. A lady never appears so amiable to her husband, to her friends, to the world at large, as when employed as above directed. Well, but say you, 'You have forgotten Mr. Theus; he has duties to perform too.'—No, no, I have not forgotten him; but we must not say all in one letter. Besides, you know it is polite to address the ladies first, and you do not wish me to be impolite. Another reason besides;

I may choose to write to him when I feel in a proper humour for it. You know when we write to a gentleman we must mind our P's and Q's, and grammar, and spelling, &c.; whereas, when we write to the ladies, we know they are not so rigid as to exact every punctilio.

“Among all my recommendations, I had nearly neglected the principal one, I mean, to make yourself well acquainted with the Bible. I will assert one thing respecting it; though paradoxical, it is a great truth, viz. you will never look into it, but you will find something new; I mean when you read it carefully. It affords history, biography, every part of religion, and morality. We Baptists often talk of Bible Christians; we esteem them the choicest. Well, give me a Bible wife. A lady, who takes the Bible for her rule of life, will make one of the best of wives. She will be lively, but not light; humble, but not mean; frugal, but not niggardly; a great economist of her time, her money, every thing. The religion of the Bible will not make her sour, but pleasant; not make her a bigot, but catholic; not a hypocrite, but sincere; not a formalist, but godly; not fearful, but firm. In short, the Bible, *the Bible* is the best of books for wives, ah, and for husbands too. Every thing added to religion that is not contained in the Bible, spoils it. A truly Bible Christian is a most amiable person. Such an one will be a good neighbor, a good companion, husband, wife, &c. Well, now my dear madam, I have pretty nearly filled the paper. Mrs. Botsford unites with me in best wishes to the good old lady, your mother, yourself, Mr. Theus, and children. *God bless you all.* Now that is as good a prayer as I can make for you; and I am sure it comes from the heart of your servant in the Gospel.

TO MR. THEUS.

“ Dear Sir,—As it is uncertain when an opportunity may present itself for sending a letter, and frequently it happens at a short notice, I often endeavour to avail myself of a leisure hour to gratify my inclination for writing to a friend. This I call taking time by the forelock; and by this means I can often oblige my friend with a few lines, when others are not prepared for the sudden chance. Not that I think my writing of such importance; but where I profess friendship, I love to manifest it. My religion teaches me both to say and do.” [After touching on several things, and amongst others, a religious topic, he adds:] “ Having introduced religion, I can’t forbear transcribing a paragraph from an author I am extremely fond of. I do not recollect in all my reading, that I ever found a paragraph more comprehensive, more rational, more evangelical, or more to my mind. ‘ Some, I believe, are apt to imagine that they must renounce the world, when they devote themselves to Christ; and abandon all the satisfactions of this life, when they once become zealous candidates for the felicity of another. But this is a very mistaken notion; or else a very injurious representation of the doctrine which is according to godliness. It was never intended to drive men into deserts, but to lead them through the peaceful and pleasant paths of wisdom, into the blissful regions of life eternal. It was never designed to strike off the wheels of business, or cut in sunder the sinews of industry; but rather to make men industrious from a principle of conscience, not from the instigations of avarice; that so they may promote their immortal happiness, even while they provide for their temporal maintenance. It has no design to ex-

stirpate our passions, but only to restrain their irregularities ; neither would it extinguish the delights of sense, but prevent them from evaporating into vanity, and subsiding into gall. A person may be cheerful among his friends, and yet joyful in God. He may taste the sweets of his earthly estate, and, at the same time, cherish his hopes of a nobler inheritance in heaven. The trader may prosecute the demands of commerce, without neglecting to negotiate the affairs of his salvation. The warrior may wear his sword, may draw, in a just cause, that murderous weapon, yet be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and obtain the crown that fadeth not away. The parent may lay up a competent portion for his children, and not forfeit his title to the treasures, either of grace or glory. So far is Christianity from obstructing any valuable interest, or withholding any *real* pleasure, that it improves the one, and advances the other.'

"Now here is a religion, scriptural, rational, and suited to rational beings. Bad as the world is, I am fully convinced, were we to draw all our religion from the Bible *only*, whether men would receive it or not, there could not be such objections raised against it, as there are. True, the religion of Christ admits of no wilful sin ; but sin is always connected with misery. It demands the whole heart ; but the greatest happiness human nature can aspire to, is a heart devoted to God. This affords the most rational and the most sublime joys ; joys suited to our nature. A heart devoted to God seeks its own good, the good of all, and the glory of God. It is prepared for every duty, for every trial, and for a continuance of improving existence, through the endless ages of eternity. Then can I wish myself, or my friend, a greater blessing. This I sincerely do



from the bottom of my heart, and hope I shall  
while I remain, yours to serve,

EDMUND BOTSFORD."

TO THE SAME.

"Sept. 1811.

"Dear Sir,—You will recollect I told you my friendship was a teasing kind of friendship. I have lately been making a tour, and I am going to trouble you with some account of it. You must know I am a great traveller. I sometimes get so far from home, and find things so agreeable, that, believe me, I feel reluctant at the thought of returning; and yet few people have less reason to avoid home than I have. I have a good old lady, who takes great care of me, and of my interest, and I love my children. But yet the things I meet with in my travels are so engaging, I sometimes, for a small space, forget I have a home. I am not one of your little sort of folks, who are content with a few dirty acres; I claim a right in all I see, and as I can see to a very great distance, I please myself, now and then, by visiting different parts of my estate. I find such journeys productive of health, and have a tendency to enlarge my knowledge of men and things. I suppose you did not know I was a person of such consequence and riches. Why, my dear Sir, I have an undoubted title to what I assert. This may seem strange to you, as even Bonaparte could not give such a title. No, no; I do not go to France for my title. I go to the 3d chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, and verses 21st and 22d. There's my title!—You know I am a Bible man; and let me tell you, I have never yet found that fail me in the most trying seasons, and I have trusted it now, almost forty-five years.

“My late journey has been among the stars. ‘Among the stars?’ say you? ‘And pray what news from those parts?’ This is what I am going to relate. When I travel, I usually take a couple of friends with me, two knowing ones, who are not easily imposed on by appearances. The name of one is Revelation, and the name of the other, Reason. Now, by the help of these gentlemen, I acquire a fund of useful knowledge. I commenced my journey with a view to make a stop at Jupiter. I soon reached that noble star, or planet if you please. My friend Revelation observed, he was not conversant with Jupiter in particular, and, for the present, had no observation to make. I then asked my friend Reason, what could be the use of those moons to this part of my estate. He replied, ‘to give light when it was night in that planet.’ Light? for what purpose? ‘For what purpose does our moon give light on the earth we live on?’ To enable the inhabitants to see objects. Why, are there inhabitants here? ‘Why not here? What is all this light for, but to cheer and enlighten them. Rocks and mountains want no light.’ Pray, my friend, what kind of inhabitants dwell here? ‘I do not know, but, I suppose, such as suit the place, and the place them, but such as want light.’ My friend Revelation, what say you to this? ‘I say, God made *worlds*, how many I know not; but he fills immensity, so that he can be present to support and regulate life here, and in ten thousand such worlds as these.’ I hope they are a better people than live where we do. Well, but you cannot conceive what a surprising view I had from this part of my estate. Here I saw two prodigious masses, or globes, whirling about in all manner of directions, and with such rapid motion that made me giddy; yet all was order and regularity,

Though they flew through ether like lightning, for swiftness I asked my friend Reason, how these mighty globes could perform such manœuvres. He observed, they were impelled by an almighty hand. Pray, said I, can any thing act where it is not? 'No,' said he. Then said I, the almighty hand must guide them every inch they move, or they could not preserve that circular motion, which I perceive they have. My friend Revelation observed, 'He, that by a word, spoke these worlds into being, by a word, could as easily uphold them, and direct all their revolutions.'

"I had a good telescope with me, and now, by the help of that, I discovered worlds beyond worlds, and suns beyond suns. I was lost in wonder and amazement, and began to think it was a dream, or some unaccountable vision. But Reason put me to rights by observing, 'finite could not comprehend infinity.' And Revelation whispered, 'these are only parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him' Job xxvi. 14.—When I returned from this little excursion, I began to talk among friends of my possessions; and of forces, by which this world and the other were propelled forward, and other forces, which preserved them from running in straight lines forever. They believed me just as much as though I had been persuading them to relinquish sin, and pursue virtue. Some thought I was deranged; others, that I was a queer fellow, and wished to make fools of them. Here and there one and another would be asking me questions; and by bearing with their weaknesses, and laying down some of the first principles of Astronomy, I got a few to believe the possibility of such things, and now and then some to enter into the spirit of the

subject ; and truly, they soon outstripped me in the knowledge of these things.

“ To lay aside fiction, I have been a preacher upwards of forty years, and I find it as difficult to persuade persons to forsake sin and seek holiness, as to persuade the vulgar the world turns on its axis and goes round the sun. To a person unacquainted with the first principles of astronomy, those things appear impossible. They are unacquainted with the reasoning used on these subjects ; they therefore think them contrary to sense and reason. Just so respecting spiritual and divine things ; they appear to some unreasonable, unnecessary, and, in many respects, contrary to sense and reason. Paul thought so ; Botsford thought so ; every body thinks so respecting some parts of religion, till the mind is enlightened by the divine influences of the Spirit of God. But when once the mind discovers things as they really are, those things, which once appeared strange, unreasonable, and unworthy of notice, now put on quite another face, appear all important, rational, desirable, lovely. Again, religion is by many misrepresented, and held forth in an unfavorable light, and indeed in a false light. Some make it consist in a mere outside parade, in forms and ceremonies ; this disgusts a thinking man. Others lay the greatest stress, where the Bible lays the least, and prefer this man’s notion, and the other man’s notion, to the plain word of God, and so puzzle men’s minds. Indeed, some object to the Bible itself, and that on several accounts. Not that they can prove it false, or that it is not well authenticated, to have been written as represented. Most of the objections are really frivolous, and would not satisfy those who make them in any other case ; and they proceed from bad motives. As for the scriptures requiring us to believe what

We cannot comprehend, 'tis a bug bear to frighten persons from thinking on the subject. It is very hard to comprehend what we wish not to believe. The first principles of religion are easy to be understood, and when once we get into the path, the light will shine, more and more unto the perfect day. There are many things delivered in scripture which were never designed to be fully comprehended, but to strike the mind with awe, and to prove our obedience to the Supreme Being. The good man, as he improves in acquaintance with spiritual and divine things, discovers more and more the reasonableness and excellency of the scriptures. He soon learns, that it is not the scriptures that cause men to bite and devour one another, that it is the abuse of them that leads men into error. The gospel is, in all cases, one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, of benevolence, and of universal charity. The greatest damage christianity ever did sustain, or ever will sustain, is from its pretended friends. There always have been among professors wicked men, cunning, crafty, covetous, ambitious, and some good, but very weak men. These have, from time to time, almost turned christianity upside down. Now, take the New Testament in your hand, and tell me where you read of a pope, archbishops, diocesan bishops, deans, archdeacons, prebends, rectors, parsons, curates, &c. &c. You cant find any of these. Well then, these are excrescences. Now peel off all from religion but what you find in the New Testament, and you will have a religion that is artless, plain ; that strikes at all evil, and promotes nothing but goodness ; that will make a man better in every sense of the word. We need not go to College to learn this religion. It may be learned in the parlour, in the kitchen, in the barn, in the field,

on the knees, or in an easy chair. Will it be wrong in me to say, this is the religion I have been these 40 years endeavouring to propagate to so little purpose? My education has been very imperfect, and I never studied composition. Could I write as well as some of my younger brethren in the ministry, I should, ere this, have sent out many a small tract against all the rubbish that I find attached to religion. Now this plain, artless, heart-felt religion, my dear friend, I think I have experienced, and do daily experience the happy effects of. This religion I am not ashamed to recommend, because I believe it to be truth; because it is a religion that will, when properly understood, appear rational, will afford real comfort through life, and support in death. Did you ever read such a sermon in your life? I do not remember that I ever went so far for a text before. We'll do better next time.

"Well, but as the high priest said, 'are these things so.' They certainly are so. Then let us acquaint ourselves as fully as we can respecting them. It will be no hindrance to our enjoyment of the good things of this world, but will direct us in the sober use of them, and sweeten to us all the bitter in them. It will give a zest to life, produce some of the finest feelings the human heart can attain to; will cheer our spirits, even when the world frowns, and make us rich in grace, even in the depths of poverty."

TO MR. INGLESBY.

"Georgetown, Jan. 26, 1812.

"If we lived more by faith, we should love more, hope more, work more, and depend less on ourselves, and more on Christ. Faith is an operating principle; it sets all agoing, and going right too. Faith leads us to the atonement, to

the throne of grace, to—within the veil, to God himself ; a God in covenant, a God reconciled, a God in Christ, and that is heaven. No matter where I am ; when I can fully, can wholly cast myself on my God and Father, as the God and Father of my Redeemer, my Saviour, my all in all ; there's my happiness, there's my heaven. What will heaven itself be, but the presence of God to my soul. Then let us be found in the use of those means, in which God has appointed to meet us ; prayer, reading, hearing, examination, conversation, meditation, &c. ; in them all, through them all, looking unto Jesus. See the business of faith. What is prayer, what are any of the duties if not performed in faith."

TO DR. ROBERTS.

*"Georgetown, April 24, 1812.*

"You know it is often said, old people grow covetous. I am one. I am so much so, that I wish to rob the devil of a few more of his subjects before I die. I was looking over the accounts of baptisms performed by me, and I find they amount to 339. Now some of my brethren have baptized as many in one year ; but that, you know, is no reason I should complain : I will, therefore, be thankful for what the Lord has enabled me to do, and pray that I may yet have to go into the water again ; aye, and again. I tell you I am covetous."

TO MR. JOHNSON.

*"Georgetown, March 30, 1812.*

"Rev. Mr. Johnson,—Do you recollect that there was a person, who formerly lived at the Cheraws, and latterly in Georgetown, by the name of Botsford ? Say you, ' what does my father mean ? ' O, you have not forgotten that relation : well, if you have not, and will return to

your duty, I will again call you, dear Son. But what, in the name of wonder, has prevented you, all this time, from writing to me? In your last letter, you promised to write again in a short time; but not a scrap as yet from Savannah. When you do write, I beg, however, you will not take up half a sheet in apologizing; but tell me off-hand how you do—your own situation, and the state of the church you now have the care of.

“In the mean time, I am going to act the father again; I mean giving advice. And first, if you have not read Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*, with Scott’s Notes, I beg you will inquire for it, and purchase it, and read it very carefully over and over. Say you, ‘pray, why does my father so particularly recommend that book?’ I will tell you, my son; because I think that work, I mean with Scott’s Notes, one of the best books for a minister, and also for a common christian, of any ever published, except the Bible. You may be sure I don’t recommend it for its language, but for the real, genuine religion it contains. If you experience and then preach such precious truths as are contained in it, you may use what style you please, you may go on stilts, if you please, or you may, with Whitfield, use plain, market language; so you reach the heart, and touch all the springs of the soul; so you detect the false professor, humble the soaring one, and encourage the feeble, awake him when asleep, rouse him when indolent, assist him in difficulties, direct him when wrong, and, in short, guard him on every side, till you see him safe over the river.

“You have now a heavy charge on you, if you mean to be really useful, successful, and also comfortable and faithful in all your work; of which I have no doubt. You must, my Son, look about you, look into yourself, look at the world, and



steadily be looking to Jesus. My son, seek the honor of God, and God will honor you. Be diligent, be watchful, be prayerful, be fully a Bible christian; then may you be a Bible minister. How many great men, in the end of their journey, had wished they had studied the Bible more. Do you then, my dear Son, study the three following things; the Bible, your heart, and your people. Give yourself up wholly to the work; let all your reading, all your meditation, all your conversation, turn on a thorough acquaintance with yourself, with divine things, for your growth in grace, your progress in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and his concerns. Daily pray for prudence, for a sound judgment, for due fortitude, for genuine humility, for fresh supplies of grace, and spiritual light into the great things of God. Do not suffer yourself to lose an hour of your precious time. If your dull, wicked, deceitful heart, at any time, rises up against any of these things, chide it, quarrel with it, give it no peace till you subdue it, and bend it to its duty. Consider you are not your own, you are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and soul which are his. Put on your spiritual armor every morning, wear it all day long in all companies; be not ashamed of any part of it. Learn well to use the shield of faith, and to wield the sword of the Spirit. Don't let your garments hang loose about you; gird them up with the girdle of truth, and always carry in your bosom that excellent weapon all-prayer. Don't go barefoot, but put on Gospel shoes; you will want them, sometimes to flee from the devil, as well as to run in the commandments of the Lord. There, my Son, you see I am still your father. In much love to your whole self, I remain yours, while

EDMUND BOTSFORD."

TO MR. COOK.

*" Georgetown, April 15, 1813.*

" Indeed, it is no matter where I am, unless I could talk. It appears to me I shall never more preach, except occasionally. The whole right side of my head is affected; and although the eye is guarded from pricking, when the paroxysm affects the head, the eye and face is affected with a burning smart very painful. The roof of the mouth, when pressed by the tongue, produces a most violent sensation in the head like the straining and snapping of veins or nerves. So is your friend afflicted."

TO MR. INGLESBY.

*" Georgetown, May 1, 1813.*

" I am pleased to hear you complain for the want of your rib. I know you lose at least half the pleasure of any thing that turns up, because she is not with you to share the pleasure; and when trouble meets you, it is double because she is not with you to bear part of the load. However, you have the consolation that I had when I could not talk, viz. you can write. But say you, 'how could you be so cruel as to say, you are pleased to hear me complain?' Why, truly, the reason is, that it manifests a regard that none know, but such as have the same feeling: I know all about it. This language says, I love home. There is no happiness in the world equal to domestic happiness. Yea, it promotes, as a mean, happiness of a superior nature. Well, my brother, if the company of your relations and friends is so desirable and pleasant here in our imperfect state, what must it be, when all imperfection shall be done away."

TO MR. JOHNSON.

“ *Georgetown, April 16, (a cold day) 1814.*

“ Dear Son Johnson,—‘ What dost thou here, Elijah ?’ said God to the Prophet. I say, what dost thou in Columbia, William Johnson ? Art thou on thy way to Philadelphia ? May thy God go with thee, then thy journey will be prosperous. You will recollect, my son, that this journey may be of singular advantage to you, if you wisely improve it. You will see, and have an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with, several valuable men, servants of our Lord. You will also observe a great difference in the manners and customs of the people. You will recollect the people, among whom you are going, are a free, plain people. No doubt you may meet with some eccentric characters ; yet even from these, you may obtain useful knowledge. Old men are often fond of giving advice ; you know this is one of my foibles ; you will, therefore, bear with me on the present occasion. Now mind what I say. Be careful to carry with you a praying heart, that God may direct you in all your ways, and meet with you when you meet the brethren. Be not too forward, at any time, to give your opinion ; neither be backward where it appears duty. Remember you are yet a young man ; you will, therefore, duly attend to the observations and reasoning of those, who have the advantage of years and experience. They may deliver their sentiments in a very plain way, yet they may be really weighty, and more to the purpose, than at first may appear. You will, also, remember the cause of Christ requires *doing* as well as *saying*. Now you must try to discover the secret how to get the doing part accomplished. Various plans may be proposed, but some one will be the best, and

the best judge is the Lord : this shows the propriety of constant recourse to Him by prayer, to be directed in the right way. See to it, my son, for yourself. Once more : remember, the Carolinians are remarked; and I think very justly, as a very generous people ; and it is possible, if you are not on your guard, you may be prejudiced against some, who, to you, may seem not so generous, who yet, owing to a different education, may not be esteemed niggardly or covetous.—Mind this. People, who labor hard, set more value on money than those who have others to labor for them. That, which you, and many in our State would esteem a trifle, is, by many, esteemed a considerable matter. A Carolinian, with all his generosity, is a proud man. If he cannot do something, as he thinks, clever, he will do nothing ; I now have reference to pecuniary matters. You'll take the hint. I'll now leave you in better hands. You'll see Dr. Staughton, Dr. Rogers, and Dr. Holcombe ; Mr. Benedict, Mr. Rice, Dr. Baldwin and Dr. Gano,—my kind regards to each of them. One word more ; be sure consult Dr. Furman on every occasion.

“ There now ; if you remember these, enough is said ; if you do not, more would be needless. I shall expect a line from you, when you can make it convenient. I remain, my dear Son, yours affectionately,

EDMUND BOTSFORD.”

TO MR. COOK.

“ Georgetown, June 5, 1814.

“ Every one belonging to our fleet, must expect trials ; our voyage is attended with many difficulties. So, my dear brother, you must have your share. But pray, is there one sails with Lucifer, who is exempt from trials ? No, truly :

And then think what wages the wretch gives, both now and at the end of the voyage. Now, bloody noses, broken bones, ruined character, and a guilty conscience ; and at the end eternal ruin. At the very worst, our Prince's wages are of another kind. He, you know, even blesses our afflictions to us, so that as David, you and I can say, they are good for us. Besides, he never requires any thing of us that leaves a sting behind. What is there my brother, in this world worth living for ; but the presence of the Lord ? all else, sooner or later, is *vanity*.--But the presence of God never cloy, is ever new, ever sweet, and sweetens all our blessings, aye, and our severest afflictions. Believe me, I had rather have the presence of God, and my eye complaint, than all the good things in the world without it. Travellers and voyagers must take things as they turn up. The main point is to keep in the narrow path, in the right course ; then all will terminate well. What is the road when travelled ? What is the ocean when crossed ?"

TO THE SAME.

" *Georgetown, May 11, 1815.*

" Dr. Coke, who succeeded Mr. Wesley, died on his way to the East Indies, in December last. So we drop off one after another ; it can't be long before it will be said, ' Botsford is gone the way of all flesh.' I have lived to what is generally termed a good old age, but alas ! to what purpose. How many have done more work in a week, than I have in 70 years. Work my dear brother, work while it is day ; for the night will soon approach. Study Zion's welfare in the line in which Providence has placed you. ' Does father Botsford think I am indolent ?' No, my dear brother, he does not think so ; but he wishes you to eye the

providence of God, and watch for opportunities of usefulness

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“ General Washington seemed to have been raised up for a blessing to America, and Bonaparte for a curse to the whole world. What a volatile, monkey-like people the French are ! They boast of themselves as being the *great nation*—of monkeys and tigers ! No doubt Europe will be convulsed again, and we shall have our share of trouble and perplexity. How many things turn up to wean the age from this world.”

TO THE SAME.

“ *Georgetown, June 22, 1815.*

“ Are you not a chicken-hearted fellow, to be afraid of D.D's. Pray, who are all these great folks you talk of ? Are they not a company of poor sinners, who stand in need of salvation ? You will not go to Columbia to teach Mathematics, or any of the abstruse sciences, but to preach Jesus, both in, and out of the pulpit ; and no matter who are your hearers. You conduct yourself as a christian, minister, and even those ‘big gentlemen’ will respect you. So you feel cramped when you write to Dr. F. So do I ; but I write to him. I again say, you have a talent for better writing. There—a letter from friend Roberts by mail ; I must open and read it, before I proceed any further.—

“ Friend Roberts’ letter encloses money, (a very acceptable article) for the voyage. He asks my advice respecting some kind of periodical work. I think if it could be well supported, it might be of service to the cause of God ; but I am apprehensive it would be attended with more difficulty than you may be aware of. In the first place, who will you depend on for a supply of

matter ? 2dly. Where printed, and who correct the proof sheets ? 3dly. How many subscribers will you obtain ? The Baptists are the last people in the State to be encouraged by other denominations ; and after all, but too few read in the country. These are articles to be well weighed."

TO MR. INGLESBY.

*" Georgetown, March 19, 1817.*

" If it were not for the eye complaint, I could preach, at least once, on Lord's days ; but that seems to increase. The paroxysms are seldom more than three in the twenty-four hours, but these generally continue an hour, and sometimes an hour and a-half ; though the violent pain seldom exceeds a quarter of an hour. But through the whole day, and the waking hours of the night, a prickling, every two or three minutes, attacks me, and frequently so as to prevent my eating or even drinking.—

" I have the use of my reason, and can read and write several hours in the 24 ; so that I have to sing of mercies as well as of judgments. And in addition, I am conscious of a spirit of prayer more than formerly.

" If at the end of my journey, I am admitted into the rest of the people of God, how sweet will that rest be ; and then the company of those holy beings, the angels and the spirits of just men made perfect, and above all, the presence of Jesus Christ, the Lord of life and glory. The employment also, praising, adoring and glorifying the eternal God, and that too without sin, or weariness—no hard heart, no tempting devil, no pain, nor sorrow, but a heart full of gratitude to that adorable Saviour, who took my sins on his own body, and who plucked my feet out of the miry clay ; and to that blessed Spirit, who showed me

things of Jesus, and who led me and upheld me all through this howling wilderness ; and to that Father of mercies, who gave me to his Son ; to that three one God, who is God over all and blessed forever more. O brother, these are themes worthy the contemplation of all rational and holy beings."

TO MRS. THEUS.

*" Georgetown, March 23, 1817.*

" Dear Mrs. Theus,--There are few families, with whom I have had no more acquaintance, that lie so much on my mind, as Mr. and Mrs. Theus. How to account for it I know not. This I know, that my writing to them does not proceed from a desire to flatter them. If I am not deceived in my own character, flattery is but a small part of its composition. Rather a bluntness, bordering on rudeness, constitutes but too great a portion. I have often wished I could correct this unamiable turn, but it is so interwoven in my constitution that I am not able to eradicate it. Of this I am conscious, that I wish to be somehow serviceable to them, especially in respect to their future happiness. Perhaps in this I am considerably selfish. Yes, I consider any assistance of this kind will be a matter of joy to me through the endless ages of eternity. Even if my well-meant intentions prove abortive, they will be accepted of Him, who knows the heart, and who rewards the giver of a cup of cold water to a thirsty disciple.

" You, dear Madam, have made an open avowal of your determination to follow the Lord. If you were sincere in this, of which I have not the least reason to doubt, nor do I doubt it, then I know your life will be attended, at times, with joy and peace in believing, such as all the sinful pleasures of the world never did, nor never can



afford. But then, as the work of grace is to fit and prepare you for glory, you must go through all that process of trial, that is necessary to prove your love to him who died for sinners, and indeed for other purposes which you will better know hereafter. If, with the assistance of your Bible, earnest prayer, self-examination, &c. you learn to know yourself, you will discover so much imperfection, so little of a godly temper, that you will not think it strange that you, as well as your fellow-christians, should stand in need of the rod to correct, as well as the staff to support. Many and various are the ways our heavenly Father is pleased to take, to teach his children to depend on him, to grow in grace, to be humble and obedient, to be watchful over their own hearts, against the devices of Satan, and, above all, to honor him in all things. There is one thing, above many, will enable you to bear the different trials in a proper manner, and that is, to consider your mercies; how highly you are favored above thousands, how many mercies you are daily surrounded with. And again, what plain, gracious directions, and exceeding great and precious promises you have to plead; and the many noble and excellent characters you have for your example and encouragement in that best of books, the Bible. Yes, the Bible, the Bible is the poor christian's grand treasure. 'Not all the books on earth beside, such heavenly wonders tell.' Although there are many things in it which you will know hereafter, and which you cannot know now, yet there is no state you can possibly be in, but you will find a remedy in it, plainly and easily to be understood, to afford light and comfort, when you stand in most need of them. Among many other trials, you may be exercised with, one is of a very serious and affecting nature; I mean, that your dear Mr. Thous does

not as yet walk hand in hand with you on the road to the heavenly country. This, I doubt not, causes you many a tear, many a heart-ache. But what a mercy it is, that he like many, does not thwart you, and hinder you from attending on the worship of God. For this you can never be sufficiently thankful. O Madam, let it be your daily prayer to God to give him grace, that he may partake with you the blessings which real religion affords. Not only pray for him, but show by your whole conduct, that his eternal welfare lies near your heart. This is your duty, and it is also your privilege. I have wondered that I should feel so interested for him. God knows I speak the truth when I say, on my bed I have often, in the night watches, earnestly put up, I trust, sincere and hearty prayers for his conversion ; and I will add, God forbid I should cease praying for him and your family."

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## CHAPTER XII.

### *Extracts from his Letters continued.*

THOUGH Mr. Botsford was often prevented by his affliction from labouring in the pulpit ; yet he improved every opportunity, which his situation afforded him, for promoting the spiritual welfare of the people of his charge. One means, which he improved for this purpose, was that of addressing friendly epistles to some of the members of his church, and other acquaintances, in the town where he resided, containing such advice and instruction, as he deemed suited to their respective circumstances. He was always gratified to receive answers to his epistles ; but though this pleasure was sometimes denied him, he was not,

on that account, deterred from repeating, in this form, his fatherly counsel. A few of these pastoral letters, which were addressed to Mr. Marvin and Mr. Cuttino, then at their summer residences at the North Inlet, some miles below Georgetown, are here inserted.

TO MR. MARVIN AND MR. CUTTINO.

*“Georgetown. Aug. 25, 1817.*

“Dear Brethren,—Being favoured with a little more ease than common, with respect to the eye complaint, I have sat down to write a few lines to my dear brethren; aye, and sisters too.——

“I wish my dear brethren to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus. All other knowledge is trifling compared with this. Now in order to obtain the knowledge of Jesus Christ, it will be necessary to observe the following things: Converse often with him by prayer, by reading his word, by attention to his servants who are sent to give you information respecting him; especially observe to pay a strict regard to all his requirements. We are *to do his will*. Obedience will unlock hidden treasures; especially when you obey with cheerfulness, and from the heart. Aye, a word about the heart. Your hearts are not to be trusted, they are so deceitful, so wicked. Therefore, keep a steady eye upon them, or they will deceive you. Keep them with all diligence. Keep them: how? Keep them from sin, from neglect of duty; keep them awake in every duty; stir them up to commune with Jesus; search them thoroughly, or rather beg God to do it for you. Guard against their pride, their covetousness; lay them open, expose all their pride, all their deceit, to God. Do not spare them, do not suffer them to retain one little

sin in any corner. Do, my dear friends, realize eternity ; think what your station and portion will be there. I hope to meet you there, where neither pain, nor sin, nor sorrow, will have admittance. Now mind, the devil, the world, the lusts of the flesh, will, if not subdued, prevent our meeting there. Then let us put on the whole armour of God, not to strut about and show our fine accoutrements, but to fight hand to hand, till we overcome. Look to your Captain, call for his assistance, follow him closely, and he will assist you and make you more than conquerors.

"You have set your hand to the plough ; O hold it steadily ; look not behind you ; press forward ; now is the time to get strength to withstand your enemies, and enemies you will meet with in all your journey ; but be not discouraged ; nothing but sin can hurt you. Then look daily to your Advocate. May God bless you with courage, wisdom, grace, prudence, patience, faith, hope, charity, and every grace."

TO THE SAME.

*"Georgetown, Sept. 1, 1817.*

"Learn daily some lesson from your employments, from every thing around you. Your principal employment, at present, is fishing. This affords a fund of instruction for yourselves, and to assist you to fish for men. Your boat must be in proper order, to accommodate yourselves and a companion or two. Your lines, hook, and bait, suitable for the fish you wish to take ; also some expertness is necessary to know the time, the place, when and where to fish. You know very necessary qualifications for a fisherman are patience and perseverance. Now apply these observations, and try to catch your friend, your child, your servant, your neighbor, your enemy."

TO THE SAME.

*“Georgetown, Sept. 4, 1817.*

“Dear Brethren,—My dear old friend Mr. Pelot used to say, ‘My love is a teasing love.’ So I may say, my correspondence is of a teasing nature. However, it has procured me many a good letter in return, but not as yet from you, my brethren. But I do not despair but that, after a few more letters, if I should be able to continue writing, I shall procure one from you. True, you have nothing to do, and when people have nothing to do, they seldom find time to write. What did I say? ‘Nothing to do?’ Yes, if you have hitherto done nothing but fit up your houses, and clean sand from your doors. Remember, when returned from fishing, there is the Association Letter to write, a collection to make, arrangements to attend the Association. Now show yourselves true pilgrims. ‘O I have bought a lot of land, I have the care of two or three families, I have my accounts to settle.’ Heigh day!!—What is all this? So then you are about to make nothing of religious duty. If you can spare time—if—if—if—none of your if’s nor and’s; set about the work heartily, sincerely; determined to baffle the devil, the world, flesh and blood. You serve a good Master; at least, he is a good Master you ought to serve. It is upwards of fifty years since I entered the service. I wish you, my brethren, so to conduct yourselves, as not to have such reflections as I am, at this time of day, assaulted with; I wish you so to live, as to please God, your brethren, and keep a good, sound, clear conscience.

“Our Lord must not be put off; if you would enjoy his favour, you must observe his directions. If you wish to be happy, you must seek for hap-

piness in the paths of obedience. 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' If you prefer any thing to Christ, to any of his precepts, you must expect leanness of soul. Let the world, the devil, your brethren, and your Lord, see that you are what you profess to be, real christians, working christians, obedient christians; and then you will enjoy his presence, which is better than gold and silver, yea, better than natural life. Often recollect the price paid for you; anticipate the feelings of a dying hour. I do not repent of any one act of self-denial, but I do repent of my neglect, my lukewarmness, my indolence. Now at the end of my journey, I see, aye, and feel too, my want of zeal in the cause, and see, in many respects, my short-coming in the performance of most duties. Although I am no Arminian, I am fully persuaded of the necessity of diligence, in order for comfort. How can we expect a blessing but in the way of duty? It is not only the way of safety, but the way of peace and comfort. Do you not wish to become acquainted with your brethren of the same faith and order? Do you not wish to give countenance to every useful institution, and encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of your Master's servants? Do you not wish to learn more and more of yourselves, of Christ, of heaven, of the religious world? Believe me, you will never repent for the time, the talents, the money spent in the service of your Lord. Whose is the gold and silver? Whose time is that in which you live? Would you live to the glory of God, to the benefit of the church, for the comfort of your minister, for your own comfort; then make religion in all its ramifications, your chief study—I say your *chief* study.—With every sentiment of esteem, affection, and gratitude for innumerable favors conferred on

me, I remain, my dear brethren, yours in the Gospel."

TO THE SAME.

"Dear Brethren,—You are seldom out of my mind, as I feel you are near and dear to me. I therefore wish to be somehow serviceable to you. As I cannot preach to you, and when you return to town, have but little time to converse with you, I can think of no way but writing, by which I may edify you; and this is sometimes very painful.

"Notwithstanding the Scriptures afford such a variety of subjects, there are times, when even they are as a blank to me. I wish you to be making daily advances in the divine life, as that will afford real comfort, and prepare you to meet all the various changes you are subject to. What I mean by the divine life, is a life of conformity to the divine will. Now this cannot be obtained, but by a very watchful care over all our words, actions, and thoughts. Such is the entire depravity of our natures, that the world, the flesh, and the devil, may very easily deceive us, and lead us into sin; and sin destroys our comforts, blinds our minds, hardens our hearts, grieves the Holy Spirit, and causes him to depart from us: when that is the case, we necessarily walk in darkness; we then, in a greater or less degree, dishonor God, and make work for repentance. In order to enjoy the comforts which religion affords, we must live near to God, not only in the practice of the duties it enjoins, but in every duty enter into the spirit of it. What, for instance, does it avail to hear preaching, if we do not make a self-application of it? What the benefit of prayer, if the heart is not engaged? Of religious conversation, if we only set ourselves off, to have our ex-

perience applauded? Humility, true humility, is an excellent grace. It is the humble christian that is rich. O then, pray for an humble heart, an honest, contrite heart. Dont let complaining suffice, unless it be to Him who is able to grant your request. Believe, and you shall receive. Yes, pray in faith, and God will bestow that, and every other grace. Habituate yourselves to be lifting up your hearts to God all the day long. Paul says, 'praying always.' That same 'All-prayer' the devil hates. O, it is an excellent weapon. Learn to wield that well, and you may get along through the most dangerous parts of your pilgrimage, aye, and with comfort too. But remember, your duties are not Christ, but they are designed to lead you to him. Christ must be your all and all; your life, your health, your strength. Look through all your duties to him. If they do not lead you to him, you may be sure it is because they are not performed in faith. You receive not, because you ask amiss. Then be sure you pray for faith, living, active, special faith. Do not measure yourselves by any body; let Christ be the standard. Not only visit the garden and the cross, but observe his whole conduct. And when you have done all, fall in humble prostration at his feet, as unprofitable servants. Rise again, and proceed on your journey. Do every thing in your power to stimulate each other to every act of kindness and love. With every sentiment of esteem and affection, I remain your afflicted brother and pastor."

TO MR. MARVIN.

"My dear Brother,—You have confessed, that our gracious God has been pleased to make use of me as an instrument in bringing you to the knowledge of the truth, therefore I consider you



as one of my sons in the gospel. As such, I wish to act the part of a father to you. I would, therefore, stir up your mind to make a good use of the gifts which God has bestowed on you. No one must be idle in the vineyard ; all have something to do, and all might do more than they do, if they would pluck up courage. It is easy to say, I am a poor creature, and stand in need of instruction myself, and am not fit to instruct others. You mean, you are not willing ; for I am sure you can't, with truth, say you have not the ability. Our Carolinians are a proud sort of people ; many times, because they can't do something handsome, they will do nothing, I mean with respect to alms. So christians, many of them, because they cant instruct as well as some ministers, they will do nothing. Have you forgotten the cup of cold water ? I hope not. Then let me put you in remembrance that the Master you serve does not expect you to do what he has not qualified you for ; but he does expect that you should improve what he has given you. Take every opportunity of dropping a word for him, to a negro, a child, to any one who is a stranger to religion. Come, come, no excuse will do ; the souls of men are perishing. You have a child, an orphan also, you have servants, you have neighbours, so that you want not objects. No, no, it is zeal that is wanting. Meditate seriously on sin, on hell, on a change, a heaven, the remedy, Christ and the Gospel ; all these will one day appear to you in their native colors, and to many when too late. Now is the accepted time. Now God is blessing the means of grace ; yes, by the very lowest of his servants. Come, put in for a share of the blessings. Why, I would not miss the happiness resulting from being an instrument in the hands of God of the conversion of a sinner, for a thousand

worlds. O my brother, if you are what I hope you are, and I what I profess to be, millions of ages to come shall we bless God for seeing each other. What a humbling thought, that the eternal God should make use of such an unworthy instrument to convey the glad tidings of salvation to any one of the human race ! O my God, not unto me, but to thy adorable name be all the praise ! O my brother, do pray, do talk, do continue to set a good example to all around you. Who knows what a word may do. If God should bless it, you will have to praise and magnify his name for ever and ever. When I read of the labors of our Missionary brethren in the East, my soul is, as it were, on fire with love to them and to God for blessing them to the conversion of the poor idolaters. And have we not idolaters all around us ? Yea, verily. Do, for the sake of immortal souls, for your own sake, and above all, for the honor of God, stir up the gift which God has endowed you with. O live in love among one another, study to promote the glory of God, and each others comfort. I make free with you. Well, if a father can't make free with his children, who can ? Although I write this to you, I mean it for you all."

TO THE SAME.

" *Georgetown, Oct. 1, 1817.*

" My dear Son Marvin,—You complain of the multiplicity of business, as taking up much of your time. True, but you will remember that is not an excuse which will stand the trial for the neglect of one duty. Follow the example of Col. Gardner. He rose at such an hour in the morning, as always to have an hour to spend by himself, before he entered on the business of the day. If, at any time, his regiment was to march by five o'clock, he was up at four. Thus prepar-

ed, could attend with composure to his concerns. So you, in order to perform your various concerns with justness, uprightness, and punctuality, must prepare yourself ; and mind, if possible, do nothing in a hurry ; and always, when it can be done, finish one thing before you engage in another. When in the pursuit of your business, with honest, just intentions, you are in the way of duty. If you could devote half an hour, or even a quarter, at mid day, to prayer, and meditating on the business of the afternoon, how to perform it to the best advantage, you would find the benefit arising from it very great. I would advise morning duty, but I wish it to be short. You may be wanted, your servants may be weary of long performances. The evening is the time for indulgence of that kind ; but even then, to confine the whole family to a long performance, generally is not productive of good. I observe we generally act wrong in this case. We sit talking ever so long, then at last, go to prayers ; this is not right. Sup, then call the family together. Afterwards converse as long as you please with your friend, or any part of the family who choose to stay. It is often the case, that those, who, when compelled to be present are soon weary, when left to their freedom would often stay and listen to the conversation with advantage. Compulsion in religious affairs is seldom attended with much good.

“ Although it is impossible for those, who have much business on hand, to observe constantly a uniform method, yet it will be advantageous to be aiming at it, and at least to attend to the great outlines. There is a time coming when many of those things, which now appear important, will appear in a very different point of view, and we shall be surprised at ourselves for the views we had of them. If you consult the Bible, and calm-

ly attend to the voice of conscience, you will perceive. he is the happy man who constantly keeps eternity in view, and acts with a view to make all things somehow subservient to the grand end of man's creation, viz. to glorify God, and to enjoy his presence in a world of bliss. This will lead us, not only to perform those things which the law and gospel demand, but to perform them with cheerfulness, and to bear the will of God with due submission. So much for the present. Make a wise improvement of it, and you will receive the benefit, and I shall rejoice. Pray for me, that I may not only say, but do the will of the Lord ; then shall we rejoice together. Love to all. I remain your afflicted brother, E. B.--for you all."

TO THE SAME.

" Thursday, July 9th. You must think my eye complaint has been bad, when I inform you this is the first time I have written since the date above (June 30.) Several nights I thought would have been my last, yet I am spared. I live in daily expectation of my dissolution. I ask your prayers, I pray for you and yours, but I expect this will be the last letter I shall be able to write to you ; it must be, except a very great change takes place. I can only say, live near to God, guard against sin, look to Jesus, put your all into his hands ; then all will be well. Farewell my dear friend, till we meet in eternity. Love to all, I remain your affectionate father in the gospel, E. B.

" P. S. Wednesday, July 15. I have let this lie by, with hopes of a change in the eye complaint, that I might write more, but it is rather worse. I just say, Edmund is gone up the country ; Mrs. Botsford confined, but some better. So once

more, farewell. While I have my senses, I mean to pray for you and yours. May the Lord be your portion. Amen."

TO THE SAME.

*Georgetown, Aug. 21, 1818.*

"My dear Son in the Gospel.—While I am capable of lifting my heart in prayer to God, may I not forget my friends at a throne of grace, or to offer a petition for those who are yet strangers to God. While I can command my pen, may it be employed in communicating something useful to those who lie near my heart. I had thought my writing was finished, but I was mistaken. My heavenly Father has been pleased to moderate my affliction, so that for the last few days, I have been again able to read a little, and now, my first attempt to write, except a few lines to Edmund, I devote to you. But what shall I say? In my last sore affliction, my mind was comforted with the prospect of my near approach to glory, but I am still kept back. The will of the Lord be done. May you my son be favoured with the presence of the Lord in your journey, and all through life. O live near to God by prayer, be circumspect in all your actions, keep a clear conscience, not a sleepy one, not a deceived one, but an active one. Live by the day, live on Christ wholly, be careful that the performance of all your duties lead you to a reliance on him. Be sure not to rest in any duty. Work as though you expected heaven by your performances, but put no reliance on them. Take care of that wicked heart of yours, or it will deceive you. Bring all your duties, all your feelings to the touchstone, the word of God. O prize that best of books, pray over it, believe it, receive it as the real word of God spoken to you as though you

were the only person concerned. Plead the promises, observe all the precepts, and regard the warnings. This will make you a Bible christian. This will wean your affections from the world ; this will enlarge your views of eternity, give you a true picture of human nature, of yourself, of sin, of godliness in all its branches ; this will cause heavenly mindedness, will show you God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the emptiness of all the world call good and great ; it will feast your soul, make preaching, prayer, conversation sweet ; in short, the Bible will lead you through fire and through water, storms and tempests, will lead you safely through all temptations, sorrows, afflictions, and comfort you under all losses, crosses and disappointments, and make you to triumph in death. What but the Bible, that is, the grace of God revealed in the Bible, has supported such a vile, sinful creature as myself, on the very verge of eternity ! O then, let the Bible, *the Bible*, be your best companion. Treasure up its contents in your heart, and live up to it ; then you will certainly meet God with comfort at last, and in the mean time it will direct all your steps, be a light to your feet, and a lamp to your path."

How much of the faithful friend, the heavenly minded christian, the affectionate and faithful Pastor is to be seen in these Epistles. Happy would it be for Zion, if there were more of like spirit.

TO DR. ROBERTS.

"Georgetown, Sept 10, 1818.

"On the 7th inst. Mrs. S. died. I hope she departed in the faith. I wrote a letter of condolence to Mr. S. the day after her funeral, which he answered last evening. He writes, 'I have been engaged this day in looking over a journal, or rather some scraps that I knew nothing of,

Scraps

which were left in one of the drawers by my dear wife. In one of those scraps she observes, that she thought herself a good christian and possessed religion before she ever saw your face, but that she was actually first awakened under your preaching.' See, my brother, we do not know what the good Lord is pleased to do by our instrumentality, nor shall we know till we come to judgment. Then it is probable some, of whom we had great hopes, will be missing ; while others, of whom we knew nothing, will own us before God as the instruments in his hand of bringing them to the knowledge of the truth. O that there may be many such."

TO MR. COOK.

" *Georgetown, Nov. 8, 1818.*

" Dear Brother Cook,—I take it for granted, that you attended the Association. Unto you, therefore, I look for some account of its proceedings. The printed Minutes will not come out for some time, and I wish to know something about it, and you are the only correspondent I can expect to favor me in this particular. The Doctor (Furman) will not have time, and Dr. Roberts will not be so easy to read, nor will he give me so much information as my brother Cook. Well now, sit down my brother, and take an evening, (for I expect you can write by candle light) and gratify the old man, as you often have heretofore. I suppose you saw Mr. Compere. Our little Church cannot afford to support him, and assist me also ; and although I cannot preach, I must eat a little, and wear some clothes, and die I cannot till my time comes. However, I have mounted the pulpit for some time again ; but alas ! my preaching is of but little account at best, and less now than ever.—

" My son is now at home with us ; he continues

quite poorly ; I much fear his complaint is fixed. The rest of us tolerable. Shall we see you this winter ? I need not tell you, I shall be glad to see you, for your company was always acceptable. We are experiencing such a drought as I never witnessed either here, or in England. In some parts rain has been moderate, but here we are burnt up, many wells dry, and the river too salt to use. These temporal evils we feel and lament ; but spiritual affairs may droop and even die, but alas ! who laments on the occasion ? Few very few indeed. The body seems to take up our whole concern, while the poor soul is shamefully neglected by most ; time squandered, eternity forgotten. O, what dreadful work by and by ! May you, my brother, may I be on the watch, that we may not be overtaken unawares. We all unite in love to you, your spouse, and your son. I remain your real friend, and unworthy brother in the Gospel."

TO DR. ROBERTS.

" *Georgetown, Nov. 16, 1818.*

" Dear Roberts,—Here comes a letter from your old friend. Surely I may assume the appellation of *old*, as, since the first of the present month, I have been in my seventy-fourth year. As for friendship—I also claim the title of *friend*. I love you, esteem you, respect you ; I lay open my heart to you, I try to amuse you, I pray for you, speak and think well of you. Surely all these will constitute me a friend ; and you have given me unequivocal marks of your kindness to me, and although you have lately had such a numerous family, enough to eat a man out of house and home, yet I do not doubt you would be glad to see me ride up to your door, and ask, ' is Mr. O no, is *Doctor* Roberts at home ? ' Well, all this is friendship.



“ I am pleased to hear you had a pleasant Association. If it is so pleasing to meet our brethren, with all our infirmities about us, what must it be to meet them in that world, where all imperfection will be done away.

“ I have been lately highly entertained by reading the life of Cowper, by Hayley. His letters are excellent ; they breathe the very spirit of vital religion. As for his Task, I am never tired of reading it, I esteem it the best piece of blank verse I ever read ; at least, it suits me best. He was an excellent man indeed. But poor man, he suffered most astonishingly. However, all his sufferings are now at an end, and now he is, no doubt, singing better songs than even his Task. Will you believe me, when I tell you, I have never read Homer ? but I am going to engage Cowper’s Homer. I do not promise myself any great pleasure in perusing it. When I have read it, I will tell you my thoughts and feelings respecting it.

“ What in life are our Baptist brethren about ? Some quarreling, some turning Socinians ; what next shall we hear ? In the midst of all this great work, which God is carrying on, the devil seems to be sowing the seeds of discord and mischief. He seems to have a peculiar spite against us. We have always been set at nought by the world, but this we may always expect ; it ought to unite us : instead of which, our great Dons are wrangling worse than children. Our dear Saviour will not, I think, thank them for their unnecessary zeal. O my dear brother, let you and I seek peace. In my view, it is a dreadful thing to make divisions among God’s dear people. If the peace-makers are blessed ; peace-breakers are a curse to the Church.

“ Well, but you cannot think how well I have.

got, preaching twice a-day, and walking and riding all about. This must be an enlivening before death. Respecting health, I am as well as any person of my years can expect to be, and the eye complaint mild. That it is so, I attribute, as a mean, the free use of laudanum. But my poor son is in a bad way ; I fear his disorder is fixed. However, he is in the hands of God, and we will do what we can for him."

TO THE SAME.

*" Georgetown, Dec. 29, 1813.*

" We Baptists are like the Arabians, against every man, and every man against us ; yea, we exceed, we are against ourselves. Mr. and Mrs. Theus are here ; when he returns, you will receive this. I wish it may puzzle you to read it, as much it it puzzles me to read your letters : I am writing as bad as I can for that purpose. So you see I am, Baptist like, rendering evil for evil, and not good for evil.

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" I have reason to be thankful that I can read with a degree of pleasure, especially by day-light. As for writing, it is not so pleasant, as formerly. I have lost the turn I once had for writing, though I do amuse myself a little. I have written several little pieces for my people, such as ' Unity and Peace ;' ' Questions and Answers ;' and ' Strange Things.' But as I am too lazy to copy them, it is probable you may never see them ; indeed if you were to see them, they might not be of any service to you. I have not yet seen the minutes of the Association. I am sorry we have but one young man at education ; this is gloomy. O my brother, we surely are deficient in asking the Lord to send forth laborers. Do let me and you rub up, and rub off the rust, and

heartily engage in more earnest prayer to God for this thing. Do not say, 'what am I?' you are one; I am one; that makes two. Do you engage another, and I will try to engage another, then there will be four; and if each of them will engage two, there will be eight. Mind, I will try to meet you at the throne of grace on Monday, 11th Jan. for that purpose. Love to all, and from all; and I remain, dear Roberts, your real friend."

TO DR. FURMAN.

*"Georgetown, March 25, 1819.*

"My dear brother,—I have just heard by my daughter Fort, of the departure of Mrs. Furman. The loss, you and your children have sustained, can be estimated only by those, who have been favored with such an excellent character; nor can her gain be known by any who are clothed with mortality. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither can the heart of man conceive what God hath prepared for those who die in the Lord. They have done with sin, sorrow and pain, and have entered into the joy of their Lord, and are now mingling praises with the spirits of just men made perfect, to their God and Saviour; they have reached the happy shores of eternal bliss, where they will eternally behold the ineffable smiles of their dear Redeemer."

"My dear brother, I feel for you, I sincerely sympathize with you, and I pray God this severe stroke may be fully sanctified to you and the dear children. They have lost a mother indeed; the church a worthy, pious member, and many citizens a sincere friend. Although I feel myself incompetent, on this trying occasion, to offer any advice to my afflicted brother, yet I cannot suppress the sincere desire, that God may enable him to submit to the trying affliction in such a

manner, as to produce a good effect in his own soul, his family, and the friends of Zion.--I am at this time reading a piece entitled 'The afflicted Man's Companion,' written by the Rev. John Willison, late of Dundee, in the year 1741. I think it excellent. Mrs. B. unites with me in love and sympathy, to yourself and children."

TO THE SAME.

*"Georgetown, April 9, 1819.*

"My dear brother,—I cannot express the satisfaction your kind favor of the 1st inst. afforded me, with respect to the exercises of dear Mrs. Furman, in the latter stages of her illness. They were highly consolatory to yourself, the family, and your friends, at a time when you and they stood in so much need of consolation. Many saints now in glory were not so highly favored. Such exercises, I doubt not, are the best of preaching to many. They manifest, in a high degree, the truth and reality of the religion of Jesus. I feel myself considerably interested in the matter, inasmuch as I was often drawn out in prayer to God for the manifestation of his gracious presence, to comfort and support her in her sickness, and to support you under the trial: hence, I consider what has taken place as an answer to my prayers; and I doubt not other friends can say the same.

"O what a good, gracious and merciful God is our God and Father! May we feel greater desires to devote our all to Him, who is daily doing so much for us, who are so undeserving of the least favor from his hand. What a blessing to be surrounded by real christian friends, when near eternity. This, to my apprehension, was my case in two instances particularly; in one of which, I really thought I was actually dying. The few friends I have in this place, have been, and con-

inue to be, very kind in their attention to me. I have several times been much comforted by their reading and singing for me.

“ Last night I had another most painful fit of the cholic. In those violent attacks, my mind is generally much confused, the pain is so great ; I can only say, “ Lord grant me patience and resignation.” The two last fits were of many hours continuance ; I was in extreme torture. To-day I am better than usual, after such a violent attack, but a great soreness in the stomach and intestines, remains ———

“ I live in daily expectation of my last change, and have reason to be thankful that I am not much assaulted by the great adversary of souls. Sometimes I am favored with comfortable views of my interest in the merits of the Saviour, but I have frequent dark seasons. My sweetest hours are in bed, where I am generally easy, and often sleepless for many hours. At such seasons, I look both backward and forward. If finally I shall be accepted, a greater wonder will not be in heaven ; that is, so it appears to me ; and perhaps it may appear so, at certain times, even to eminent saints. If I am not deceived, my whole and sole dependence for acceptance with God, rests on what Christ has done. Here is all my hope.

“ O my brother, I feel for you, I pray for you and yours ; and remind my few praying friends to bear you on their minds at the throne of grace, and I am persuaded they do so. Mrs. B., my daughters, old Mrs. C., and some other friends, unite with me in love to you and the family, and I remain, dear brother, yours in Jesus.”

TO THE SAME.

“ Georgetown, July 17, 1819.

“ Dear Brother, — The day I wrote to you last,

I was seized with a violent cholic, which was of long continuance, and was followed with fever that confined me to my bed ever since, except sitting up in an easy chair a few minutes after several days. The Doctor and my friends, as well as myself, gave me up to die. I was quite composed, and resigned to go, but again God has been pleased to lengthen my days. To-day, for the first time, I take the pen, though hardly able to guide it. Thus the Lord deals with me, his undeserving creature. I wish to be submissive to his will.

"I feel thankful for his mercies, especially for the farther light he is pleased to convey to my mind, and for that spirit of prayer which he condescends to pour out on my soul. I do not mention this by way of boasting, but I trust from a spirit of humility and gratitude. I can truly say, there is not a man on earth, for whom, and his family, my mind has been so deeply impressed in prayer for their temporal and eternal welfare, as you and yours. O that they may be answered!

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"What the Lord's designs are in thus lengthening my days, we cannot tell; sometimes I have thought he may be preparing a person for this place, and when prepared, will call me home. It may be an idle conjecture; but it is my earnest prayer to God, that he will send a person whom he will honor in building up the almost extinct Church.

"Mr. W., who has been very low, is now able to attend his school at the Island. My two young friends appear still zealous, and keep up their prayer meetings at the Island. I still request your prayers for me. Do, my brother, tell your children I seldom, if ever, neglect to pray for

them every day, and I beg of them to pray for themselves.

“Will you give my christian love to each of my friends among you. With sincere love to you and the family, in which my children and Mrs. B., unite, I remain, my dear brother, yours in the Gospel,

EDMUND BOTSFORD.”

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The above letter bears the latest date of any which has come into the hands of the compiler, and is probably one of the last which Mr. Botsford ever wrote. As his dying words have been forgotten, this epistle may be regarded as one of the latest surviving testimonials of this distinguished servant of Christ. We here behold him still deeply afflicted, yet desiring to be submissive to the will of God; thankful for God's peculiar favors, and also humble and child-like; his heart greatly enlarged in prayer for his friends, and deeply concerned for the welfare of the people of his charge. In what more desirable frame could he wait for his approaching change? May we be found in the same posture, at the coming of the Bridegroom.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

*Miscellaneous particulars--His death--Character by Dr. Furman.*

In this chapter I design to throw together some miscellaneous particulars, intersperse a few remarks, for the purpose of further illustrating the life and character of Mr. Botsford, and conclude with a general outline of his character from the pen of Dr. Furman.

After Mr. Botsford's settlement in South Carolina, he was connected with the Charleston Baptist Association, and was esteemed as one of its most pious, valuable and efficient members. He was several times chosen Moderator of that respectable body, and several of its valuable circular letters were from his pen. Though he was often prevented, during the latter part of his life, by his severe and protracted afflictions, from meeting in council with his brethren, yet he took a lively interest in their transactions, corresponded with them on important subjects which were agitated at the annual meetings of the body, and entered heartily into their benevolent plans for promoting the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. His surviving cotemporaries and fellow-laborers, delight to repeat his name, and dwell upon his character.

For many years he was one of the most intimate and confidential friends of that eminently distinguished man of God, Dr. Richard Furman. Theirs was the friendship of kindred hearts. It was like that of David and Jonathan. Dr. Furman, though somewhat younger than his friend, was nevertheless his superior in learning, mental vigour, and practical wisdom. Of this Mr. Botsford was fully conscious; but instead of indulging a mean spirit of jealousy on this account, he cherished a respect for his friend proportioned to his distinguished merit, and regarded it a peculiar felicity, that he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of one so eminently qualified to give instruction and counsel. Dr. Furman, however, did not assume the airs of a superior; he ever respected the judgment, and highly valued the esteem of Mr. Botsford. In their correspondence and personal interviews, they opened to each other their hearts with unreserved freedom; they delighted, whe-



ther together or apart, to mingle their prayers, their joys, their tears and their counsels. Thrown together in times of peculiar interest, being for many years intimately associated in their labors for Zion's good, and discovering in each other congenial views, feelings and sympathies; that affection, which, at first, they had for each other as christians, especially as christian ministers, and more especially as fellow-laborers in the same particular communion, at length ripened into a friendship more delicate and refined than is generally attained amongst the saints on earth. In a letter to Mr. Botsford, Dr. Furman thus writes: "But if I should say, that, amongst my numerous correspondents, there is *one* whose correspondence affords me the greatest satisfaction, and that this correspondent is Mr. Botsford, I should not err from the truth." In addressing the bereaved church in a funeral sermon on the occasion of his friend's death, Dr. Furman remarks: "I must, therefore, necessarily feel for you in no common degree on this mournful occasion; especially when, in your deceased Pastor, I have lost my most particular friend on earth." Dr. Furman did not lavish his esteem and friendship on the undeserving. To be recognized as the *most particular friend* of such a man, is no common privilege, no common praise.

But Mr. Botsford had many other intimate friends, with whom he was united by the strongest ties of christian affection. By nature he was formed for friendship, by grace for pure and exalted christian friendship. This is a tribute due to his memory, or rather to the grace of God which is able thus to beautify and exalt our fallen nature. Instances of such pure and generous friendship, as Mr. Botsford was capable of feeling, tend much to reconcile us to our species, and fill us with plea-

sant and adoring thoughts of that Being, who has endowed us with natures capable, even in this sinful state, of a pure and holy fellowship, "like to that above."

Though Mr. Botsford's excruciating complaint was seated principally in one of his eyes, he regarded it as a great mercy, that his eye-sight was nevertheless so strong as to allow him to spend considerable time in reading and writing. Even when confined to his bed, during the intervals of his severe paroxysms, he was often able to read; "and it is astonishing," says a friend of his, "how much he read." During the spring and summer previous to his death, he went through all the critical notes and practical observations of Scott's Commentary, and traced out many of the references; besides reading many other works. About this time, there was published a new life of Cowper, in connexion with his entire works and correspondence: these interesting volumes Mr. Botsford perused again and again; and he prized them the more highly, as he had some knowledge of many characters that were referred to.

"The Task," says Mr. Botsford, "is my favorite; I have read it perhaps forty times, and it is still new to me. The Task and old Bunyan are, with me, next to the Bible."

Mr. Botsford was in the habit of making notes of his own in the books which he read, especially if he differed in sentiment from the authors. The compiler has in his possession many volumes which contain these traces of Mr. Botsford's pen. To this subject he pleasantly alludes in a letter to Mr. Cook: "As for some time past I could not converse with the living, I have been conversant with the dead. I am not afraid of spirits, and therefore I frequently make bold to contradict

some of their sentiments in the very face of their writings, at least at the foot of the page."

Mr. Botsford frequently used notes in preaching, sometimes pretty copious ones. But he was not a *reader* of sermons. Referring to some of his young brethren who were in the habit of reading their discourses, he thus writes: "It surely never was the design of our Master, that his servants should *read* the Gospel, when he said, 'go preach.' Do you say Dr. Stillman writes all his sermons? But Dr. Stillman does not *read* his sermons. I mean not to object against writing, but reading. I hope you will use your influence to persuade our young gentlemen to lay aside their crutches by degrees." At a certain time, however, it appears that Mr. Botsford himself depended too much upon his crutches, and thereby subjected himself to some little disappointment and mortification. He had prepared himself 'handsomely' as he thought for an education sermon. When the day arrived the weather was rainy; the man, whose business it was to raise the tunes, did not come, and at this he was a little damped. When in the pulpit he found that he had left his spectacles at home; he sent his son for them, and in the mean time, commenced by prayer. When his son returned, he found that he had brought the wrong spectacles. He was now in a sad dilemma: however, he made out to read his text, (Gal. vi. 10.) hobbled along as well as he could, sweating profusely, and his heart in dreadful palpitatio. He was glad when he was done, and wound up by saying what he thought was the best thing he said that day, "I am sorry, truly sorry, so good an institution has not a better advocate." "Is it not a shame," he adds, "an old soldier should be so foiled! What a poor, worthless, proud, ignorant wretch am I."

Mr. Botsford was a truly evangelical preacher. He was neither an antinomian, nor a legalist ; neither an Armenian, nor a high-toned Calvinist. He imagined that the truth was to be found somewhere between these two extremes. Though a firm believer in predestination, yet he put such a construction upon the doctrine as to leave all men in a state of strict accountability : In his preaching, doctrine and duty, precept and privilege, were well proportioned, and happily blended. On this subject he thus writes to Mr. Inglesby. " For my own part, I am what is called a stiff predestinarian, as I think the Bible is full of it, but in such a manner as leaves every person inexcusable, who neglects the great salvation, and calls sinners, in general, to come to Christ, and promises relief to those who come. True, I also believe that all who come to Christ are drawn by the Father, and given by Him to the Son, who has redeemed them by the price of his blood, and who will receive them, grant them every grace, uphold them under all their trials, sanctify them by his Spirit, and prepare them for glory. —

" When I preach, I do not preach to sinners as elect or non-elect, but to them as sinners ; and as such I invite them, even the vilest to the marriage feast, and assure them no qualification is necessary to introduce them to the notice of Christ, if they feel themselves sinners. I point out a Saviour suitable for lost, wretched, vile sinners. This I esteem gospel, as far as it goes. Then when they come to Christ, I point out their privileges as the children of God ; I am not afraid that a sense of their privileges will lead them from, but more and more closely to Christ, and farther from sin."

Salvation by grace, as the reader must have

noticed in the preceding letters, was his darling theme. "I have no plea," says he, "no hope, no expectation, but solely on this ground. I know of no other way of salvation. Proud, stubborn nature would fain put in something, at least good intentions, some good done to my fellow creatures. No, I renounce all: I am confident if I am received into favour, it must be wholly, altogether through the blood and righteousness of the Son of God. Here I rest; here I commit my soul. There now is the religion of old Botsford. Elected of God, called by his grace, justified by the righteousness of Christ, sanctified, upheld, and the work carried on and finished by the Holy Spirit. This is the doctrine I have been taught, this I have preached, by this I have lived, and in this I am willing to die."

Mr. Botsford could say, with the Psalmist, "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart. My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times." The Bible was his choicest treasure, his constant companion. As the reader has already observed, he constantly recommended it to the notice of his friends; the sentiment of the Poet dwelt on his lips,

"Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell."

From this pure fountain did he draw water for the refreshing of his own soul, and the flock committed to his charge. He had no respect for those systems of doctrine, which were not founded on the Bible: "To the law and to the testimony;" this was his motto. He aimed at no higher distinction than to be known as a plain Bible christian, a plain Bible minister. What was it but his intimate and experimental acquaintance with this

blessed volume, which gave to his conversation, preaching and writing such a sweet and heavenly unction?—He valued those, who valued their Bibles. “Nothing,” says he, “pleases me more in an inquirer, than to see him fond of the Bible. Knowledge obtained from God’s word, is of sterling worth.”—In 1816, he thus writes to Dr. Furman, “O my brother, I never thought the Bible so precious as lately. ‘Here my best comfort lies.’”—Happy, indeed, would it be, if all the ministers of Christ were to study their Bibles more, and human systems less.

Mr. Botsford was a man of a truly catholic spirit. He afforded a pleasing illustration of the truth of the sentiment, that a person may be firmly attached to the peculiar views of his own denomination, and yet entertain a sincere and affectionate regard for christians of every name. He was a Baptist, a conscientious, thorough Baptist; he talked, and preached, and wrote in defence of the peculiar sentiments of Baptists; he had no fellowship for what he regarded erroneous in the faith and practice of other denominations, yet he was a lover of all good men. He could make a judicious and charitable distinction between what he deemed to be error, and the individuals who might embrace it. To a Presbyterian minister he writes as follows: “I have always esteemed it a great part of my happiness to cultivate acquaintance with good men, more especially with those engaged in the ministry. I have often lamented the shyness which too much subsist among the followers of the Lamb. True, the time has not yet arrived for the watchmen to see eye to eye in all things; but where there is an agreement of sentiment in the great leading truths of the Gospel, union ought to be cultivated by every friendly and christian-like attention.

No harm can possibly arise from such conduct, but much good may. When two strangers meet, who have tasted of the food of Canaan, and conversed of the sweetness thereof, they not only understand one another, but sensibly feel a love for each other, though one came from the east and the other from the west. Not entering on the minutiae of religion, the regard thus produced will ever continue. Whereas, had the strangers conversed concerning Presbyterianism, Episcopacy, Independency, &c. such an aversion to each other might have been produced, that each would have considered the other a bigot to his profession, and both have remained ignorant of each others character. Dr. Flinn is a Presbyterian, Botsford is a Baptist ; but Dr. Flinn and Botsford both believe in the great leading truths of Revelation ; both are engaged in the great, solemn work of preaching Christ as the way and the truth and the life ; both hope to be instrumental in bringing souls to Christ, and with them to meet in glory where all will be in the full enjoyment of love to God and each other to all eternity. Then why fall out by the way ? No ; rather let us improve our acquaintance, on our journey, that Satan may not get an advantage of us, but God be glorified.

“ See how free I make with you. I hope, however, you will excuse the freedom of an old man, a plain old Englishman, who has a real regard for all whom he considers as children of God. With sentiments of christian regard, and with sincere wishes for your success in winning souls to Christ, and prayers for much of the presence of God in your own soul, I am, Rev. and dear Sir, your unworthy brother in Gospel bonds.”\*

\*The above extracts are made from the copy of a letter to Dr. Flinn of Charleston, which was found amongst Mr. Botsford's papers.

Though Mr. Botsford sometimes suffered much indirect opposition from persons of other denominations, yet it is believed that he was generally enabled to follow the directions, which he gave to another brother in the ministry, who was in similar circumstances. "Your present situation," writes Mr. Botsford, "calls for much watchfulness over your own heart, your dear people, and your opposers. I hope the good Lord will give you strength, prudence, and fortitude equal to your day. Remember, my dear brother, God's children cannot see alike in all things; we have our prejudices and prepossessions, which blind our minds; we are all imperfect in the present state. Your good sense and regard to the cause of Christ, will prevent you from ever using any language that tends to irritate such as may differ from us in sentiment. — Live, therefore, in love, as much as can be, with the other society. Let it be your ambition to exceed in meekness, humility, and every christian grace, that they may be won by your inoffensive, gentle and candid conduct, to love and reverence you."

Mr. Botsford was very seldom invited into the pulpits of his brethren of other denominations; "yet," says he, "I have asked every Presbyterian and Independent minister that ever came in my way." — And if it be true, as is sometimes said, that the visions of sleep borrow their complexion from the operations of our minds in our wakeful hours, I would observe in a pleasant mood, that Mr. Botsford must have been a man of a catholic spirit, inasmuch as he dreamed, at a certain time, of walking arm in arm with Mr. Wesley, and of being much delighted in his company.\*

We felt bound to touch upon this point, in or-

\* See page 158.



der to do justice to the character of a distinguished servant of God ; and in doing so, we hope that we have given offence to no christian brother of any denomination. We would only add, that, by the truly liberal and christian conduct of Mr. Botsford, the most pious and enlightened of our denomination are furnished with a practical vindication against the uncharitable remarks of the uninformed and bigoted of other sects ; whilst those of our own order, whose minds are so much fettered by ignorance and bigotry, as to find but little in other denominations to commend and love, may consider themselves severely reprov'd by the example of one, probably as wise, as pious, as prudent, and as firmly attached to the cause of truth, as themselves.

Mr. Botsford was the negro's friend. Besides composing a Tract for persons of color, as we have already seen, he took much pains to instruct them from the pulpit, in discourses suited to their capacity, and also in private conversation. " I was once told," said he, " you are a pretty good negro preacher ; I suppose the meaning was, preacher to negroes. Really, were my labors blessed to them, I should feel thankful, and could be well content to preach wholly to them ; for believe me, I daily perceive so much of my deficiency in language, &c. that I am quite out with myself, and often wonder that any respectable characters should attend my preaching." Again he writes : " If I was a young man, and possessed of only as much zeal as I once possessed, I should be very fond to go preaching and talking from one plantation to another, and be wholly a preacher to negroes. I can suit my talk to them, and enter into their views of things, and doubt not, with the blessing of God, I should be of considerable service."

He naturally possessed an independent spirit: "I do not remember," says he, "ever to have considered myself poor, even when I had not a half-penny in the world. I somehow thought myself a gentleman born, and whether I had money or not, I had much the same feeling; yet I do not remember that I ever despised any body, except for base actions." At another time Mr. Botsford speaks of being in debt, much deserted, and in great depression of spirits, and says: "I have lost that self-sufficiency which used to carry me through many trials, and now feel my littleness to such a degree, that perhaps I err on the side of diffidence."

Although Mr. Botsford was often straightened in his pecuniary affairs, yet he never indulged in sinful repining and distrust. "I do not remember," says he, "that I ever was the least uneasy in my life respecting my poverty. I never knew what it was to be afraid of coming to want, and I do not remember ever being but one whole day without food in my life: that was in Scotland. Distrusting Providence for food and raiment, is a sin I have not to account for, either when single or married."

He was never corrupted by the love of money, that accursed "root of all evil."—"He had less of covetousness," says a friend who knew him well, "in his disposition, than almost any man I have known." He was often generous beyond his means. When he has had but a penny in the world, he would give a beggar half. He could never see a person in distress, without relieving him if in his power; indeed, it afforded him as much pleasure to administer to the wants of a needy object, especially to a poor *old* man, as to receive kindness himself. Nay more, he seldom, if ever, shed tears when receiving benefactions from

others ; but he frequently did so, when giving to the poor. Benevolence and kindness were prominent traits in the character of Mr. Botsford.

He was an enemy to every thing like impertinent curiosity. " If he could have found out any thing," says a friend, " relating even to one inimical to him, by questioning a youth, a servant, or any one, or by glancing at a letter which might be open where he was, it would not even have occurred to him to resort to such means." " Guard," says Mr. Botsford, " against inquiring into family secrets."

Mr. Botsford was a lover of modesty ; and he could distinguish between real and affected modesty. Speaking of Mr. Roberts, then a young man, he says ; " It is seldom that so much merit and modesty are seen combined as in Mr. Roberts. I never was more partial to a young man than to him. I have known some *bashful* young men, who could not say *boo* to a goose, who were not possessed of one grain of real modesty. Not so Mr. Roberts."

As Mr. Botsford had suffered many afflictions himself, he often thought of the afflictions of others. As one pleasing evidence of this, he was in the habit, for many years, whilst residing in Georgetown, (as the compiler ascertained from his manuscripts) of keeping an account of all the deaths that occurred, and also a list of the names of all the widows in the town. *He remembered the widow, and recorded her name.* This may be thought a trifling incident ; but it is often by apparently unimportant circumstances in the lives of men, that many amiable and lovely traits of character are brought to view. Surely that God, who is the Judge of the widow, did not despise his servant for recording, in his sacred chronicle, the widow's name, especially as he perceived,

that the heart, which dictated this humble act, could deeply feel the widow's woes.

He desired all his brethren, especially ministers of the Gospel, to stand in their lot. At the opening of the Charleston Association at a certain time, none were prepared to preach. One and another were called upon, "but they all, with one consent, began to make excuse." At length Mr. Botsford ascended the pulpit. "What," said he, "did you come here for my brethren?" He said many things for the purpose of reproof and shaming his brethren for their backwardness, and then added "*shame on old Botsford too.*"

He had the happy talent of reminding his brethren of their faults, in a way the least calculated to give offence. To his brother Johnson he writes; "When I think or hear of your doing wrong, I will scold you; and if you do not like it, I will give you up a while, and let out at you again. You shall hear of your faults from me as long as I live." Yet it is presumed, that neither this brother, nor any other, with whom he dealt thus faithfully, respected and loved him the less. The rod of reproof budded and blossomed in his hand, and the person, over whom it was held, could but invite, rather than repel the blow. He would be compelled to say, "let him smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head; for yet my prayer also shall be in his calamity."

But Mr. Botsford not only knew how to give reproof, but he knew how to receive it from others. To a christian brother he says, "do, my brother, pray for me, and do not spare me in any point, where you think a hint will be of service. I promise you I will receive it kindly, and try to benefit by it." At another time, referring to a reproof which he had received from the same bro-

ther for unbecoming lightheadedness of conduct, he writes ; " Is it not strange a person should live fifty years in the world, and not see that in himself which is disagreeable ? Well, but is it not a mercy that he is *ever* brought to see it ? I forget if ever I returned you thanks for the hint ; if not, I do now most sincerely ; and at the same time beg you will, my brother, for my sake, but more especially for the sake of the cause of God, continue to use freedom with me."—More than twenty years afterwards, and not two years before his death, in writing to this friend, he again refers to the reproof above alluded to. " I well remember (though it was many years since) an admonition of yours respecting the lightheadedness of my general conduct. There is a great difference between liveliness and levity. Levity is one among the many of my, shall I call them, constitutional sins. Many a heartache has it occasioned, but alas ! hard to suppress. Not now indeed ; now I am bowed down with age and sickness ; but O what have I felt in this affliction ! The sins of my youth and middle age have been set in terrible array against me, and many times I seemed forsaken of God, but in tender mercy he hath also visited my poor soul ! I trust the views I have had, have driven me, not *from*, but *to* my beloved Saviour.—Many a time, your brotherly admonition has met me full in the face : Yes, my brother, to this day I feel thankful to you, and to God for it."

In conversation Mr Botsford was sprightly, animated and instructive ; he had, at his command, a rich fund of entertaining anecdote, and his manner of narrating events was quite happy. He was not a monkish, melancholy christian. Though his sufferings were so intense, though for many years he communed with death, and was filled with constant and solemn thoughts of the

eternal world ; yet he was nevertheless cheerful and happy. This was owing in part, no doubt, to his natural temperament ; but more to that support which he derived from intimate communion with God, and from the cheering truths and promises of the Gospel. Say not, my young readers, that religion is another name for gloom and melancholy. The experience of the afflicted saint, whose virtues we are recording, confirms the sentiment of the Poet.

“ The hill of Zion yields,  
A thousand sacred sweets ;  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.”

How highly should we prize that religion, which possesses energy sufficient to cheer and sustain the soul in the midst of such intense and lingering sufferings, as fell to the lot of Mr. Botsford !

Yet he had some terrible conflicts with the powers of darkness, even in his last days. His intimate friend, Dr. Furman, in the funeral sermon already alluded to, thus refers to this circumstance. “ He had also severe spiritual conflicts, with which, probably, some of his correspondents, to whom he opened his heart with the unreserved candor, confidence and delicacy of friendship, were better acquainted than yourselves. In one of these conflicts, he was so violently assailed by temptation to doubt of his interest in the favour of God, that he was almost driven to despair ; and at the very time too, when bodily affliction lay heavily upon him. The evidences of his gracious state were quite obscured ; the errors and imperfections of his life, since he had become a christian professor, and minister of the gospel, distressed him ; he was filled with self-loathing and reproach ; and could not exercise faith in the Re-

deemer as one interested in him. But finally, he obtained complete deliverance, and triumphant joy, by going deeply humbled, as a sinner, to the all-gracious Saviour ; making the humbling confession of his sins and errors, and casting his immortal soul, with all its important concerns for time and eternity, and with its deep sense of guilt, pollution and unworthiness, on the infinite merit, and free grace of the Redeemer, as they afford hope of salvation to the most vile and wretched who apply to him for salvation. His prospects then became bright. His recollection of former experiences and mercies was clear and pleasant. He was then willing to leave the world, and anticipated with delight future and eternal joys at the right hand of God. To all trials and sufferings he felt reconciled, and could, as he observed, sing with the christian Poet, 'sweet affliction.' But Mr. Botsford shall speak for himself. He thus writes to Mr. Inglesby:—"It is true my mind has been much enlightened in this affliction. But I must also add, I never have had sorer conflicts. Temptations strong, unbelief prevalent : I have been beset behind and before. The sins of early youth, of manhood, and of old age, all assaulting me in dreadful array ; despair, or something very much bordering upon it ; God hiding his face ; all dark and doleful ideas ; death in my apprehension just at the door ; a vast, boundless eternity of misery presented to my view—Imagine if you can, my feelings. O, I can't describe them ! And who, under God, do you think was the instrument of my deliverance ? One who has been in heaven above a hundred years. John Bunyan ; yes, the old pilgrim. Surely by him, God led me through all my darkness into his marvellous light. And O how sweet has that light been to my soul ! May you never be so left,

if it is the will of God. Now I have got through, I have learned a useful lesson. It is good for me that I have been afflicted, I may truly say. Doubting Castle, my brother, is a horrible place to be confined in. I am confident no one, who has not been there, can have any proper conceptions of it. Well may Watts say,

‘Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares,  
We make our way to God.’

But no matter, if at last we arrive safe. Then all will be well. The bitter coming before the sweet, makes the sweet the sweeter.”

After what we have seen of Mr. Botsford, need it be added that he was a man of deep and ardent piety? Being severely chastened, he yielded more abundantly the peaceable fruits of righteousness. In him was exemplified the truth, that “tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope.” Though surrounded with deep waters, they did not overflow him; the higher they prevailed, the higher was he lifted, like Noah’s ark, above the dangerous impediments of earth, and the farther was he carried onward towards heaven. In this high elevation, was it not natural that he should have felt the strong attractions of the celestial world, and meditated much on the heavenly glory? Heaven was to him a desired abode, not simply because there all tears are wiped from every eye, but because sin, the cause of tears, is not there; because there he should behold in righteousness, the face of his Redeemer, and awake with his perfect likeness.

Mr. Botsford was a man, and of course was not without his imperfections. His constitutional levity has been referred to:—he was also naturally irritable and fiery; this he knew and lamented,



But by grace divine he was enabled, at length, to 'rule his spirit,' and thus he achieved a greater victory 'than he that taketh a city.'

In his last days he was quite devotional, and remarkably blessed with a spirit of prayer. "He used to pass many sleepless nights," says Mr. Marvin, "and many solitary days, when he could neither read nor write. On such occasions, he would spend whole hours in prayer for his friends, presenting their cases separately and minutely to the throne of grace. He took great pleasure in this, and found his spirits refreshed thereby. Even his sleeping thoughts were devotional. I remember on one occasion, about the summer of 1817, he was passing a short time at my house. In one of those nights, I was awaked by his voice, and supposing him to be in distress, I hastened up stairs, and as I opened the door, I heard him distinctly repeat,

' Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still.'

He was repeating the 53d Hymn, second book, Watts; a hymn he was very fond of, and which he thought contained more of christian experience than any other. About this period," adds Mr. Marvin, "I procured a copy of Dobell's Hymns. In looking over it, he happened to light on the last one in the book, by Erskine, entitled, 'Contention of Heaven.' He remembered to have seen it in manuscript when a boy, living with Mrs. Barnes, but never had seen it before in print. He was deeply affected, and while he ran with delight over it, the tears coursed rapidly down his furrowed cheeks."

But I have almost forgotten to say that the good man died. Yes, he died. All things were

his, and death was a most desirable part of his inheritance. After having literally suffered the will of God, being worn down by violent and long continued sufferings, he entered into his rest on the 25th of December, 1819, in the 75th year of his age. His dying expressions are forgotten, except by Him who treasures up the words, as well as the tears of his people ; but there is a distinct impression remaining upon the minds of his surviving relatives and friends, that "the chamber, where this good man met his fate, was privileged above the common walks of life." There they saw an exhibition of calm patience, holy resignation, hope unwavering, and triumphant faith. There they experienced, in its full sense, what it was to see a christian die. "Farewell thou man of God." Thou hast realized the dream of thy childhood, 'thou hast conquered all thine enemies, and Christ has come down with his chariot and conducted you to heaven.' O Botsford, (to speak as thou once didst on earth) "where art thou now ? Thou hast ascended the ladder, and arrived safe at the top ;—all the evil days of thy pilgrimage are at an end ;—thou seest all thy troubles worked good for thee and not evil ;—thou art offering praises to Him, who forgave all thy sins, who healed all thy backslidings, and who delivered thee from all thine enemies ;—now thou art solacing thyself with" many of "those lambs and sheep, which, in conformity with the command of thy Saviour, you fed with the milk and the strong meat of the gospel ;—and art realizing those truths of God which you believed, and which you endeavored to impress on the minds of your fellow-sinners here below." May we cherish thy memory, imitate thy virtues, and follow thee to that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

It might not be improper here to observe, that during his last illness, Mr. Botsford enjoyed the attention of kind, sympathising friends, especially that of his youngest daughter, who ministered to his wants with constant and tender assiduity, and by her continued and wearisome efforts to smooth the passage of a revered parent to the tomb, laid the foundation of a fatal consumption, which soon destroyed the vigor of her healthful frame, and within about twelve months from the death of her father, brought her to a premature grave. She died in hope.

A funeral sermon was preached at the interment of Mr. Botsford, by Elder Compere, who happened to be in Georgetown at the time of his friend's death. Afterwards, another funeral discourse was delivered to the bereaved church and congregation by Dr. Furman, which was subsequently published. It was founded on Rev. ii. 10, and entitled "The Crown of Life promised to the truly Faithful." It is a discourse replete with solid and useful instruction.

In compliance with Mr. Botsford's request a short time before his death, the following affecting and appropriate hymn was sung at his funeral.

" Ah ! lovely appearance of death !

What sight upon earth is so fair ?

Not all the gay pageants that breathe,

Can with a dead body compare.

With solemn delight I survey

'The corpse, when the spirit is fled;

In love with the beautiful clay,

And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft

Of all that could burden his mind !

How easy the soul that hath left  
This wearisome body behind !  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see ;  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is afflicted no more  
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again :  
No anger henceforward, or shame,  
Shall redden this innocent clay ;  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanished away.

This languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;  
This quiet immoveable breast  
Is heaved by affliction no more.  
This heart is no longer the seat  
Of trouble and torturing pain ;  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,  
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
Sealed up in eternal repose,  
Have strangely forgotten to weep ;  
The fountain can yield no supplies,  
These hollows from water are free ;  
The tears are all wiped from his eyes,  
And evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
While bound in a prison I breathe ;  
And still for deliverance pine ;  
And press to the issues of death :

What now with my tears I bedew,  
O might I this moment become !  
My spirit created anew,  
My flesh be consigned to the tomb."

We conclude these Memoirs with the correct and faithful delineation of Mr. Botsford's character, as drawn by Dr. Furman in his funeral sermon.

" The Rev. Mr. Botsford was of a good personal appearance, and of a vigorous constitution before it was broken by disease. With respect to talents, if not of the most splendid kind, they were yet highly respectable ; and he was a man of the most excellent spirit, candid, humble, friendly, affectionate and faithful — Who can charge him with a want of fidelity in his friendships, and relative connexions, or with a departure from the rules and great principles of moral rectitude, in his intercourse with man ? Where is the man who can accuse him of breaking his promise, of failing in his engagements, or of disregarding his word ? When was he seen acting a sycophantic part, dealing in ambiguous language to save appearances, or practising a time-serving policy ? On the contrary, you saw in him an Israelite, indeed, in whom was no guile : the servant of God, the friend of man. — In relative life, he was the affectionate husband, the tender parent, and humane master ; bestowing religious attention on the state of his family, and feeling for their spiritual and eternal interests. In his family he enjoyed great satisfaction and comfort ; but he frequently drank deep of a bitter cup in the death of his wives and children ; having buried three amiable wives, and two most promising children, in the course of about eleven years. The last of these

children was a son just growing up to manhood. He had then one son left ; but alas ! he lived to see him also numbered with the dead, when arrived at the same stage of life in which the former had died, and when his own exit was at hand. But in the death of this son he was greatly comforted, as the youth had made a solemn profession of religion, and appeared to be truly pious : and it is no small satisfaction to know, that his surviving children give evidence, that they have been brought up, “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

“As a preacher our excellent friend was distinguished by warm affectionate addresses to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, which frequently had great corresponding effect ; producing repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ : and many now live in various parts of our country, to acknowledge him their father in the Gospel ; and to bless God that they ever heard his voice proclaiming God’s eternal truth. He did not seek to produce the refinements which merely decorate a discourse, and please a curious ear ; to give a display of learning ; to entertain his hearers with philosophical disquisitions, or with mere moral harangues : nor was he the bigot of a system, or a dealer in controversy. On the doctrines of the Gospel in their simplicity and purity, he delighted to dwell. Jesus Christ, and he as crucified for the salvation of sinners, was his theme. He considered all men as sinners, and Christ as the Redeemer ; as the only way to the Father, and as the author of eternal life to all those who by an unfeigned faith believe in him, and to no others.\* He believed regeneration to be as essential to salvation, as is

\* Hearers of the Gospel are referred to.

atonement for sin ; and that the genuine effects and evidences of it are, repentance, whereby we forsake sin, unfeigned faith in the Redeemer, supreme love to God, cordial benevolence to men, and perseverance in a life of holy obedience to the Divine will. He was in a word, what has been called a moderate Calvinist ; yet his sentiments were not formed by any human system, but by what he considered the true meaning of the word of God. He therefore, not only did not fail to declare the counsel of the Most High, but earnestly called sinners to repentance, and reproved men for their sinful actions, considering them not as their misfortunes, but their crimes ; and this he did with a holy zeal for the honor of God. To the awakened and penitent, he affectionately pointed out the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, and published free grace and salvation in his name. Nor was he unmindful of the Saviour's charge, " feed my sheep, feed my lambs," but administered to the children of God, the counsels, admonitions and consolations contained in the Gospel, with tender solicitude for their eternal welfare.

" His language was plain and perspicuous, his manner unaffected, earnest and interesting, frequently pathetic.

" The active life he entered upon immediately after he finished his preparatory studies, the calamities of war which soon came on, and his unsettled state for some time, prevented his making those improvements in learning which might otherwise have been expected ; yet his reading was considerable, especially in divinity and history. In testimony of their respect for him as a scholar and divine, the Faculty of Brown University, several years before his death, conferred on him the degree of Master in the Liberal Arts.

"But whatever his talents were, he considered them as a sacred trust, imposing obligations to be useful, not to be dispensed with; he therefore employed both his pen and his lips in disseminating divine truth, and that in a manner which demonstrated his concern for the salvation of immortal souls. His frequent preaching to children, and his publishing a dialogue for the religious instruction of negroes, in a manner suited to the general capacity of that people, have proved, with strong evidence, his benevolence and zeal. The author of "Sambo and Toney," has been admired while unknown, and the work itself has gone through several impressions, at the instance of benevolent, pious persons, who knew not the writer. The *Spiritual Voyage*, which bears his name, is certainly a little work of great merit, calculated to do much good; displaying ingenuity and spirit, christian experience, and evangelical sentiment. His discourse on Baptism has also been useful to many.

"As a correspondent he excelled in opening his heart with all the freedom, confidence, delicacy and tenderness of the friend, in the style of conversation; and thus deeply interesting the hearts of those who enjoyed the happiness of his friendship. Nor was he punctilious in waiting for answers to his letters of friendship, when he knew his friends had their time engaged in necessary and useful employments; but would then frequently and fully open the stores of his benevolence and kindness for their use, while they were in his debt.

"But he has terminated his course in this state of trial—His labours and sufferings are at an end; and we have just reason to believe, that, as faithful, HE HAS OBTAINED THE PROMISED CROWN."





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